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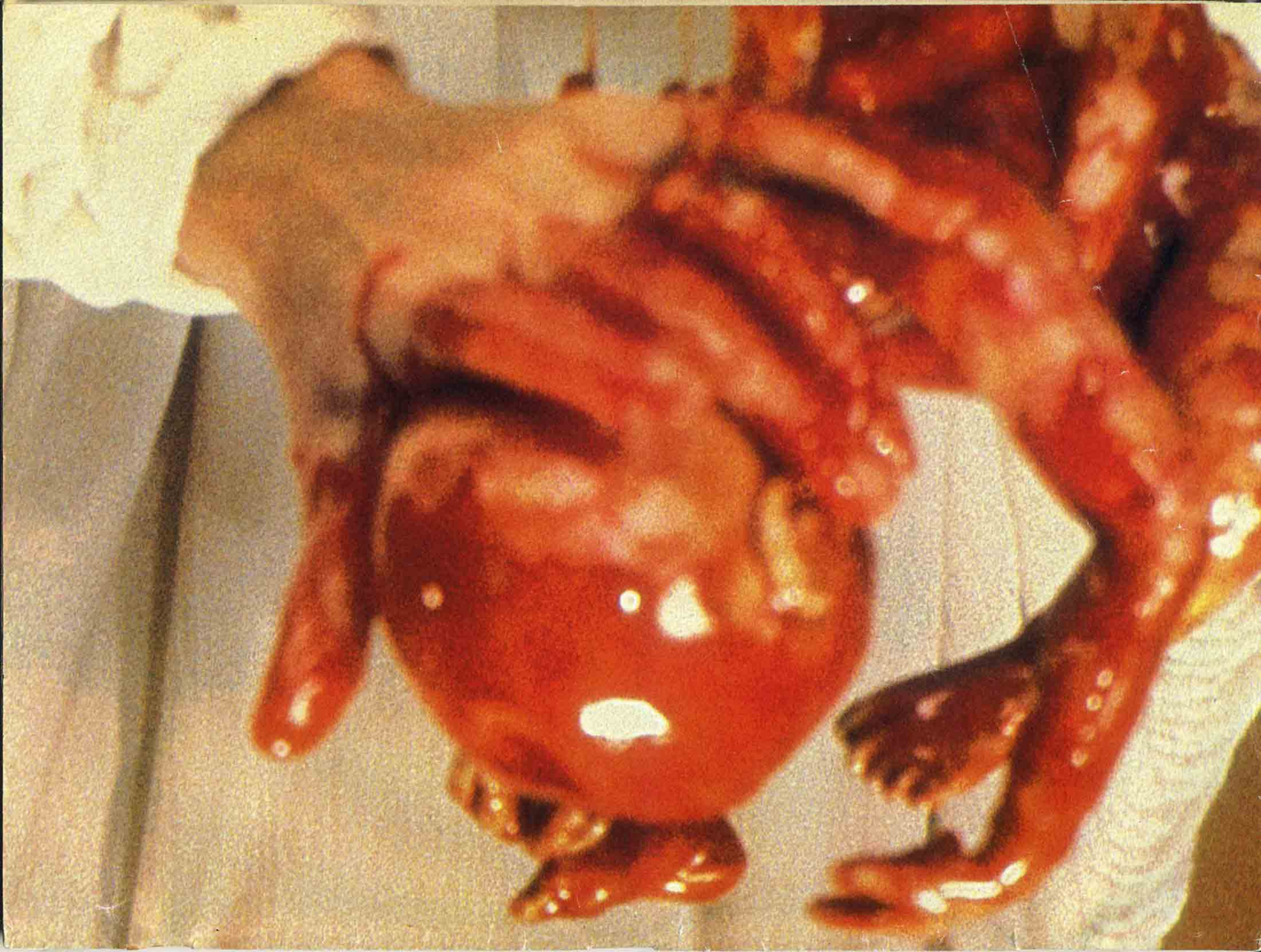

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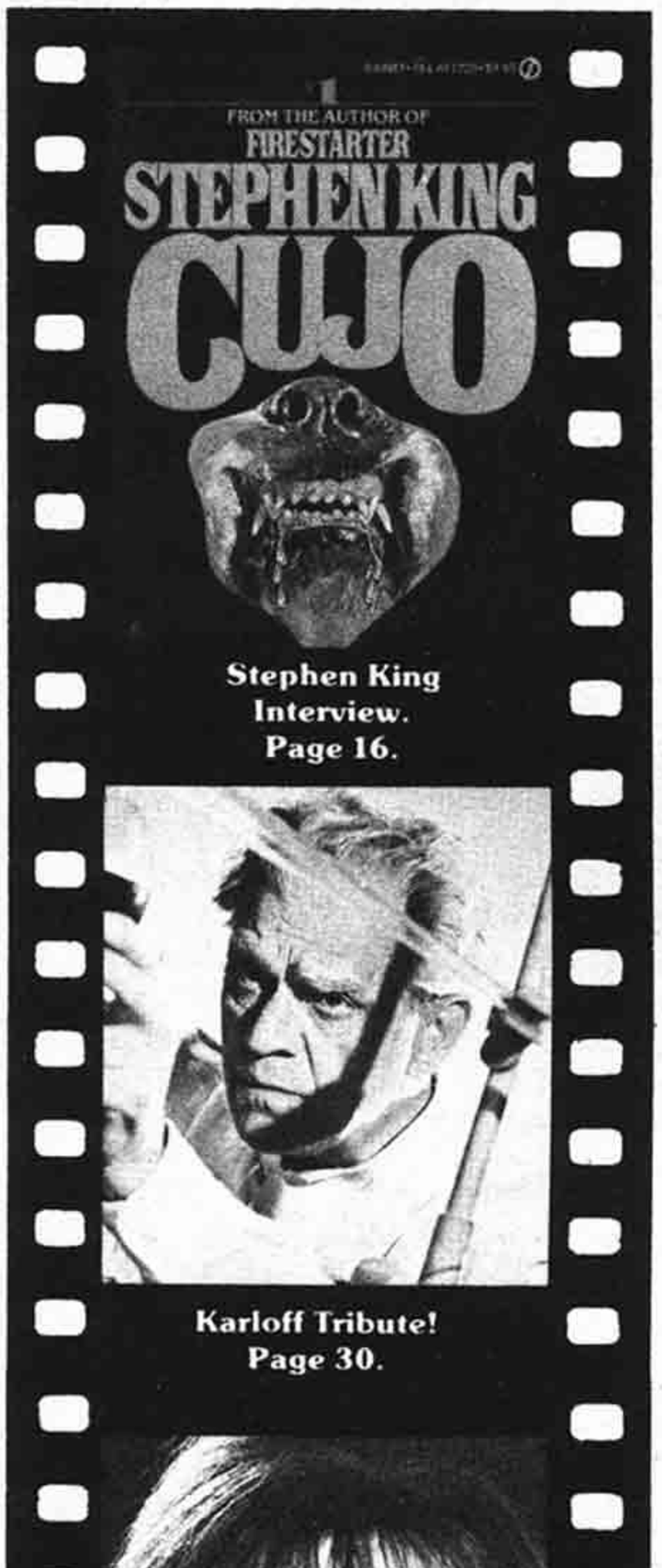
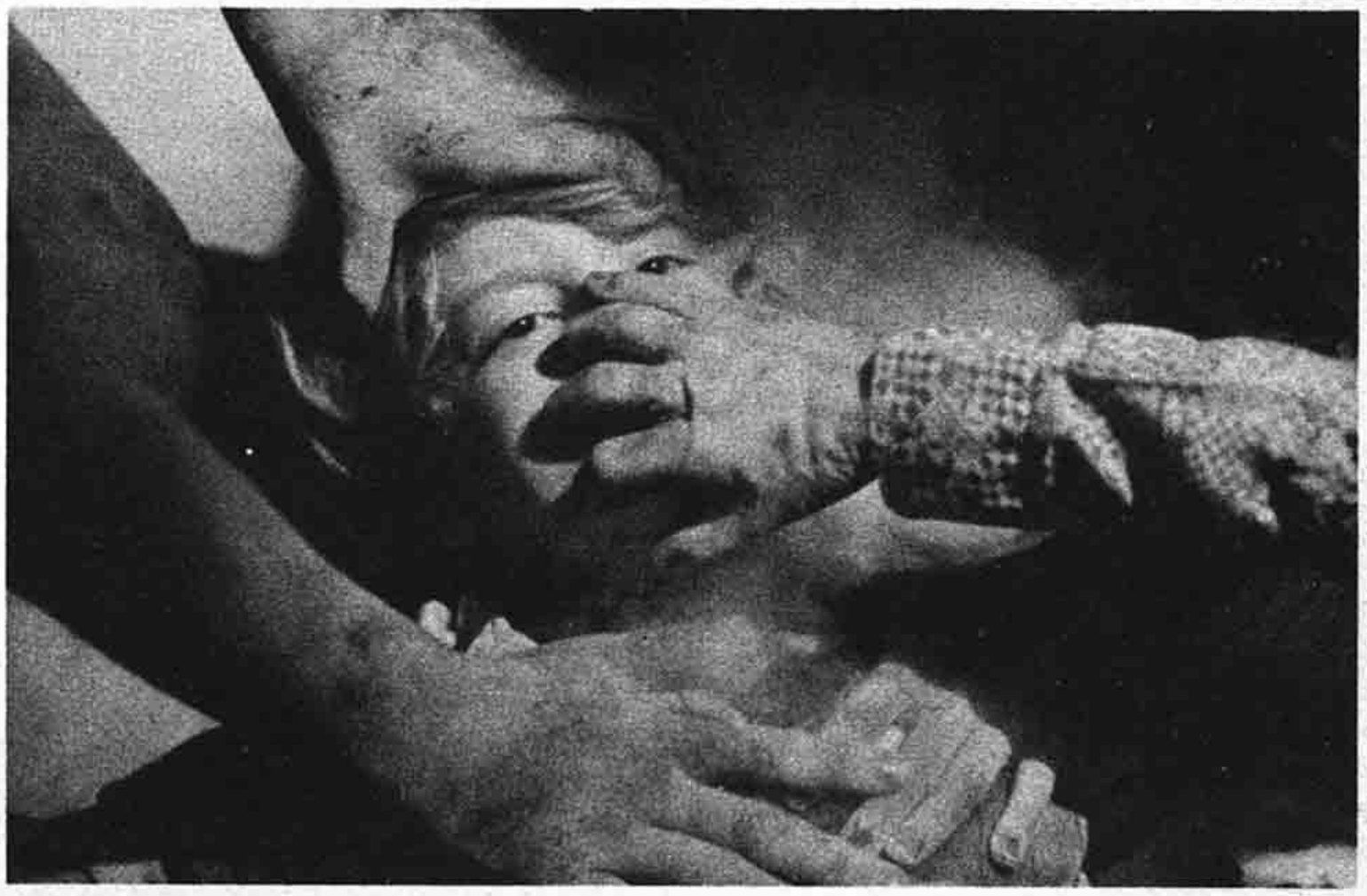


Stephen King Interview. Page 16.

Karloff Tribute! Page 30.

The Terror of Roy Ward Baker! Page 38.



***Mutant!* Page 22.**

IMAGINATION, INC.: A Horrorscope 6
POSTAL ZONE: A New Contest! Rockin' Horror! 7
FIRESTARTER: The Director Speaks 12
STEPHEN KING: Part Two of Our Exclusive Interview 16
WINGS HAUSER: The Star of *Mutant* 22
DIRECTING MUTANT: A Talk with John "Bud" Cardos 24
F. PAUL WILSON: *The Keep* Author on the Film Adaptation 27
KARLOFF TRIBUTE PART 1: Forry Ackerman on the Horror Great 30
KARLOFF TRIBUTE PART 2: A Karloff Producer Remembers 34
ROY WARD BAKER: The Man Behind *Vampire Lovers* and *Asylum* 38
GHOSTBUSTERS: The Associate Producer on the Special Effects 44
MAKEUP OSCAR: Why There Wasn't One 47
PIT AND THE PEN: Alex on Bert I. Gordon's *The Spider* 49
FANGO LIBRARY: Horror Film Reference Guide—Part 5 51
VIDEO EYE OF DR. CYCLOPS: Terror Tykes and Wacko Camp 54
FRIDAY THE 13th: THE FINAL CHAPTER! Savini Effects! 56
MONSTER INVASIONS: Carpenter's Latest! Film Search! 60
NIGHTMARE LIBRARY: Ramsey Campbell's *Incarnate* 64
CLASSIFIEDS: Definitely 66

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FANGORIA

July 1984 Issue #36

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Dedicated to Jason. May he rest in peace.

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Horrorscope

I cannot *begin* to tell you how incredibly excited I am at this particular moment. I have just learned that STARLOG PRESS has acquired rights to AMERICAN ASTROLOGY Magazine!

Why is this so exciting? Well, up to now, this company has helped you, the magazine reader, to find the best in horror/exploitation, science fiction, wrestling (WRESTLING SCENE), country music (COUNTRY RHYTHMS), boxing (FIGHT GAME), and musical TV (ROCK VIDEO). Starting this summer, we will be able to guide *every aspect* of your daily life through our newest organ! Some good news, huh?

AMERICAN ASTROLOGY has been in business for over half a century; the first STARLOG PRESS edition won't appear until June. But, by golly, I just can't wait. So, here it is—your first horoscope from STARLOG PRESS, especially cast for all you Fangorians out there!

TAURUS: A retrograde Saturn and the moon in Uranus spell BIG TROUBLE. Your next door neighbor has been picking up extra bucks by renting out his backyard as a dumping ground for toxic wastes. Exposure to irradiated fructose has worked your transformation into a lumbering, half-human creature. You are so covered in abcesses and tumors that, from a distance, your nude body would resemble an oatmeal cookie. Toward late May, you start developing a tremendous urge to rend and kill.

GEMINI: If you are in the film business, this would be a good time to start work on a splatter movie; sending lots of effects photos to a horror/exploitation magazine may generate excellent publicity for you.

CANCER: You've got it. If you had gone for a check-up a week ago, you probably would have lived. That's why you have to read these astrology columns *every* month.

LEO: In mid-May, you win a trip to Europe from the Publisher's Clearing House. You enjoy the vacation tremendously, except for a brief encounter with a wild beast in the hills of southern Rumania. You think no more of it. Some time later, your date admires the fullness of the moon . . . it's all so tragic . . . you *really did* love her . . .

VIRGO: You get to the newsstand a little later than usual and (oh, no!) Fango is sold out! The prospect of paying extra for back issue depresses you the rest of the month. You should have subscribed. You are cheered up considerably when a letter arrives telling you that you have been hired as a counselor at Camp Crystal Lake.

LIBRA: Early this month, you will be very disappointed by an Italian zombie film; don't write to Fango about it . . . the stars indicate that they probably won't publish your letter. Watch your step around mid-month, especially where escaped lunatics are concerned, unless you want a massive thumb to burst your eyeball, pressing past it to the brain tissue, making soft squishing sounds as you painfully expire.

SCORPIO: The much-vaunted Scorpio charm stands you in good stead this month, when you meet Jamie Lee Curtis, standing in line behind you at your local bank. She obviously thinks you're quite a guy, and would be delighted to have dinner with you. Unfortunately, this is her last day on location—she has a 5 P.M. flight back to L.A. "Who knows?" she says, "Maybe I'll wind up back in [your town] again someday!" You know she's just trying to cheer you up.

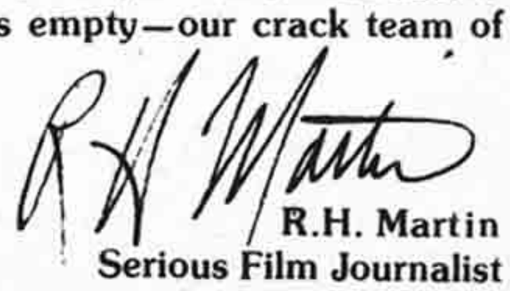
SAGITTARIUS: May 20th could bring a job offer. Should you accept it, a frustrated co-worker (he expected to be promoted to *your* position) is likely to peel your face like a grape with a utility knife. You may survive, but your face will be hideously scarred; in 12 years you'll return to the office to wreak vengeance.

CAPRICORN: You did it! You came up with an idea for a movie that is *so incredible* and *so brilliant* that you just *know* those Hollywood moguls would chomp at the bit to obtain the high-priced rights to it. After many phone calls, you get through to Steven Spielberg, who tells you that your idea is identical to the plot of *Gremlins*.

AQUARIUS: Don't get your hair cut on May 15th; it will look silly.

PISCES: Your skin will feel very dry and itchy early this month; you may notice sharp pains at the side of your neck. Rudimentary gills should appear in this location around the 17th, as the itching intensifies. Don't worry, though—the itch will stop once your scales begin to sprout. Late in the month is the best time to get out to the beach.

ARIES: Though you check the mailbox daily, Fango still hasn't sent you a personal reply to your letter. You decide to go to 475 Park Avenue South, armed with an axe, to correct the situation. On arrival, you find our offices empty—our crack team of astrologers warned us you were coming.



R.H. Martin
Serious Film Journalist

The Postal Zone

Slugfest Contest

In issue #34, William Boblett wrote in with the suggestion that there should be a match-up between Michael (*Halloween*) Myers and Jason (*Friday the 13th*) Voorhees. The winner of this battle of the maniacs would then lock horns with *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*'s Leatherface. To make this dream a reality, we have decided to sponsor a MANIAC MATCH-UP DRAWING CONTEST. Do you have a way with the artistic line? If so, draw your own comic strip version of this epic horror confrontation. Jason vs. Michael Myers; winner takes on Leatherface—consider the possibilities of this stupefying, no-holds-barred battle of the terror titans! You decide the outcome!

To enter, send your artistically rendered comic strip of this fight of the century to:

MANIAC MATCH-UP
Fangoria Magazine
475 Park Ave. South
New York, NY 10016

If you want your masterpieces returned, be sure to include a return envelope with the necessary postage. The winner will be judged in terms of both artistic skill and dramatic imagination. The winner will have the pleasure of seeing his or her work published in FANGORIA. All entries must be in our offices by June 30, 1984.

Video Quest

Dear FANGORIA,

I have got to know if *Invasion of the Blood Farmers* and/or *It! The Terror from Beyond Space* (which I like to call the original *Alien*) are able to be purchased on video. Do you know? They seem to elude video outlets. I would really appreciate all the help you can give me. Please let me know!

Very Seriously Yours,
Larry Waller
1145 W. 26th St.
San Pedro, CA 90731

According to Fantaco's Video Screams, *the video cassette of* Invasion of the Blood Farmers *is available from Thunderbird Films, 3500 Verdugo Road, Box 65157, Los Angeles, CA 90065. As for* It! The Terror from Beyond Space, *we don't know of any video release at this time, sadly enough.*

***It! The Terror from Beyond Space:* Where's the video?**

Does Not Rock

Dear Fango,

After years of delighted reading, it hurts me sorely for my first letter to you to be one of complaint. However, I cannot stand by and watch the magazine that we all love so dearly sink into the morass of a decadent pop culture.

Some people say this is scary.

I'm sure you know *exactly* what I mean. . . Michael Jackson. . . the Ramones. . . Fats Domino. . . all in issue #34. Rapidly followed by (gasp!) Ozzy Osbourne on the cover of #35, which also includes more Ramones nonsense, as well as the Tubes, Sleepy La Beef (?) and (ugh!) KISS!

As a veteran reader, I recall the ruckus that was raised two years ago when certain powers-that-be at your magazine attempted to incorporate wrestling in your editorial coverage. I implore you, *do not make the same mistake twice!* Rock "music" (I use the term reluctantly) has no more relevance to the established themes of Fango than air hockey (which is my favorite sport, though I have no desire to see it covered in your pages).

At the end of the Osbourne article, you promise further explorations in this direction. I hope that this letter (and, hopefully, many more like it from other readers) will deter you from what seems a foolhardy and self-destructive course.

Brett Thoreaux
Baltimore, MD

Rocks Like Crazy

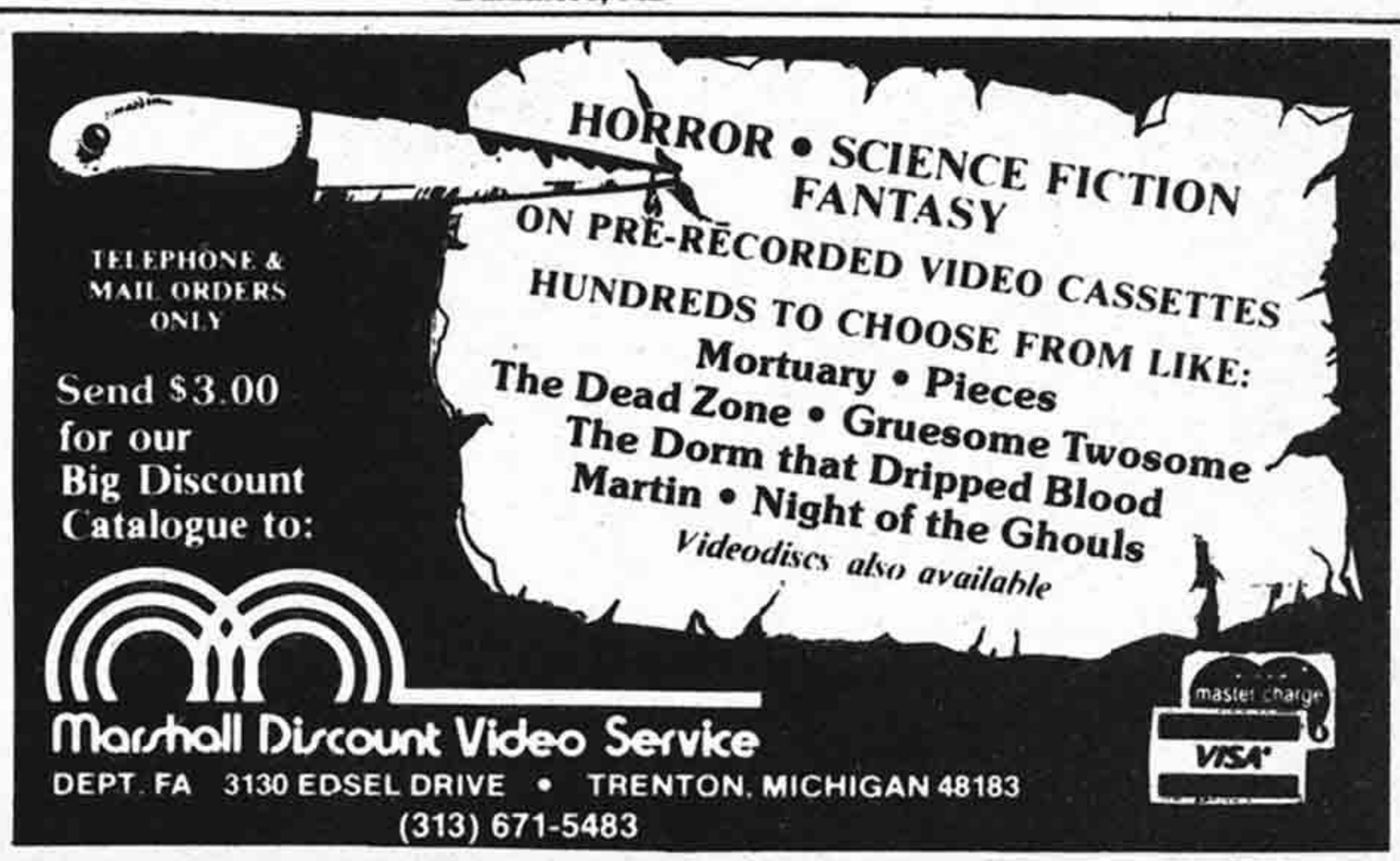
Fango!

Thank you, thank you, thank you! No sooner did I send you a note requesting that you check out Ozzy's "Bark at the Moon," than I received my latest issue in the mail—with the Ozz emblazoned across your best cover EVER!!! The

Gene Simmons of KISS: A horror kind of guy?

article coulda been better (f'instance, you shoulda talked to OZZY, and you coulda had MORE PICTURES!!!), but it was certainly a step in the right direction! Next, you gotta look into ZZ Top's "TV Dinners"—and PLEASE talk to the beards!

R. Forman
Englewood, NJ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The Postal Zone

PHOTO: © 1984 NEW LINE CINEMA

Our oversight. Here it is: *Warriors of the Wasteland.*

Into the Wasteland

Dear Editor,

I have just come from seeing *Warriors of the Wasteland* with Fred Williamson (he was in it—I wasn't with him) and I can't understand why you didn't cover this movie. I loved it! If you ask me, it was the best Italian rip-off of *Road Warrior* that I've seen yet. If you can't cover this movie, could you at least run a picture from it?

Bill Kernodle
Plainview, NY

Has Got to Know

Dear FANGORIA,

I was gratified to see that you acted promptly on my request for a Herbert L. Strock retrospective, and all in all I must admit that Fango's been sailing along real good, but I can't pretend that you're not doing something that has really put a burr up my tail. This Doctor Cyclops guy, he writes a pretty fair review, I don't deny that. But there's just one little thing I want to know—who the hell is he? How am I supposed to trust what he says, if I don't know who the man is? What are you guys trying to pull? You afraid to square with us? I, for one, don't cotton to that kind of sneaky behavior. And I don't think a mess of other guys do either. So what's it going to be? Are you going to talk—or what?

Mace Gerrin
331 Race St.
Pueblo, CO

Fast Service

Dear Fango,

First of all, excuse my english, I'm french. I'd like to give you a good hand for your marvelous magazine. You're the only one in Montreal to have such a great mag. But, how about those grand actors of the past like: Karloff, Lugosi, Atwill and much more. I know that many people talks about those, like *Famous Monster* and *Monser World* etc. I'm shure that you're able to tell us many other things about those films of the thirties and the forties.

Michel Boulet
3805 rue Monsabre
Montreal, Quebec
Canada, H1M 2P7

Our two-article tribute to Karloff begins on page 30 in this very same issue.

The Dohler Files

Dear Fangites,

I think I can answer the question raised in your letters column, "Why do Don Dohler films keep getting made?" Please bear with me while I state my case . . .

Thanks to the endless self-touting in Dohler's own publications, my friends and I have seen all three of his films and have arguments as to which is the worst.

The Alien Factor is on the surface the worst. It is his first film and the camera never moves. It is talk, talk, talk and the monsters (by John Cosentino, a CINEMAGIC writer) are good. I am willing to forgive *The Alien Factor* on the grounds that it is a first film.

Fiend has only one monster and is even more talk-talk than *Alien Factor*. With its droning cheapie synthesizer soundtrack, it drones along visually as well. It makes you wonder, should you be watching golf on TV? That has more suspense!

But I think the worst by far is *Nightbeast*. Why?

Nightbeast is the *least creative* by far and that is going some with these films! It seems to me that Dohler had a John Dods-created monster and simply remade *The Alien Factor* around it! True, the film is technically better (it has better effects and photography) but that just means a better crew as far as I can tell. The characters *have the same names and are played by the same "actors" as The Alien Factor!* The plot is the same, a monster runs around loose for a while in a small town, they finally kill it with electricity. The characters just bark orders at each other for the whole film and if you close your eyes you can't tell who is who! Nobody has a shred of a sensahumor. Everybody is deadpan-serious! Take away a few good Ernest Farino laser scenes and you have a boring remake of a boring film. (*Some of the characters were killed in the Alien Factor!!!*) The only "art" here is the art of *ripoff*.

PHOTO: © 1978 DON DOHLER

Dohler's *The Alien Factor*, the movie that started it all.

Now we come to my point, why are these films made? I think it is not to entertain people, but to "make a film and sell it." I prove my point by the way *Nightbeast* just grinds to a screeching halt so a girl can take her clothes off. Twice this happens. Once it's the sheriff and his deputy while the monster is running around killing people! It is hilarious! I think that Dohler figured that nudity will sell his films. If that is the case, he should make pornos where dull, repetitive movies aren't minded.

Sincerely,
Matt Cohen
2375 Jefferson Davis Hwy
Arlington, VA 22211

P.S.—Maybe Doctor Cyclops should review the three Dohler opuses now out on videocassette.

We Stand Corrected

Dear Fango,

I was shocked and dismayed to read your reply to Vince Cornelius of Prospect, Ohio (P.Z., ish 35), describing Gary Numan as "the Elton John of synth-rock." This sort of inaccuracy is less than I expected from the world's only *quality* magazine of horror/exploitation. Everyone knows that *Thomas Dolby* is the Elton John of synth-rock—Gary Numan is only its Adam Ant.

Harris Tweed
108 Willow Ave.
Hoboken, NJ 07030

Max Cars—Again!

Dear Sirs,

I'm writing in regard to an item I read a few months back dealing with the identification of the Mad Max V8 Interceptor. David Yuers claimed that he read in another publication that Brian Kennedy stated that the cars used in the film were Ford Falcons . . . This is true, but he was obviously referring to the vehicles used by the general populace, such as the car pulling the RV trailer that was demolished near the beginning. I've studied the V8 for some time, and in my judgement, this car can be none other than a *Ford Mach 1* (and a beefed up one, at that).

Rob Kruszewski
Spring Hill, FL

Dear Fangorians,

In Australia and New Zealand, it is quite easy to see it is in fact an XA Ford Falcon GT Phase 3 HO Coupe, which is quite a common car in both countries. Of course, because this car is Australian assembled (although you'd like to think that such a great car is American assembled) it is quite obvious you don't see any on your roads, so therefore you are getting totally confused.

By the way, keep up those great gory pics, as when a movie finally gets to New Zealand, some of those scenes are cut, and we only get to see them in your magazine!

Ted Askew
18A Kuaka Crescent
Bromley, Christchurch
New Zealand

Canada Not Commie

Dear Fangoria,

It seems, from various comments made in "The Postal Zone," that you have sized Canada up as a communist country akin to the U.S.S.R. and Red China on the matter of censorship. You can't brand all of Canada just because of incidents in one or two provinces!

Rob Richardson
22748 Reid Avenue
Maple Ridge, B.C. V2X 4G8
Canada

We're aware that most of the film censorship in Canada is confined to Ontario. Similiar censorship laws have been passed in individual states here, but these have invariably been knocked down by our Supreme Court as unconstitutional. Interestingly enough, Canada's courts have recently ruled that Ontario's censorship policies are contrary to Canada's charter, though, as of the last reports received, the censor board is still in operation.

A Plea For Help

Dear FANGORIA,

I am in desperate need of some information. As a fan of Stephen King, I have every book by Mr. King except one; in Fang #25 your book review

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The Postal Zone

section told of a book called *The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger* by Stephen King. It is also listed on the inside jacket of his latest, *Pet Sematary.* This novel is nowhere to be found in the great metropolis of Cleveland! Can you direct me, or put me in contact with the publisher, Donald M. Grant?

Secondly, I have a cassette of *Basket Case*, but I am not sure if it is the cut version or not. You stated that, if the first murder is off screen, it is the cut version. During this attack, the victim's head is off-screen, then he raises his head, showing the results of the attack.

Michael Zell

The cassette is uncut. In the clipped version, the guy never raises his head.

There's an interesting story behind The Gunslinger. . . *The book is very different from King's other works—it's hard-core fantasy, not horror. Because he felt the book appealed to a very limited taste in fiction, King wanted Grant's original, unpublicized limited edition to be the* only *edition. Shortly after publication, it quickly sold out, and that was to be the end of it. However, the listing of the title in* Pet Sematary *alerted many King fans that there was a King book that they had never seen. Doubleday and King received a torrent of inquiries about the book from fans like yourself. . . King relented, and a second limited edition was authorized, which was published in March.*

The book can be ordered from Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, RI 08292. The price is $20 postpaid. But—fair warning—according to Grant, it's quite likely that, by the time that you read this in May, the second edition will also be gone, in which case your check will be returned.

The Secret Magazine

Dear Fang,

In Ed French's article, "Professional Makeup: How to Get Started," he mentioned an article which helped him to get started making full-head latex masks. The article, by Kirk Brady, appeared in CINEMAGIC magazine, issue #6.

I would appreciate it very much if you could tell me where I could find this issue.

Just want to add that your magazine is great!

James Burke
415 E. 240th St.
Bronx, NY 10470

CINEMAGIC, subtitled "The Guide to Fantastic Filmmaking," happens to be one of our many sister publications here at STARLOG PRESS, and is available only in a few specialty shops, and by subscription. Back issues are available by mail order from O'Quinn Studios, 475 Park Ave. So., 8th Fl., New York, NY 10016.

In addition to Brady's detailed article on latex masks, serious students of dimensional makeup will also find value in Craig (Twilight Zone) *Reardon's article on face-casting and fantasy makeups in issue #12, and two pieces by John Dods of* Deadly Spawn *fame, "The Secrets of Graphic Gore" and "Making Monsters," which appear, respectively, in issues #17 and #18. One back issue costs $3.80, including postage; add $3.40 for each additional back issue desired.*

Landau, Again!

Dear Fango,

I too would like to add my voice to Candace Olsen's and request a MARTIN LANDAU interview in your magazine! He has done some "interesting" horror flicks in recent years—let's find out more about them! They are quite a departure from his previous roles in films and television. So, how about a unique interview with Martin Landau in your unique publication?!

Yours Truly,
Terry S. Bowers
603 N. Clark St.
River Falls, WI 54022

Berryman!

Dear Fango.

Out of all the interviews you've done, I was deeply moved by your interview with actor Michael Berryman. I've seen him in *The Hills Have Eyes* and *Deadly Blessing* and both times I just considered him to be an ugly creep. But through your interview, I found a more human side to this gentle actor. I am glad to be proved wrong about my conception of Mr. Berryman. I'll look forward to watching *Hills Have Eyes Part 2* and explore this actor who has such depth. More on Mr. Berryman, please!

Humbert Fernandez
5109 Blvd. East
West New York, NJ 07093

PHOTO: © 1981 UNITED ARTISTS

Michael Berryman—man of the hour.

Another vote for Landau.

An Understandable Error

Dear Fang,

Do my eyes deceive me? *Friday the 13th*, you say, is "the first American film to spawn three sequels since the *Planet of the Apes* series." So what's *Dirty Harry*, a Serbo-Croatian movie?

Jack Hallow
Palm Bay, FL

We can understand how our statement about Friday the 13th *could have led to your confusion, Jack. However, to the best of our knowledge, Clint Eastwood* only *makes American movies, even when on foreign soil. That's the kind of guy he is. Hope we cleared this up for you.*

NOTICE: ADDRESS REQUESTS

To those of you who continue to importune us for the addresses of our various interview subjects; if Stephen King and Rick Baker wanted us to be blabbing their private addresses all over the place, we'd be happy to put them right here in the magazine, but they don't, so forget it! The same thing goes for Savini, Carpenter, Romero, Hooper, *et cetera & ad nauseam.*

We're sure that you're a very nice person, and that all these famous guys would be much better off if they had you for pal. Unfortunately, their time is kinda limited, y'know? They have movies to make, books to write, latex to pour. . . if these guys decided to be personal advisors to the readers of FANGORIA (well over one hundred thousand strong), they'd never get their work done! And then what movies would we cover? Think about that! With no movies to cover, Fango would fold; we'd be out of a job, just because we gave you Stephen King's address! Everitt might be able to squeeze by on the income from his books, but R.H. would have to go on welfare! Maybe *then* you'd be satisfied!

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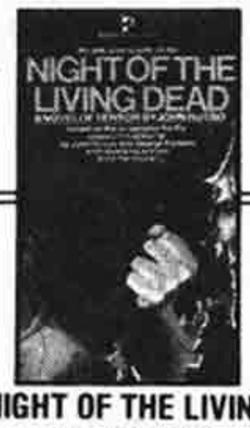

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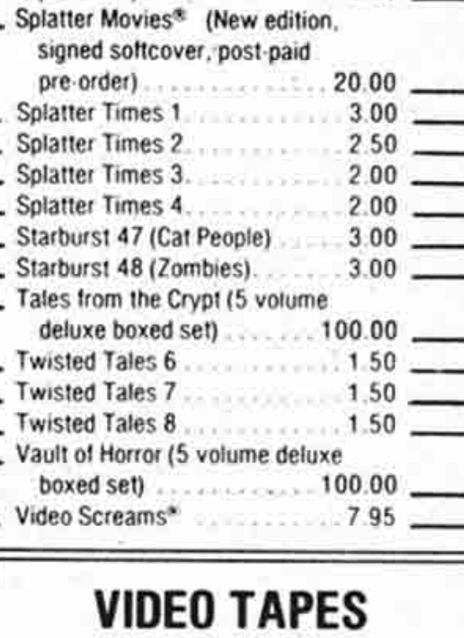

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Mark Lester directs FIRESTARTER

After a dozen years in filmmaking, the director of Class of 1984 *breaks through!*

By R.H. Martin

Mark Lester is a soft-spoken guy, cherubic in appearance, whose voice always seems to carry an undertone of cheerful friendliness. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm he's not; he speaks seriously about himself and his work, and the warmth he projects seems to be the real thing.

Interviewing Lester, you feel that you could ask him point blank the most obnoxious question, without fatal results. Maybe he'd hesitate a beat, bite his lip, look to the side for a moment; but he'd come back to you with the same cheerful tone of voice, and probably a reasonable answer.

I generally avoid asking obnoxious questions; I mean, if somebody's working on a genre film, we want to be on their side—there's no point in antogonizing the director of a Universal presentation of a Dino de Laurentiis production. On the other hand, it can be difficult to determine just what constitutes an obnoxious question. When I first met Lester, in the drizzling rain on the set of *Firestarter,* my very first question was, "How do you feel about the term 'exploitation film?'"

He hesitated a beat, bit his lip and his eyes darted to the side for a moment. Right away, I felt guilty. He seemed like such a nice guy, and there I go hurting his feelings . . . for the moment, I forgot that I was talking to the director of *Truck Stop Women, Gold of the Amazon Women* and *Roller Boogie.*

But he recovered quickly, and when he spoke the cheerfulness was still in his voice, along with a certain amount of discomfort. "I *hate* that," he answered. "I never thought of any picture I made in that way. I just thought in terms of making a story into a movie; in each case it was a story that I liked. I think 'exploitation movies' are movies that are made for no reason other than the money—I make movies 'cause I love movies. *Class of 1984,* for instance, was intended to be a social document, about violence in our schools, a modern *Blackboard Jungle.* I never thought of it as exploitive."

We only had a few minutes to speak on the set, so I didn't propound my contrary view that exploitation films are those that are clearly meant to satisfy an audience, rather than an elite (critics, other filmmakers, whatever) and therefore are *superior* in some ways to non-exploitative fare. (Perverse? Maybe.)

Later, when I had a chance to speak with Lester at greater length, I learned that, contrary to my assumptions, Lester's career didn't start with movies that lend themselves so handily to the exploitation label. It was Lester's interest in social issues that first drew him to filmmaking in the early 1970's. He spent a year in the jungles of Mexico making his first film, *Twilight of the Mayans,* a documentary concerned with the plight of Mexico's aboriginals—a group subject to exploitation in its most negative sense for generations. Lester's first fiction film, *Tricia's Wedding,* was a political satire written and produced by Lester, depicting the wedding of Tricia Nixon (played by a female impersonator) and Edward Cox. "When we came out with it, it was years before Watergate," Lester recalls. "At the time, Nixon was one of the most popular Presidents we ever had, so it was generally attacked as sacrilege. People told me that the White House would be out to get me, which I thought was ridiculous. Years later, John Dean's book *Blind Ambition* told aabout a screening of the film in the basement of the White House—Nixon was outraged by it, and wanted it stopped. They debated what to do about it, and it was finally decided that if they did anything, it was likely to become a Bill of Rights issue."

Lester intended his next project to be a documentary about auto thrill-show drivers, but, as he prepared for the film, a fiction story began to emerge through his initial research. The picture, *Steel Arena,* falls somewhere between documentary and fiction, with many of the actual drivers playing dramatic roles, as well as actors. "These people called themselves 'the Circus of Death', Lester says. "They'd drive up ramps and through hoops of fire, crash head-on into each other, flip their cars over. They travelled through the country, and put the shows on at carnivals. They don't put on shows like that anymore—the cars are too expensive to destroy. A thousand years from now, they might dig up that film and marvel at those guys. They were like modern gladiators."

At this point, I started to appreciate Lester's alternate view of his "exploitation" career. Lester clearly viewed *Steel Arena* as a document of the thrill-driver's lifestyle, while the audience—drawn in by the promise of death-defying stunts—gets their thrills along with a tour of an unfamiliar world.

In Lester's view, the same applies to *Truck Stop Women,* starring the late Claudia Jennings in a tale concerning a group of women who use a roadside greasy spoon as a front for their hijacking and prostitution activities, and their subsequent battle with the Mafia. The story was inspired, says Lester, when he read about a group of independent women truckers. "I didn't even know the terms 'exploitation film' at the time, so there's no way I could have approached it with that intention. To me, it was a parody of life in America, in the same way that *Tricia's Wedding* was a parody. Some people have gotten it; *Rolling Stone* ran a full-page review that analyzed the whole political import of it, the battle bet-

ween the independent people in this country and larger forces like the mafia."

The Way He Was was to be Lester's follow-up to *Tricia's Wedding*, a satirical account of the Watergate trials, begun while Nixon was still in office and impeachment efforts had not yet begun. The film, which included a scene where Reverend Billy Graham attempts to exorcise the troubled Chief Exec, fell victim to bad timing. Nixon resigned on the night it opened and the country, under Ford, was anxious to leave the national nightmare of Watergate behind.

Lester recovered with *Bobbie Joe and the Outlaw*, with Lynda Carter doing the only nude scene she's ever likely to do—she subsequently became a "reborn" Christian. Interestingly, the picture paired Carter with Marjoe Gortner, a former fundamentalist minister, in one of his first acting roles, as a romantic criminal on the run.

Lester again examined an unorthodox and spectacular lifestyle with *Stunts*, a murder mystery concerning a series of not-so-accidental deaths among a group of stuntmen. The film was the first to be produced by Robert Shaye's New Line Cinema, one of the leaders in the field of *quality* exploitation; and what a cast! Joanna Cassidy of TV's *Buffalo Bill*, Candice Rialson of *Hollywood Boulevard* and Fiona Lewis—in my opinion, the world's greatest living actress—all in one movie! Robert Forster, of *The Black Hole* and *Alligator* starred.

Gold of the Amazon Women was a TV movie that brought Lester back to the jungle, and Anita Ekberg out of retirement. "The producer was a friend of hers from Italy," Lester recounts, "and he said, 'I'll get Anita to do it.' 'But she weighs 400 pounds,' I said. 'I'll get her to lose weight,' he said. I promised that if she got down to 200 pounds, I'd put her in the movie, and she did. She was a lot of fun, but she was crazy as a loon. We're in the middle of the jungle, but every day she has to have her little table set up with a place setting, tablecloth, wine and everything, just perfect—*La Dolce Vita*. We had 20 women, New York actresses, running through the jungle in loincloths. Every time they ran through the jungle, the insects had a feast—they'd never seen that much white flesh before."

Roller Boogie, as Linda Blair's fans well know, was a lightweight tale of the efforts of Blair to save the local roller-disco from being turned into a parking lot. In addition to Blair, the film benefited from the presence of Beverly Garland, and the choreography of David Winter, who went on to direct *The Last Horror Film* and a home video sex instruction course (coming soon).

Which brings us to *Class of 1984*, Lester's update of *The Blackboard Jungle*, with an added dash of *Straw Dogs*. "Critics point out references to other films in my work a lot," says Lester. "I can't help but copy things here and there—I don't want to, but I guess it's part of my thinking.

"I see a lot of movies; the other day I went to the video store, and they didn't have a single movie I hadn't seen. I asked how many movies they had there, and the guy said 2,000! And not one I hadn't seen. I'll watch anything, there isn't any kind of movie that I can't find something to enjoy in it."

Lester's voracious film-viewing appetite can come in handy at times, as it did on the set of *Class of 1984*. At the conclusion of the film, high school teacher Perry King was called upon to violently dispose of several unruly students. King, a self-described "Yale preppie," balked at one particular scene, wherein he ran a young man's arm through a tablesaw. "He said, 'I can't do this, it's just too vicious.'" Lester recalls. "I said, 'Perry, do you remember in *Mandingo*, where you put that slave in a pot of boiling water, boiled him alive and then shot him through the head with a shotgun?' He did. Then I said, 'If that's not enough, do you remember when you threw that baby through the window in *Bad*?' He said, 'You saw *Bad*?' He couldn't believe it. I said, 'Perry, you can't escape from me, I see everything.'"

Though Lester shies away from the exploitation label for his previous work, he acknowledges that *Firestarter* could prove to be his breakthrough, "in the sense that it's a major cast, a major release with a very large national break and a major advertising budget. And of course Stephen King is a big-name writer, with *Firestarter* being one of his biggest best sellers; so this does have every element of 'major filmmaking' attached to it. For me, it's very exciting . . . it's certainly the biggest film I've done, by far."

Lester first met Dino DeLaurentiis shortly

PHOTOS: © 1984 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS

Drew Barrymore burns up the screen in *Firestarter*.

Tony Sanchez' sculpture of George C. Scott as Rainbird meets an infernal end as well.

after the Italian mogul caught *Class of 1984* upon its New York opening. "He called me up and said, 'Let's make a movie together,'" Lester recalls. "I of course said, 'Great!' We talked about a few different possibilities; then Universal gave him *Firestarter* to read. We met with Universal, and read the script they had at that time. [*This was the Bill Phillips rewrite of Bill Lancaster's adaptation, prepared for John Carpenter—RHM*]. It wasn't very good. They had taken out the most important villain, the Indian assassin Rainbird; he wasn't even *in* their script, and he'd been replaced by a lady doctor. Dino asked me what I thought, and I told him the book's fantastic, the script's no good. When he asked me what I would do, I told him let's make the book into a movie, and he agreed with me. Stanley Mann, whose work I first noticed when he adapted *The Collector*, wrote a great screenplay that is very, very cleose to the book—retains all the excitement, and the love story as well. I was especially pleased that we restored the Rainbird character when George C. Scott agreed to play it; he did a fantastic job."

The Mann script closely follows King's story of the Shop, a government weapons research agency that performs drug experiments on humans (an aspect inspired, King says, by factual reports of U.S. Army experiments), focusing particularly on Charlie, the daughter of one pair of human guinea pigs, Andy and Vicky McGee. Though both of her parents acquired low-level psychic powers as a result of the drug known as "lot six," Charlie's reshuffled chromosomes have bestowed upon her the special gift of pyrokinesis, the ability to start fires with the power of mind. When the Shop gets wind of Charlie's unusual power—a power that is growing in her as she matures—they devote all their resources to the prospect of making this child America's ultimate weapon. When Vicky dies at the hands of the Shop's agents, Andy and Charlie must battle the agency, armed only with their powers; and as Andy's strange abilities fade, Charlie's grow . . .

"It's not really a horror story," says Lester. "It's a more unique story than a lot of the films done in the genre over the past few years."

King's novel, however, includes several descriptive passages that are extremely horrific in approach; the impression I received on the set of *Firestarter* was that the shock elements of the book would be underplayed, in favor of an action-suspense approach. Lester agrees that the L.A. attitude is currently soft on all-out horror. "The situation you describe came about because, after *Halloween*, there were 25 or so stab movies," Lester says. "The studios tried to get in on that and, by the time they did, the independents had already mined it—the public was tired of it. *Firestarter* isn't part of that at all; it's a unique story, though you could describe it as a combination of *Carrie*, *Towering Inferno*, and *Paper Moon*. So I think it will be perceived by the public as something other than the usual 'horror film.'"

Though most would consider such a story as a tale of the supernatural, Lester chooses to view *Firestarter* in purely realistic terms. "I want to be believable, so I approached it as something that could actually happen. There have been reported cases of pyrokinesis, and the story deals with some other, very real things, like civil liberties in this country, the drug experiments that were done on people in the 60's, and the arms race."

Wilmington, North Carolina was chosen for location shooting because of the presence of the Orton Plantation, which is used as the headquarters of the Shop. "It's the last of the grand southern plantations left standing," Lester says. "Most were burned down by the Yankess, but this one was used as a smallpox hospital." It took three months to construct exact replicas of the buildings for the conflagration at the film's finish.

Stunts and action are a common element in Lester's past work, and *Firestarter* is no exception. Scenes depicting several stuntplayers on fire at once, and others involving a "burn gag" performed simultaneously with some other stunt, elevated the challenge. Lester indicates that his chief object was safety. "My film *Stunts* was really all about safety on a movie set, and all the little things that could easily go wrong; it's interesting to look at that in retrospect, after *Twilight Zone*. I've done quite a few films with stunts and actors, and no one was ever hurt. But it could happen to anybody . . . on *Firestarter*, we had some very close calls. No matter what precautions you take, it's an industry—just like in a factory or anywhere else—and it's possible to have an accident. Always, something happens a little different than you anticipate. You're trying to do spectacular things, and everyone wants to see something great on screen. To get it can sometimes be a little dangerous."

Shortly after *Firestarter* completed principal photography, Dino DeLaurentiis announced that the Wilmington soundstages built for the picture would remain in business for several upcoming projects. We asked Lester how it felt to help launch DDL's Hollywood South. "It's very exciting," he told us. "We came to Wilmington because the Orton Plantation was here. Then we had

PHOTO: © 1977 NEW LINE CINEMA

Lester and crew (in truck) capture the climactic sequence for New Line Cinema's *Stunts*.

some interiors to do, and I found a big warehouse that we had converted into a soundstage, with soundproofing, electrical systems and so on. It worked out so well, that Dino decided to keep it running. It's a great location; the government is very cooperative, and it's a 'right-to-work' state, allowing us to use local, inexpensive labor. And I think it's going to open up for independent filmmakers, allowing them to make an inexpensive film in a beautiful location."

As we write, *Firestarter* has yet to prove itself at the box office, but already DeLaurentiis has announced three additional Stephen King projects to be filmed at the Wilmington facilities—among them, an adaptation of *Cycle of the Werewolf* and an original King screenplay, *Cat's Paw*.

It you're reading this just before leaving for the theater, Lester offers some final advice for Fangorians coming to see his latest film: "People shouldn't come expecting to see reaily gross shots of people's hands being burned to a crisp, or that type of thing, 'cause we didn't do it. I think, instead, you'll find a very suspenseful and thrilling movie."

An agent of the Shop pays an infernal price for his misdeeds.

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The Stephen King Interview Part 2

The conclusion of Fango's exclusive talk with the Master of Horror: The Dead Zone, Cujo *and* The Stand.

By David Sherman

PHOTO: © 1983 PARAMOUNT

The inevitable tragic death of Johnny Smith in *The Dead Zone*. King: "I'm not afraid of that spiraling down into a very unpleasant conclusion."

Fangoria: Do you ever find yourself growing attached to the characters in your books, to the point where you want to spare them from harm, even though the plot might logically dictate otherwise? Specifically, I have Johnny Smith of *The Dead Zone* in mind. I recently saw the movie—which I thought was quite good—and the book remains one of my very favorite Stephen King novels.

Stephen King: Yeah. You want to spare them harm. I was real sad when the little boy died in *Cujo*, in the book. I was asked if I could revive him for the re-draft; at the publishing company they didn't want him to die. And I said no, that it would be a lie to say that he was alive. The movie people came along and said, "What do you think about if the kid lived?" And I said fine, because movies are not books, and what they do doesn't bother me . . . I thought it would be fun to see what happened if he *did* live. Even though I knew that it wasn't real. That would be make-believe. The kid really died. Anybody who reads the book and sees the movie, or sees the movie and reads the book knows: the kid really died. So, you want to spare them sometimes. But, on the other hand, the plot is the boss. The characters are not the boss. Sometimes people survive that you didn't expect to survive. There's a little girl in *Pet Sematary* who lives. Nobody else lives. And there's no rhyme or reason for it. There'd be more justification in that story—in the sense of a final tying up of loose ends—if she died, too. But that isn't the way life is.

Fang: *The Dead Zone* is not so much unpleasant or discomforting as it is sad, almost overwhelmingly so. There's a feeling of imminent doom right from the beginning. I thought the movie captured it well.

King: Yeah.

Fang: Johnny Smith is a genuinely tragic character. The ending of the book is especially moving. It's enough to make you cry.

King: Good. That's good. I'm not afraid of that spiraling down into a very unpleasant conclusion. Partly because I think life some-

times does that, and also because I was really impressed by the American naturalists and the British naturalists when I was in high school and in college. People like Thomas Hardy, Theodore Dreiser and Frank Norris. Even people like Raymond Chandler seemed very naturalistic to me. They all say the same thing: Things are not ever going to get any better, and if you want to see how things go, just think about what's going to happen to you. Sooner or later, you're gonna lose control of your kidneys, and that's very sad.

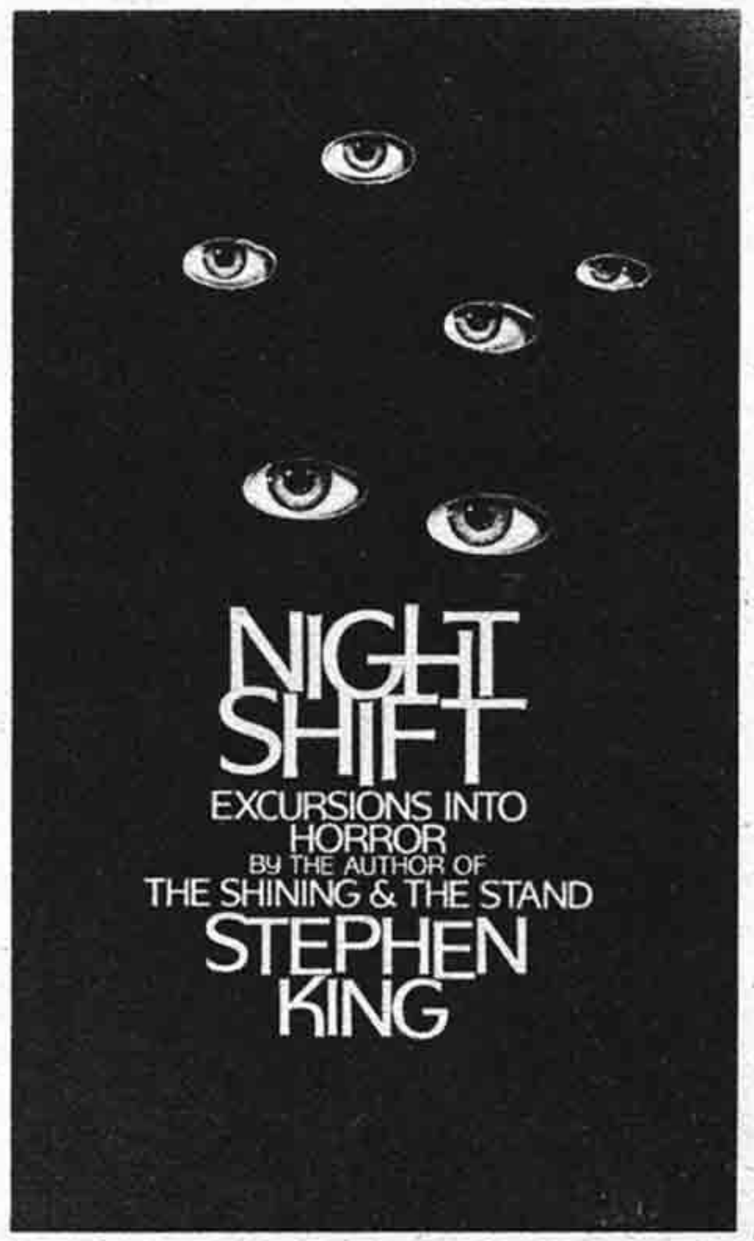
But, on the other hand, what always happens for me—with a book—is that you frame the idea of the book or the "what if," and little by little, characters will take shape. Generally as a result of a secondary decision about the plot.

In the case of *The Dead Zone*, it was simply, what if a man was able to have this ability to see the future? What if you were to explore that idea in the book, if he was just an ordinary guy that could really do it? The secondary thing was the visualization of this guy taking a test paper from a student, and saying, "You gotta go home right away. Your house is burning down." That never actually appears in the book, but it set the thing of him as a teacher; there were some other decisions that were made, and then it was time to pick the book up and begin to go. And as the circumstances themselves developed, I felt this web begin to form around him. I never felt any urge to introduce an artificial element that would allow him to tear free of that web, and escape what was building up. So I let that happen, and I watched to see what would happen to the man himself. Finally, the conclusion that I had was that he was going to die, and leave this girl Sarah alone. And she was going to be unhappy, but we all live with unhappiness, and it generally doesn't kill any of us. She'd have her cry in the graveyard, and she'd go back to her husband, and her baby, and pick up her life. Her life would be a little bit less; it certainly wouldn't have been the life that God intended. But, you know . . .

Fang: It was the book's final scene, where Sarah goes to Johnny's grave, that I found so emotional. Yet it was eliminated from the movie completely. I suppose that was due to David Cronenberg's directoral needs . . .

King: I think it was mostly Dino DeLaurentiis's need to have a 98-minute film. There was a little bit more in the rough cut that I saw, but it all seemed very pointless. It didn't include the graveyard, or anything like that. She goes back to the fair, which is still there . . .and she looks around and it ends there. It all seemed very pointless to me. I like it better the way it is. But it disturbs me that, of all the babies in New Hampshire, it turns out to be Sarah's own baby that Stillson happens to grab. A lot of the plot choices reflect an obsession in Hollywood that everything has to support everything else, like a house of cards.

Fang: Perhaps Cronenberg, or DeLaurentiis, or Debra Hill, or whoever had the final



The short story "Children of the Corn" found in this collection is the most recent King tale to be adapted to the screen.

say was concerned that a graveyard scene would remind people of the last scene in *Carrie*.

King: That's an idea. I'd never thought of that. I'll bet they discussed that.

Fang: They were probably afraid that if Johnny didn't climb out of the ground as a slobbering zombie that the audience would be disappointed.

King: Yeah. I bet that's the truth, yeah.

Fang: I thought Christopher Walken was about as right for Johnny as any mainstream Hollywood actor I can think of. Did you have approval over his casting, or were you simply told, Walken is going to be Johnny Smith, and that's it ?

King: No, I had approval, actually. At least that's my memory of it. Dino called me up, and we had discussed the actor I wanted—and I pitched him very hard—my choice was Bill Murray. Dino thought it was a good idea. And it didn't work, that's all. He [Murray] had a commitment, or he was on vacation . . . something like that. But, anyway, Bill Murray couldn't do it. So, we talked over some other guys, and he mentioned some names, and I didn't mention anybody else, because I couldn't think of anybody right off. He called me up on the phone, and he said, "Stephen, what would you think of Christopher Walken?" And I said, "He'd be great."

Fang: Walken is rather haunted looking to begin with.

King: I've met him a couple of times. He always seemed either a little bit sad to me or a little disinterested; a little bit disconnected from the proceedings.

Fang: Possibly because he grew up in the same part of Queens as I did.

King: Maybe. That could do it to anybody.

Fang: Thanks, pal.

King: But my reaction to him was that it would either be a great choice, or he just wouldn't be able to handle it at all. Because he can seem real cold, and if you're going to feel *sorry* that Johnny died or anything, you have to feel this kind of lost warmth as well. I think that Walken's great when he smiles. He looks sort of goony, but he's great. He never smiled in *Deer Hunter*.

Fang: He didn't have much to smile about in that picture.

King: Yeah.

Fang: I'm sorry that Cronenberg and Company couldn't have found a way to include the scene where Johnny shakes hands with Jimmy Carter. That scene exemplifies one of the aspects of your writing that I enjoy most. Johnny picks up the Secret Service man's disjointed and panicked associations with the Wallace shooting. That Secret Service man is an insignificant character in the context of the story, yet, for that moment, we don't just feel that we know him, we feel that we *are* him. How are you able to accomplish this? Is it insight, or professional technique?

King: Well, I never thought that scene worked. I worked on it, and I did it a couple of times. Finally, I dropped it. I put in a scene where he talks to somebody in a shopping center. I can't remember which candidate it was. I think it was Sargent Shriver, who was running that year. I tried to do something with the assassination idea there, by him making some sort of a movement to his pocket. And I was persuaded—actually, by my wife—to put the Carter scene back in. I always thought it seemed a little bit lame. But the Secret Service man—it worked! For me, yeah. Carter himself . . .maybe because politicians don't seem real, even

The attack of the rabid Saint Bernard in the film version of King's *Cujo*.

when they *are* real.

Fang: Similarly, you are able to put the reader inside the mind of a dog, and it seems perfectly natural. Kojak, the dog in *The Stand*, was just as three-dimensional as any of the human characters. How can you make a dog's perceptions believable? Does it come naturally?

King: Ah. . .yeah. Everything does. Including the bad stuff. So what I do, and what's always worked for me, is that I think: this is the way the dog would think of it. You've got to sling your eyes way down low, and think of what you'd see if you were down there. You've got to think about what you know about dogs; about their sense of smell, about their innate ability to tell time, all that sort of thing. Then you write something like, "He knew THE BOY would get back soon." Then you go right on ahead, and when you get about halfway up the page, you can look at it, out of the typewriter. And I've always known that—if it was good or bad, if it was going to work or not. That's all I know. The same thing is true of things like word choice. You'll look at it. I can't tell when it's in my head. There are things where I know it's a crapshoot, and it probably isn't going to work. So I put it down anyway and look at it. You can always take it out if it doesn't work.

Fang: Speaking of *The Stand*, how does it stand in terms of becoming a movie?

King: It's muddy. I've gone back and I've done another draft. I still think the major problem isn't with funding, and it isn't with the people who stand behind it. Everybody at Laurel wants to go with it right away. *I* want to go with it. It's,. . .[sighs]. . .the question has always been exactly what the hell to do with it.

Fang: Can anyone, including yourself, do it justice as less than an eight-hour film?

King: Well, no. The problem is, I could do it justice when it was a four-hour movie. Right now, the screenplay that I have is about 210, 220 pages long. It would be *nice* to have a screenplay that was about 180 pages long; that would be a three-hour movie. Then maybe it could be sold. The thing is, from the second draft to the third draft [laughing] it started to look a little less like *The Stand*, y'know? My point is, if we're going to do it, we ought to do it right, because that's what we wanted to do when we started out. We might as well have saved all that time, if we end up with something that doesn't resemble what turned us on in the first place.

So now, I've gone back to George Romero, and to Richard Rubinstein, and said, "Let's sit down and talk about this some more." I know that George is unhappy with the third draft that I've done, because he feels, at this point, that I've taken too much stuff out. But George is an eccentric in Hollywood—well, he doesn't work in Hollywood. One of the reasons he doesn't work in Hollywood is that he's always been a putter-inner, and successful Hollywood directors are mostly taker-outers.

I had just bizarre experiences when we were working on *Creepshow*. I would be doing shooting-script draft as we went along, and I'd be cutting from my own original screenplay, and have George come to me and say, "You'd better put this dialogue stuff back in, because we need it." Well, George can *write*. He's one of the few directors who can actually write prose. He doesn't storyboard. He doesn't storyboard for the same reasons that David Cronenberg doesn't storyboard. He has the imaginative ability to see in his mind how every shot will look. I've seen George actually take 40-minute swatches of screenplay, that might have a total of 40 shots, and break that down into 2000 shots, and include every cut-away.

Fang: Inside his head?

King: Well, he puts it down on paper, but that's the way it's coming out, yeah. . .And he shoots like that. He does extraordinary work with his cutting. If you look at his films, he has more shots than any other director that I've ever seen. Somehow, it doesn't jag. So he's a putter-inner, and that's where it stands. Where it stands is, we don't know what to do.

Fang: The mere scope—and the difficulty everyone is having in translating the novel into a screenplay—seems to belie the criticism that you write "for the movies."

King: Mm-hmm. I want it to be. . .it ought

to be cable, it ought to be Home Box. It ought to be a made-for-television movie, within that cable system. Then you're allowed to to do things that you can't do on commercial TV. The most important thing, aside from violence, sex, language, or anything else, is the ability to sell it at all. Because you can't sell this idea for commercial TV, because nobody wants to be associated with it. You saw *The Day After;* when I saw it, on the breaks, they were advertising K-Tel Records. I *never* saw that on a network movie before, because K-Tel couldn't afford the spot. Except they could on this one, because nobody wants to sell, say, Certs...You know, "Certs is a breath mint!" Doesn't look good compared to the end of the world.

Fang: Ideally, who would you cast to play the leads, Stu Redman and Randall Flagg?

King: Oh...for Randall Flagg, I think Armand Assante. For Stu Redman...I don't know. I really don't know. Somebody who looks a little bit like Clint Eastwood, but maybe 20 years ago. But I don't exactly know who that is. Maybe the best guy would be David Keith.

Fang: Too young.

King: He might be a little bit too young. I don't know...

Fang: I was thinking about David Carradine as Flagg. He's gaunt and demented enough.

King: Yeah. Armand Assante is very short, but, man, he looks so *bad.*

Fang: He looks too healthy to be the devil.

King: How about Richard Pryor?

Fang: I never thought of that...That's an interesting angle.

King: He'd be okay. Richard Pryor would be great. He'd be real funny, but he could look oh so real; throwin' that woman off the balcony.

Fang: And Trashcan Man; got to be Anthony James.

King: Steve King for Tom Cullen. That's what I think.

Fang: Oh, come on.

King: I think I'd be great.

Fang: Okay. Fine. I'll play Lloyd. How's that? We'll be all set.

Martin Sheen lunges for Brooke Adams' son to use the baby as a shield against the assassin in *The Dead Zone.* King: "A lot of the plot choices reflect an obsession in Hollywood that everything has to support everything else, like a house of cards."

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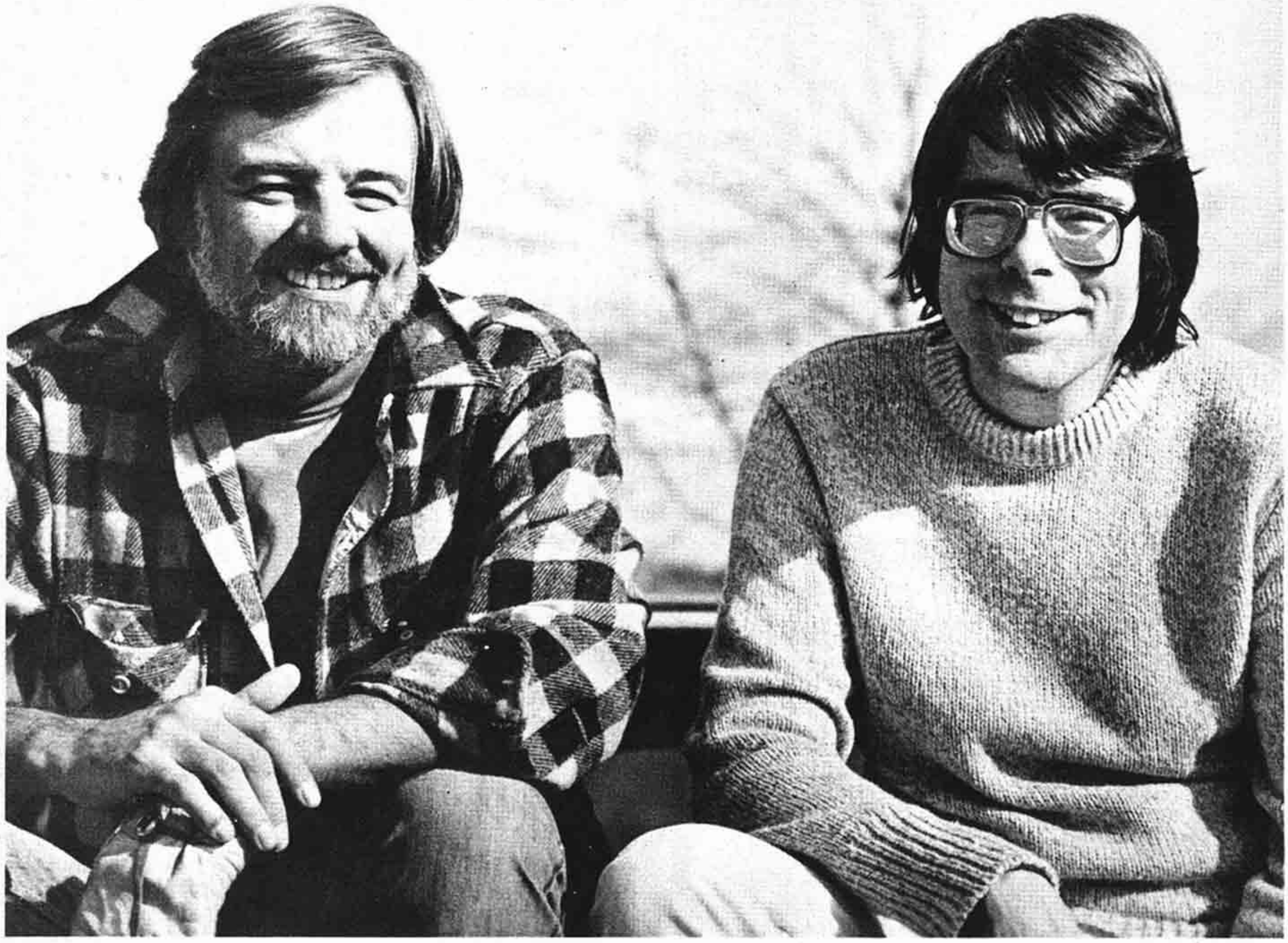

PHOTO: © 1983 LAUREL-SHOW, INC.

King (right) with George Romero on the set of *Creepshow*. At present, this writer- director team is trying to transform King's epic *The Stand* into a workable movie project.

King: Okay.

Fang: I just finished reading *Cycle of the Werewolf*.

King: Ah!

Fang: I enjoyed the hell out of it.

King: I enjoyed it, too. I wish that it could have been either more or less, in terms of the book project, because it sorta got out of hand there. It seems thin to me, for the price.

Fang: What is the list price?

King: Twenty-eight something. It isn't as bad as it was; that's the trade price. Twenty-eight fifty, I think.

Fang: I know you're involved with a project with Peter Straub. Can you give us a quick Stephen King preview for 1984?

King: *The Talisman*. That's the book with Peter Straub. That'll be in September or October. The movie of *Firestarter* comes out in May.

Fang: With George C. Scott.

King: With George C. Scott. He looks great. I think he's great. I've seen some stuff from it, man, and the thing that surprises you is how much he looks like an Indian, with his hair grown out and pulled back, and his face all tan from those ultra-violet treatments.

Let's see . . . there's those two things. I'm planning to do a limited run of a novel I wrote for my children, called *The Napkins*. It's a book-length comic, almost like a fairy tale. And the bad guy in that book is Randall Flagg. His name's changed a little bit, but his last name's the same—Flagg. It's him! He turned up in this other book. In this other *world*.

Fang: Making his triumphant return.

King: He's the court magician, of course.

Fang: I get a kick out of your cross-references. Characters and places and events from one book or story have a way of popping up in other books or stories. Do you do that for your own amusement, or to see if the readers are paying attention?

King: They show up sometimes! If you're gonna go back—as I have several times—to Castle Rock, Maine, which is a town I feel like I know a little bit . . . I like that town. I know where a lot of stuff is in that town. I don't have any maps. I don't have all the names categorized, but I like that town. Carbine Street, all those streets . . .

And if you go back . . . Frank Dodd was *there;* people sometimes mention him. In Castle Rock, they talk a *lot* about that dog, that Cujo, and what happened to the Cambers, because that's the biggest thing that happened to them in years.

There are several people now who are beginning to say—are you ready for this?

Fang: [credulously] Yeah . . .

King: That something's *wrong* with the town. Because it's a little town, and too much has happened there in the last 10 years. And there are two or three different people—fairly young kids, in high school—who are beginning to speculate: What if it isn't a real town? What if somebody *made it up?*

That somebody is me! They're talking about *me!* In *my* town!

Fang: Well, you know how to take care of *them*.

King: [cheerfully] Yeah!

Fang: Say, how far is Castle Rock from Jerusalem's Lot?

King: Mmm . . . 'bout 65 miles.

Fang: I wonder if anyone has ever bridged that distance, and, if so, what they encountered?

King: [Laughing] That sounds like a good place to end it.

Fang: Stephen King, you're a gentleman and a scholar.

King: Oh, it was a pleasure.

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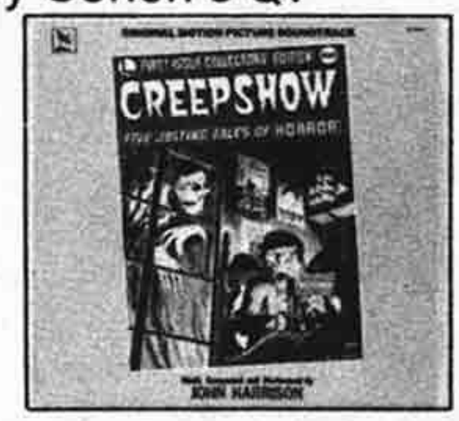

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Mutant Star

Wings Hauser gets his chance to act in a horror movie.

By David Everitt

PHOTO: © 1984 FILM VENTURES

Wings Hauser as the freewheeling traveler sidetracked in a small Georgia town by the terror of *Mutant*.

"I've always wanted to do a horror film," says Wings Hauser. "That was my main reason for doing *Mutant*. It wasn't the character. I just loved doing all this scare-crap! This was a gas for me."

The enthusiasm Hauser exudes when he gives his horror-loving reasons for taking on the starring role in *Mutant* characterizes the way he talks about nearly every topic in our interview and is a reflection of the intensity of his various character portrayals over the past few years. Hauser's dynamic personality first attracted widespread attention in the part of the crazed sadist-pimp in 1982's *Vice Squad*. He has now graduated to hero-status as the creature-killing leading man in *Mutant* and as the star of the upcoming TV series *Command 5*. On a more serious dramatic level, he will appear in Norman Jewison's film adaptation of the Pulitzer Prize winning play *A Soldier's Play*, retitled *A Soldier's Story* for the screen. Things are looking good for Wings Hauser.

Hauser's recent success cannot be called sudden, especially if one marks the beginning of his career at the age of five when he acted on the children's radio show called *Moppets and Melodies*. The age of five was distinguished not only by his first acting job; it was also the first time he got fired from an acting job. One of the live commercials done for *Moppets and Melodies* was for an orange juice company. The sounds of juice pouring and ice cubes tinkling were broadcasted over the air, and the announcer asked Hauser, "Well, how do you like it?" Unbeknownst to Hauser, grapefruit juice had been poured into the glass instead of orange juice; the child actor took one sip and replied, "*Blecchh*, terrible!" Goodbye, Wings.

Sports then dominated his life through his late teens. He excelled particularly at baseball and was even asked by the Los Angeles Dodgers to sign up as a catcher. But Hauser decided to leave sports behind when a part in a stage production of *The Rainmaker* clinched his passion for acting and the entertainment field.

For 10 years he pursued a music career. He cut two albums but he grew weary of the struggling musician's life. He recalls, "I woke up one morning, in Phoenix I think it was, and I said, 'Where the hell am I?' I had a daughter who I was raising by myself and when I went out on tour I had to leave her. These big groups now tour for three months—I was touring every weekend. And it wasn't one of your high-class tours, either. I was playing for 500 or 1500 people a night. And it wasn't travel by airplane—it was driving. Every weekend I was going somewhere, and I was always pushing the album . . . I got sick of it."

To stabilize his life, he settled in Southern California and studied acting. His acting career got rolling with a lead part in the soap opera *The Young and the Restless*, and it was while working on this show nine-to-five that he took the night job as the heavy in the after-dark manhunt picture *Vice Squad*. In preparation for this part, he spent a lot of time observing pimps and their night-life on Hollywood Boulevard. Since Hauser has a daughter in her early teens, the part of a vicious pimp had a special, if disagreeable significance for him. "When you have a daughter," he

says, "you immediately become a feminist—right away. You immediately see how women are really treated. When doing this movie, I went down to the bus station to see these pimps operate runaways as they come into town. They just hang around: 'Can I help you?' 'What's wrong, honey?' They are a cross between daddies and smooth-talking Charles Manson-types—they're like snakes. They seduce these girls into their control and then turn them out onto the street. If there is one person on this planet that I hate, it's the pimp. These people disgust me. In doing this part I realized the idea then was to play it as disgusting as possible. What's amazing," he adds, "is that when the picture was released, I got a tremendous amount of mail from younger people, saying, 'God, I was thinking about going to Hollywood, but not now' and they were thanking me."

When the chance came to appear in a horror film, Hauser was more than willing to play the freewheeling hero beset by creatures created by toxic waste in *Mutant*. "The strange thing about horror films," he says, "is that I hate them because they scare the hell out of me, but I go see them all the time. I thought my heart was going to stop when I saw *Alien*. But I loved it. I don't understand the concept behind this attraction, but I've watched them all my life."

Once on the set in Atlanta, though, the going wasn't as smooth as had been hoped for. The original director of *Mutant* did not move the action-filled production along on schedule, and after around a week of shooting the stunt coordinator/second unit director, John "Bud" Cardos, had to take over as director. Cardos is an experienced director with such pictures as *Kingdom of the Spiders* and *The Dark* to his credit, but the leading players weren't familiar with him, a situation that caused some trepidation amongst the cast. At that point, says Hauser, "I was ready to say, 'Pack it in. I'm going back to LA.' My agent flew down and said, 'Let's go, let's get out of here. This isn't going to work.' But then I got to talking to Bud Cardos the night before he took over. For me it's very important that a director have some kind of sensitivity, and I had no idea really of who the guy was. We started talking about an old friend of his who had recently died, Jim Davis [of *Dallas* fame]. They had been best friends. Bud started talking and all of a sudden he started crying. And I said to myself, 'Now, wait a minute. This guy might be a stunt coordinator, but he's got some sensitivity here, right?' So I decided to hang out for another day or so and really get to know him. For what he was given in the amount of time he had to prepare, he did a hell of a job.

"When he took over, he really grabbed the ball and started to inspire us. He has a tremendous way of admiring people. Often, I would be doing a scene, and I would catch Bud out of the corner of my eye just looking at the scene and you could see that he actually enjoyed it. And when somebody enjoys it, you want to do better, you want to do more. I think that's his love for this kind of thing. He loves what he does and he's got the confidence—and that starts to spread to everybody else."

At a nearby chemical plant, Hauser discovers the cause of the toxic-waste horror.

Hauser appreciated the freedom he and the other actors were allowed in developing their characters. In particular, he was allowed to develop the relationship between himself and Lee Montgomery who played his younger brother in the film. "Normally, in a situation like that," Hauser explains, "the older brother would be the more cautious one and the younger brother would be the one filled with freedom. The dialogue in the script lent itself to that kind of characterization, but we all decided that my character should be the one who could care less about certain things, not the type to be overly cautious and uptight about situations. That whole scene in the bedroom between my younger brother and me was basically born out of improvisation. There was a tremendous freedom in that if you felt like saying something you just said it. Between Bud Cardos, producer Igo Kantor and the other actors and myself, we got to play with the characters."

Now that he has fulfilled his ambition to make a horror film, Hauser moves on to pursue other goals. In between starring in a new TV series and appearing in a Norman Jewison film, he has started his own production company to develop his own screenplays for the movie screen. He has already created the story for the successful action picture *Uncommon Valor* (for which he received associate-producer credit) but once the script was written for that film, the picture was out of his hands. He now intends to fully produce his own properties to maintain control over their final shape.

As one might imagine, the demands of films and TV keep Hauser on the move. Reflecting on his original decision to leave the music field, he says, "I came back here to have a slower-paced life and now almost everything I've done in the last year has been on location: I did *Mutant* in Atlanta, then I did *Soldier's Story* in Arkansas, and I did a pilot that's going to series in Arizona. So nine out of the last 12 months I've been on locations—I'm still waking up in Howard Johnsons! I thought I gave this up!" I ask if there has been any improvement in this nomad life-style. "Yes," he says, "now it's top of the line, first class all the way."

Directing *Mutant*

MUTANT PHOTOS: © 1984 FILM VENTURES

John "Bud" Cardos on the filming of toxic-waste terrors in Georgia.

By David Everitt

Bud Cardos had to come in to direct *Mutant* a week after shooting began. With virtually no preparation, he replaced Mark Rossman at the helm and still managed to deliver an exciting thriller highlighted by engaging characters and fast-paced action. Having come out of the director's bullpen once before to relieve Tobe Hooper early in the production of *The Dark* a few years ago, Cardos seems to have developed an unusual filmmaking specialty for himself, a specialty he doesn't plan on turning into a habit.

If you were in the market for a director to perform a cinematic rescue mission, you probably couldn't find a director with a wider range of skills than Bud Cardos. He has been a child actor, a stuntman, a production manager, a reptile wrangler, a second unit director, a mountain-lion handler, an adult actor and a line producer—with a side-line in rodeo riding. When given the chance to direct a picture from scratch, he has shown himself to be very capable, as in the 1977 thriller *Kingdom of the Spiders*. This movie, coupled with *Mutant,* has proven him to be one of the most entertaining directors of modestly budgeted horror and action working today.

Over the phone, Cardos comes across as a high-spirited talker who often punctuates his comments with a welcome, easy laugh. He speaks about his varied background with a hint of a Western drawl that is a reminder of his rodeo days at age 15 when he rubbed shoulders with the likes of Slim Pickens.

Show business in one form or another would seem to have been a natural for a man whose cousins were the Skourases of 20th Century-Fox fame, whose uncle was the manager of the Grauman's Chinese Theater, and whose father was the manager of the equally famous Egyptian Theater. Sure enough, by the time he was five-and-a-half, Cardos was playing a recurring character in the "Our Gang" comedies and went on to appear in such pictures as the 1940 Henry Fonda vehicle *Return of Frank James*. His stint on the rodeo circuit as a teenager then tutored him in the rugged skills of stuntwork which he subsequently applied in the 50's on such TV action series as *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, Maverick* and *Wagon Train*.

When he wasn't doing stuntwork, Cardos landed movie jobs that put to use his talent for handling animals. He coaxed performances out of rattlesnakes, big cats (he owned a mountain lion and a jaguar),

Above: Director Bud Cardos (left) confers with one of his stars, Bo Hopkins, on the Georgia location for *Mutant*.

and he got the chance to work with Hitchcock on *The Birds*. Cardos' experience behind the camera expanded in the 60's in some of the decade's most notorious exploitation films. For Dick Clark he worked on such movies as *The Flower Children* and *Savage Seven,* and for Al Adamson, the king of no-budget quickies, he made *Satan's Sadists, Five Bloody Graves* and *Blood of Dracula's Castle*. In addition to acting in these pictures, Cardos production-managed and choreographed action scenes, an experience that provided him invaluable training in the art of staging stunts and action on a limited budget. He put this ability to use as second-unit director on such pictures as *Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood,* and, as a director, this talent would prove to be his forte.

Cardos' first picture as a director was a 1972 black-oriented Western called *Soul Soldier*. The most significant result of this effort was that it brought Cardos into contact with Igo Kantor who handled the post-production on the film. They have worked together on and off ever since, and, with

Kantor as producer and Cardos as director, have made three features together: *Kingdom of the Spiders, The Dark* and *Mutant*. [See Igo Kantor interview in Fango #34]

When explaining why his working relationship with Kantor has endured, Cardos says, "I think he's a genius. He's phenomenal, especially in the post-production end. He doesn't miss a lick. I do pictures for other companies and I really have to follow through and keep on my toes with them because they don't have the qualifications that this man does in this area. When I work with him, after I'm through with a picture, I can relax a little bit and he takes over.

"For my part, I have been behind the scenes so much as far as production work is concerned, so I'm familiar with where the dollar has to lie. I can improvise quickly. If I only get 50 extras, I can make them look like 100 instead of stomping my feet and saying I need 100. Between the two of us we've never had a picture go over budget yet, and that's an important factor because the people that are putting up the money will say, 'Hey, that's a pretty good team.' "

The collaboration between Cardos and Kantor on *Kingdom of the Spiders* began when Cardos was shown a story that he describes as "really bad." Despite the story's failings, he saw some cinematic potential in this tale of spiders on the rampage, and his background in animal handling made him the perfect choice to direct 5000 tarantulas. He brought the story to Kantor and, between the two of them, they worked with several writers to bring out a convincing, suspenseful script. This intensive script preparation is characteristic of the work of the Cardos-Kantor team. Cardos says that Kantor is excellent at developing dialogue, while he describes himself as an idea man, especially in terms of action.

To create the considerable action and stunts for *Kingdom of the Spiders,* Cardos had to create a maximum of effect within limited resources. Working under these conditions comes naturally to him. "I have this background," he says, "from years ago in independent movies where we'd improvise everything. To get a car crash, for instance, we didn't spend much money. We bought a junker and I would back-rig the throttle and throw it in gear and let it go—you take your foot off the gas and it went full-bore. So, in *Kingdom,* on a stunt like the plane crashing into the building, I could see it and improvise and it doesn't cost that much. I can't use dollars and cents because I really don't know. I know that a major studio'd pay maybe $10,000 or $20,000 to do that plane stunt. We probably built the set and shot it for $2000 or less."

Cardos' involvement in Film Ventures' *The Dark* was not as smooth. Dick Clark, who co-produced the picture with Edward Montoro, asked Cardos to line-produce while Tobe Hooper directed. When the production fell behind schedule, Cardos took up the director's reins and asked Kantor to come in to back him up as associate producer. Not given the opportunity to work on the script and preproduction from the beginning, the Cardos-Kantor team wasn't able to shape the project as they had on *Kingdom of the Spiders* and the film didn't turn out as well as they would have liked. Still, they brought the film in on schedule and the film was successful enough to warrant further association between Cardos and Kantor, and Film Ventures.

Once more, in the production of the current Film Ventures release *Mutant,* Cardos was a replacement director, but this time, with Kantor as producer from the beginning along with Cardos to help prepare the action scenes as second unit director, the film succeeds in matching the suspenseful qualities of *Kingdom of the Spiders*. Cardos, who was ready to work on another picture when *Mutant* started up, took on the second unit job as a favor to Kantor. As more action scenes were added to the script, Kantor felt that the original director Mark Rossman might not be able to handle the job. "Mark's a nice guy," Cardos says, "but he just hasn't got the experience. I've never believed a guy can just walk out and be a director without learning the ropes. Mark's a good boy and he's got some talent, and when he learns to run the whole show . . . well, that's what you got to do. You can't get into your own little entity there and not let anyone else know what's happening. He would shoot some scenes that the editor couldn't cut. You can't be an individual. It's like a football team. You got to be in there and do it all."

Since he wasn't in charge right from the beginning, Cardos says he had to live with some previous mistakes. "That's what really threw me," he says. "Just because the script says a scene takes place in a clinic, you don't have to find a clinic to shoot in. You can shoot it anywhere and dress it, as long as you have the room to work in. But I would get tied up in little tiny rooms, just because they had already made all the deals and all the locations were picked and locked up. So, you just have to do what you have to do."

Mutant is similar to *Kingdom of the Spiders* in that it takes its time to establish characters and builds its tension steadily before letting loose with all the action. "As in *Kingdom of the Spiders,*" explains Cardos, "my feeling was that each time there's a little bit of action or shock, you need a calm before the storm. One of my favorite little scenes in *Mutant* is the tenderness between Wings Hauser and Jody Medford when they're trapped in the gas station at the end. I think you need that little calm and that closeness and feeling so that audiences can relate, because if you keep punching them with that action and that heavy boom-boom-boom all the time, after awhile I think it gets boring."

This approach is evident in the appealing characterizations of Wings Hauser, Bo Hopkins and Jennifer Warren. Unlike the body-count approach of many recent horror movies, when the characters in *Mutant* find that someone close to them has been killed, they look like they are reacting in a genuine human way. Cardos says, "I try to put in as much realism as I can. In the *Spider* picture I try to make it seem like there's a possibility it could have happened. While, naturally, in *Mutant,* we know that somebody isn't going to change into a creature, I still tried to work in as much realism as I can, as in the relationships. My God, your brother dies, you gotta have some feeling! You can't say okay and just

A lab assistant catches the toxic-waste plague in *Mutant*.

go on down the road which unfortunately is what I see in so many movies."

Once the dramatic situation is set up, Cardos is then able to move on to the nearly non-stop action of the picture's final half-hour. Typically, Cardos orchestrates the car stunts, fire effects and close-calls with a fine sense of dramatic momentum. "Each time you do something," Cardos says, "it has to outdo the last bit, otherwise you anti-climax. If I had 50 creatures surrounding the characters halfway in the picture, you'd say, 'where do you go from here?' "

Now that *Mutant* is done, Cardos will return to Edward Montoro's Film Ventures for another picture, an action film called *The Most Dangerous Man Alive*. But this time he knows he will be the director right from the start. Cardos says that Montoro told him, "God damn it, Bud, I'm not going to put you in anymore of these bad situations." With a laugh, Cardos says he replied, "You better not, because I wouldn't do it anymore."

One of the mutants goes up in flames in Cardos' actionful finale.

PHOTO: © 1977 DIMENSION PICTURES

An old hand at handling animals for the movies, Cardos was able to put his expertise to horrific use in *Kingdom of the Spiders*.

The Movie That Got Lost

F. Paul Wilson, author of The Keep, *talks about his gothic novel and its troubled translation to the screen.*

By Roger Anker

It looks as though horror fiction and novelist F. Paul Wilson have hit it off—extremely well. Not only has Wilson's fourth (and latest) novel *The Keep* spent time on the *New York Times* best-sellers list but it has also been adapted into a recent major motion picture from Paramount.

Not too shabby for a first-time venture into the world of horror.

Wilson's previous novels (*Healer, Wheels Within Wheels* and *An Enemy of the State*) as well as his short fiction (which appeared in *Analog, Asimov,* and Alan Ryan's *Perpetual Light*) have all been works of science fiction.

So what prompted the change?

"I love a good horror novel," Wilson explains, "but so many were disappointing me that I just decided: 'Well, I'll do one and I'll do everything I've been wanting to see in current horror novels, but haven't been seeing. I'll put everything in there, the kitchen sink, everything.' And I also love thrillers where you're never quite sure who the bad guy is. I used that type of approach, too. So I just short of made my all-purpose favorite book."

Wilson's "all-purpose favorite book" concerns a unit of German soldiers assigned to occupy a medieval fortress high in the Transylvanian Alps of World War II Rumania. Thousands of small metal crosses are found imbedded into the walls of the Keep; and it is the removal of one such cross which unleashes an age-old force of unspeakable evil. The novel then graphically depicts the systematic slaughter of the soldiers and soon an SS extermination-squad is summoned to "solve the matter quickly." The Nazis, bewildered and powerless against the force that's been murdering them, enlist the aid of Dr. Theodore Cuza, a crippled Jewish scholar, and his daughter to help them find an answer. Also arriving on the scene is an enigmatic stranger named Glaeken who, likewise, shows a deep interest in the fortress.

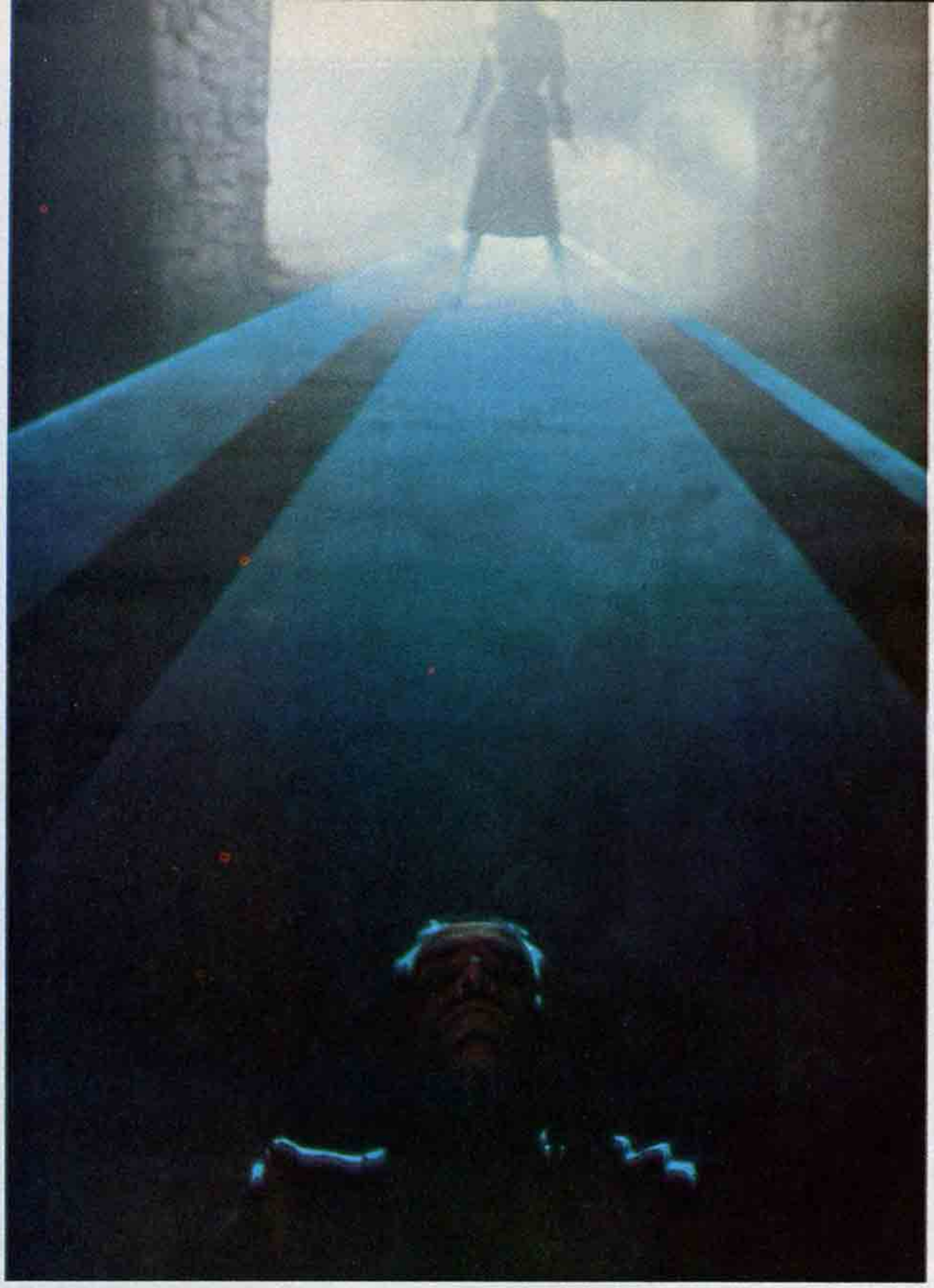
Dr. Cuza soon encounters the evil that has been released within the walls of the Keep and learns it has a name—Molasar, a creature who professes to be a vampire. Later on in the novel, we learn that Molasar is no vampire but an adept named Rasalom, a survivor from the mythical First Age, who "draws strength from human pain, misery, and madness; from man's inhumanity to other men." We also learn that Glaeken, also a survivor of the First Age, has served as a counterbalance to the evil Rasalom, fighting him throughout time until, during the Middle Ages, he built and imprisoned him within the Keep. Glaeken is the only man who can destroy Rasalom.

"I worked on a lot of archetypes in the book," Wilson says. "I tried to take a lot of familiar images, and a lot of cliches and turn them on their heads. That was most of the fun of the book: taking a very familiar thing like a vampire and then turning it around."

Director-screenwriter Michael Mann (*Thief*), however, had his own definite views on adapting Wilson's tale to the silver screen. Mann decided to preserve the novel's basic premise and its Nazi-occupied Rumanian setting and transform the rest of the story into a highly stylized study of the eternal strug-

PHOTO: © 1983 PARAMOUNT

In Michael Mann's adaptation of F. Paul Wilson's *The Keep*, Molasar was changed from an apparent vampire concealing his real identity to a metamorphosing evil spirit.



Although he questions Mann's handling of the plot, Wilson was impressed by the director's striking visuals.

Director Mann (left) on the *Keep* set with Jurgen Prochnow and Scott Glenn. Wilson feels that Mann missed the forest for the trees.

gle between good and evil. He also tried to play down the horror element in favor of a more allegorical approach.

"Michael Mann wanted to do away with the gothic aspect of it. Completely," Wilson explains. "He didn't want the word 'vampire' mentioned at all."

Mann's representation of Molasar is a creature that goes through three stages of metamorphosis, from fibre-optically enhanced glowing brains to a muscular humanoid shape that then becomes nearly complete at the end of the film. Molasar is ultimate evil that gains substance because of the very psychopathology of evil.

"He [Mann] had to work in a much more confined space than I did. So he had to bend and distill an awful lot of stuff. And he was afraid he was going to muddy the waters with the 'vampire' theme. He went to the heart of the book; the two opposing forces against each other, and cut out most of the indirection."

Wilson recalls his initial reaction to the film when he first viewed it at a special screening a few days prior to its release date.

"The first hour of the film was a real high. I had a real lump in my throat. I was that happy. And then little things started happening. When Glaeken and Eva [Magda in the book] meet on this little hilltop . . . and in the next scene they're in bed! It was then I started realizing that something was wrong. There was no character development.

'I think it was a difficult book; I had three protagonists, two villians, and an innocent caught in the middle. I think there were a lot of difficult relationships and he needed to spend more time there. I think he needed another 25 minutes; things just happened too fast in the last half-hour. It was bam—bam—bam. Over. There were so many missed opportunities.

"For instance, there's a scene where the two officers are arguing, then you hear a few shots and screams and you see that all of the soldiers have been burnt to a crisp. You never see what's happened. That was a wonderful opportunity for some good effects and some good action. And in the final confrontation, you've got this huge laser, you blow a hole through this guy, and *that's it.*". [Wilson sighs] "And I kept thinking: 'Wait a minute now, there's something else going to happen. Molasar is going to come back. He's not dead. Something's going to happen'—and then the credits started rolling and I thought: 'Ohmigod. It's over.'"

Aside from his obvious disappointment with the film, Wilson's primary concern is how the mis-translation of his story will ultimately affect the readership of his novel:

"The thing I regret most is that a lot of people will see the movie and think that this is the way my book ended. And that's the part that disturbs me the most because, as I've said, I threw everything I could think of—what I wanted to see in a horror novel—into *The Keep*. And a lot more people are going to see that movie than will ever read my book. And maybe a lot of people who would have bought the book, won't, because they'll say: 'Well, gee, what kind of ending is that?' You

The final destruction of the German troops, which takes place off screen, might have been an opportunity for exciting action and effects.

write the book to be read. That part hurt."

But Wilson is just as willing to defend the film's strong points as he is to point out it's flaws:

"Mann really spent so much time on this thing. I can't fault him as an artist or as a worker. He threw everything he had into this. He got SS manuals to look up German uniforms . . . and he brought in a speech instructor to teach the actors how to speak English—not with a German accent but with a German rhythm. He went to tremendous lengths to insure the authenticity of the film. I suppose an analogy would be like a Silvigod who sculpts all these beautiful trees; spends all the time on every little aspect of the bark and the leaves and everything—and then gets lost in the forest because the big picture escaped him.

"I think I'm probably one of the handful of Americans who sat through the entire three-and-a-half hours of *Heaven's Gate,* and to me it's very similar; [director] Michael Cimino had beautiful photography, great actors—but didn't tell a story. He spent three-and-a-half hours of meandering around. Michael Mann had 97 minutes—and I think it was one of the best photographed films I've ever seen. I'm into that use of light and shadow—but the big picture escaped him."

Wilson, of course, is aware that changes must occur in any adaptation of a novel, and that most authors aren't pleased by all of them.

"A director knows he's changing an author's work and he has to, because he's got to think visually. I can have my characters think and let the readers in on what they're thinking. He can't do any of that. He's got to change things; also he's got to simplify things.

"But Michael Mann was trying to make a different kind of movie from my book, and if it works—fine. Great. But it didn't. And I think it didn't because there are certain strengths to that book and he chose to ignore them."

What is both frustrating and baffling to Wilson is the fact that Mann *had* gone to such painstaking lengths to deliver a quality film—consulting manuals, speech instructors, etc. "Yet," Wilson says, "he [Mann] neglected to consult what is probably most essential to the story—the originator of the story itself. That's what's so frustrating: to get all the fine points, but miss the story.

"I really think if he'd have sat down with me a couple of times with the final screenplay or let me attend some of the screenings, I really think I could have contributed something because it is, after all, my story and I know how to tell it best. I could see the forest. He knew all the trees, but I could see the forest. I think he really could've had a much more coherent picture.

"I mean, the absolute best of all worlds was what William Peter Blatty had with *The Exorcist*—he was the producer," Wilson elaborates. "And he had the final word. Either you do it my way or I'll find someone else to do it. So that, I think, is the optimum: to be the producer. But he [Blatty] already worked in Hollywood, he knew the ins and outs. I don't have that experience. So what are you going to do? It's over and done with and you can't change it now. We'll just have to live with it."

The writing life, however, is not the only occupation Paul Wilson has to live with; he is also a Georgetown-educated physician who practices on the New Jersey shore, where he resides with his wife and two daughters.

Where does the successful novelist-physician-family-man find time enough to maintain all occupations?

"I don't write to deadlines," Wilson says. "I write the book, send it to my agent, and he sells it. So I don't do the three chapters and outline approach. I'm not on a deadline. I've learned to write small chunks on a regular basis, under almost any conditions. So if I do a page a day, I wind up with 365 pages at the end of the year. I then cut it back, revise it, whatever. It's just being steady that does the trick. Obviously I can't put out a high volume. I don't think I have it in me to do that. I just write at my own pace, and when it's ready to go I send it out. That's how I manage both.

"Right now I'm making more money from writing than I am from medicine. But I wouldn't switch; I need both. My whole life can't be medicine, but I couldn't be a full-time writer, either."

In addition to an up-coming story which is scheduled to appear in Stuart Schiff's *Whispers* magazine, Wilson is currently working on another novel entitled, *Rakoshi,* which should be out in December of 1984. "It's an updated weird, menace novel that takes place in Manhattan," Wilson says. "It's on the horror side. Again, it's a horror-thriller; it's taken a number of thriller aspects. I've already had an offer from a production company on it.

"With *Rakoshi,* I'm probably going to make the same mistakes. I definitely will. I'm going to say: 'Go ahead. The book is mine, the movie is yours.' That's what I said with *The Keep:* 'It's Michael Mann's movie but it's my book. You can't do anything to the book.' That's almost the best attitude to take. Either that or you become producer and you have absolute control. Any middle ground and I think you're doomed to go crazy or commit suicide or become very sour on the whole deal."

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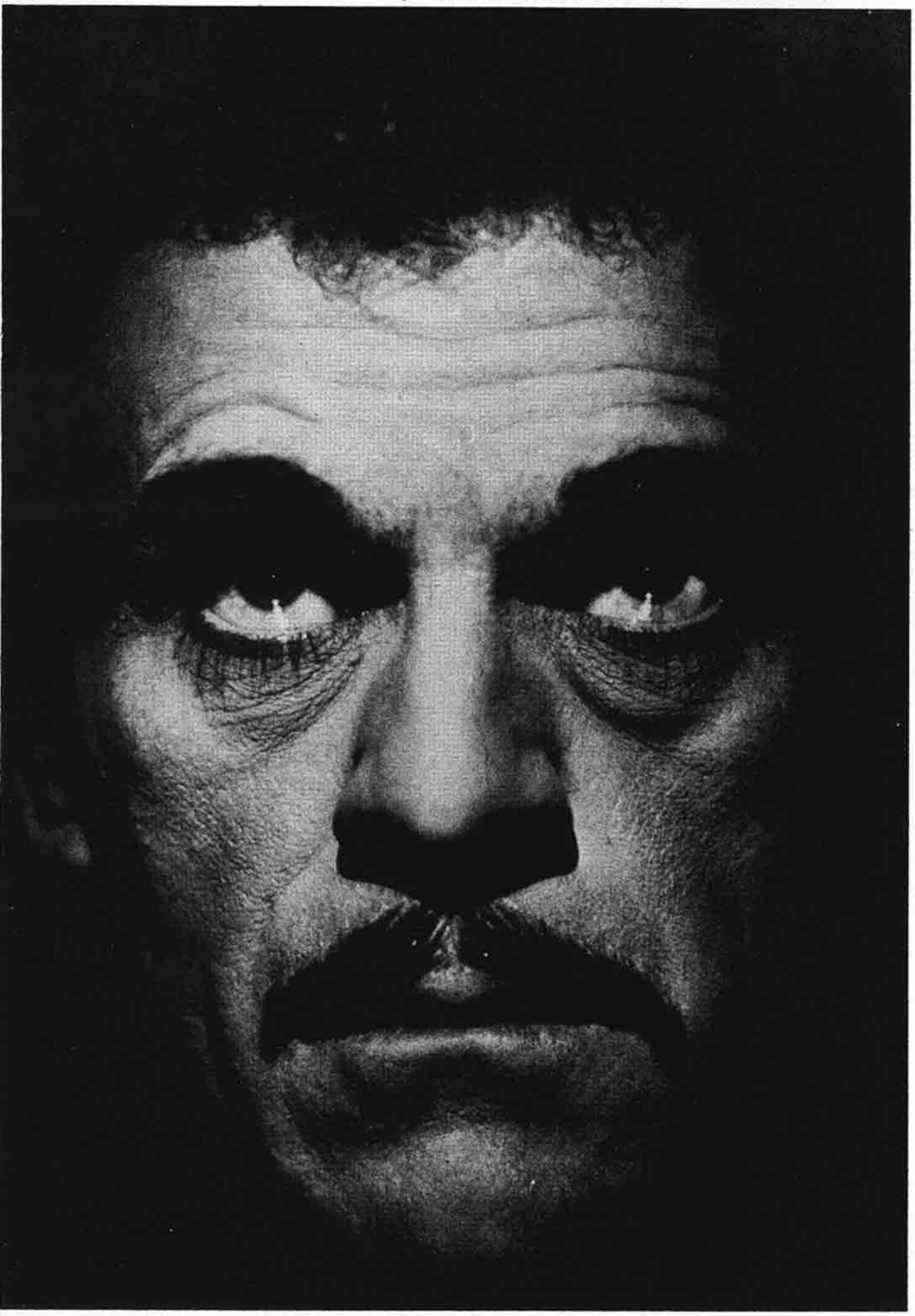
Mr. Monster Remembered

Boris Karloff

February 1969-February 1983

By Forrest J Ackerman



Karloff as the obsessed scientist Janos Kukh in 1936's *The Invisible Ray*.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO the genre of fantasy films lost a legend in his lifetime, the octogenarian epitome of the outre. Boris Karloff remains a legend in his deathtime. The world has not forgotten the Frankenstein monster, and we, his legions of fans, have not forgotten Im-ho-tep and Ardath Bey *(The Mummy)* nor Morgan the Mute *(The Old Dark House)* nor the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu nor *The Ghoul* nor Hjalmar Poelzig *(The Black Cat)* nor Edmund Bateman *(The Raven)* nor Janos Rukh *(The Invisible Ray)* nor John Grey *(The Body Snatcher)* nor Byron Orlock *(Targets)* nor . . . The pantheon of his unforgettable portrayals is well-nigh endless.

He meddled with things man was meant to leave alone . . .

Tampered in God's domain . . .

Strangled victims, blew them up, threw them off things and into things—and yet millions cried when he died.

For days after his death my telephone wept tears as I picked up the receiver and young fans, not old enough to have yet experienced a significant death, poured out their grief to me: "When a friend at school told me Boris Karloff had died, I turned around and went home . . . Boris Karloff's death is the worst thing that has ever happened to me . . . I sat up all night and mentally projected images of him on the bare wall in front of my bed." A prince (Sirki) had taken our King to Death's domain.

I had the privilege of being in Boris Karloff's presence 10 times in my life. These were the three most memorable:

For one hour, every word that came out of his mouth, I put into it. I wrote the script for the Decca record album known as *An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends* (Bela Lugosi, Elsa Lanchester, Ernest Thesiger, et al). I was in the studio when he recorded the disc. He was magnificent. He would run a finger over a few lines, give a signal to start, and, in that uniquely lisping, mellifluous voice that so charmed us all, would flawlessly recite a portion of the script. Till he came to one word he was not familiar with, which caused him to pause. *Lycanthrope*.

Suddenly the spotlight was on me to provide the pronunciation, and I realized that though Boris Karloff had been Mary Shelley's monster and a living mummy and a ghoul and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he had never been a—werewolf . . . a wolfman . . . a *loup garou*. So I gave him the pronunciation of the fancy term of Greek origin (lie-can-*thrope*) and settled back to enjoy the remainder of my words being immortalized by the Master.

Sometime later on, to my horror, I heard him mispronounce the name of Ernest Thesiger. Just as many people mix up Burt Lancaster and Elsa Lan*ches*ter, some people think the real name of the reel Dr. Septimus Pretorius (of *Bride of Frankenstein* fame—or infamy) is Thes*in*ger. I cringed as Boris Karloff recorded "Thesinger". My impulse was to speak up and correct him—but suddenly I became the incredible shrunken Ackerman, a schoolboy in spirit who didn't want to challenge the principal. Principally I didn't

want to embarrass my idol, who was entitled to a slip of the tongue at his age (over a decade his junior, my tongue is already frequently slipping over my eyeteeth so I can't see what I'm saying), so I had an inspiration: I would pretend that, even though I was the author of the script, I myself was suddenly uncertain as to whether it was Thesinger or Thesiger and would Mr. Karloff do his humble servant the favor of recording it *both* ways so that inept me could check it out before pressings were made from the master and that way the correct form would be used. But before I could request my "protection" he snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "No, by Jove, it's *Thesiger*!" and corrected himself.

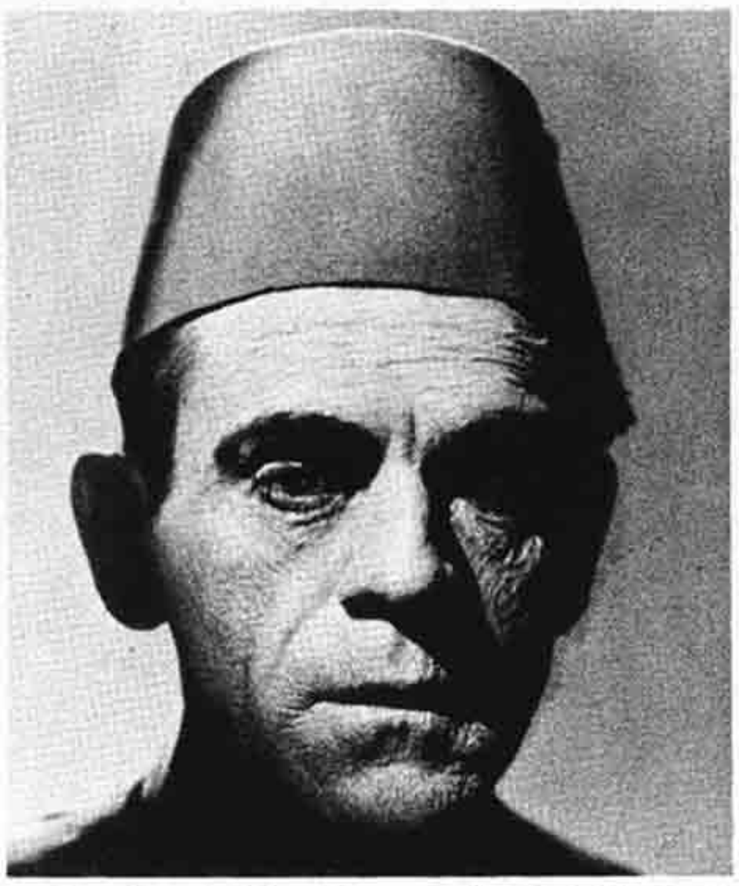
After the recording session we all crowded around him, congratulating him on his magnificent performance, and one fan, knowing Boris Karloff was not at all a vain man about his age, asked, "Mr. Karloff, considering your advanced years you've just done the job of a man half your age—can you give us any clue, any helpful hint as to how you accomplished it?" He replied with typical modesty, "Well, I don't know, gentlemen, I guess just good clean living." Then he rolled his eyes heavenward and added with a twinkle in them, "Up to the age of six!"

On the second memorable occasion he was making those four final miserable Mexican films—*Fear Chamber, House of Evil, Isle of the Snake People* and *Incredible Invasion*—in a hellish hole-in-the-wall in Los Angeles on Santa Monica boulevard that I don't know how they got the nerve to call a studio. The dear man would arrive for work, emerge from his chauffered automobile directly into a wheelchair, and there he would remain, a large tank of oxygen by his side, until he was required before the camera; then, despite the metal brace on one leg, he would be on his feet and acting, like the trouper he was, the role of the doctor, malevolent or beneficent, as the script required.

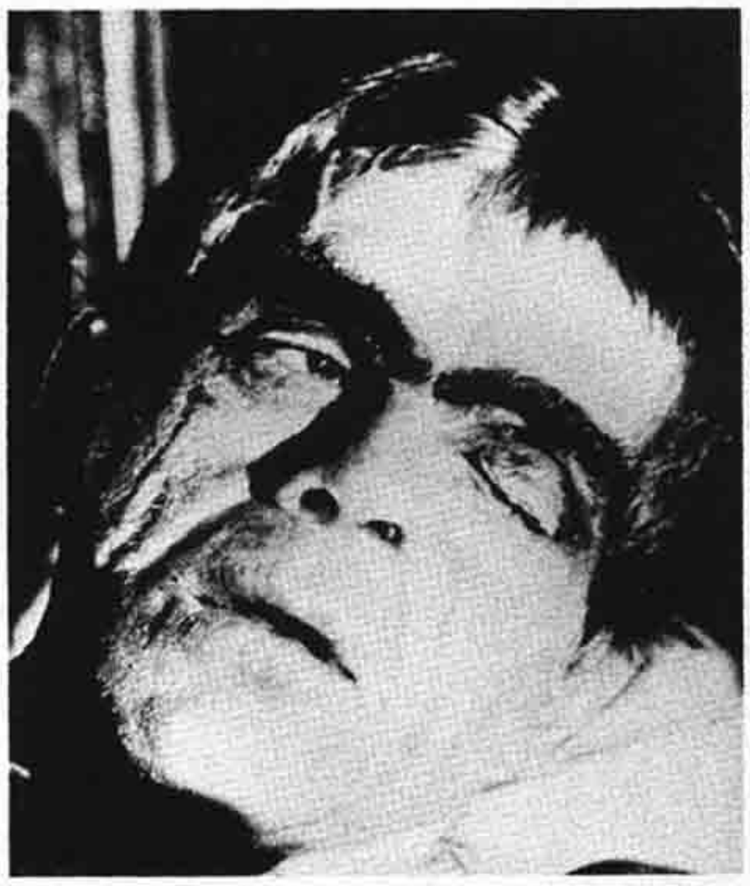
On the set one day was a young Korean war orphan, Ricky, the adopted son of Tom and Terri Pinckard of the Pinckard Science Fiction Writers Salon fame. Ricky was one of Karloff's greatest youthful admirers and when the magic moment came when he was to step forward to the kindly old gentleman in the wheelchair and be introduced to his idol, he approached Karloff like a kid about to meet Santa Claus. His voice was tremulous and his hand shook as he stretched it out to shake that world-famous one. "Oh, Mr. Karloff!" he stammered, "I've waited for this moment *all my life*!" All nine years of it. Karloff smiled sympathetically, put his arm around the boy, called for the photographer. "Let's have a picture with the boy." Richard Pinckard is now 6'2", happily married and a policeman. His photo with Karloff is, perhaps next to his wife, his proudest possession. A moment he'll never forget—nor I, who was privileged to witness it.

Last Memory of All. Although I had seen Boris Karloff on nine previous occasions—on stage *(On Borrowed Time)*, in his dressingroom (*The Raven* with Price and Lorre), in his flat in London the afternoon of the evening he was to see himself for the firstime in ages in *Frankenstein*—I had never felt satisfied that I had spent a truly private time with him. So Robert Bloch, who was on far more intimate terms with him than I, somehow psyched his wife (notice I Ackermanfully refrained from saying Psycho'ed) into putting on a small dinner party with Boris Karloff as guest of honor and myself and wife Wendayne ("Rocket to the Rue Morgue") specifically invited for the occasion. Karloff's sixth* and final wife was present and the Blochs had asked my recommendation for a fourth party to share the quartet table with Bob, Boris and myself. If I say so myself, I made an inspired selection. I drove the second star of the evening home afterward, and all the way he, who was not given to approval of most human beings, couldn't say enough about his favorable impression of Boris Karloff. Bob Bloch drove the Karloffs to their hotel, and the star of *Frankenstein* couldn't heap enough praise on the last addition to the party, the director of *Metropolis*—Fritz Lang! Yes, these "two old dinosaurs", as they put it, each touching 80, practically fell into each other's arms. They had been aware of each other's careers for 50 years but had never met. While the Blochs did an immortal favor for me, I feel I accomplished a historical meeting for Karloff and Lang. Usually Robert Bloch and I can be depended on to dominate the conversation at any dinner table, he being witty and I being half-witty, but this time the pair of us exhibited uncommon commonsense and shut our mouths and opened our ears—and drowned in anecdotes,

Forry visits Karloff on the set of Corman's *The Raven* (1963). Next to Karloff is Hazel Court. Alongside the Ackermonster is Sam (*Night of Ghastly Horror*) Sherman.



In the classic *The Mummy* (1932), Karloff played the uncanny and tragic Ardath Bey.



As the title character in the rarely seen 1933 British prduction of *The Ghoul*. (See John Croydon's reminiscence on page 34.)

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF FORREST J ACKERMAN

*All printed references say five; his daughter, Sara, told me 15 years ago: "Six!"

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reminiscenses and observations that *should* have been captured on a longplay tape for posterity.

Later, after dinner, I found myself for a few moments standing alone face to face with Boris Karloff as we warmed ourselves by the fireside. "Mr. Karloff," I said, "I wonder if you realize how many millions of your admirers could wish to be in my shoes now. On behalf of all of your fans, I want to tell you how much we all admire and respect and enjoy you."

Boris Karloff, we still do.

THE FRANKENSCIENCE MONSTER (Revisited, Revised & Enlarged) by Forrest J Ackerman has been published to commemorate the 15th year since Boris Karloff's passing. Information on the companion volume to *Lon of 1000 Faces*! may be obtained by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to Morrison, Raven-Hill Publishers, c/o 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027.

Forry and Bill Warren present the great horror star with a vintage *Frankenstein* poster while Karloff relaxes between takes during the production of one of his final films.

The historic meeting: Karloff meets the great director Fritz Lang (far right) in the company of Forry Ackerman and his wife Wendayne.

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Working with Karloff

A British producer recalls the master of terror as a ghoul, a strangler and a surgeon.

By John Croydon

GHOUL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF JOHN CROYDON

Karloff in *The Ghoul*. . .

Date line—London 1932. Boris Karloff had already received acclaim for his performance as that fearsome but tragic monster in *Frankenstein* when Michael Balcon invited him to play the title role in *The Ghoul*. For me, it was another momentous occasion. Whilst not exactly rubbing shoulders with them, I had, as assistant studio manager at Gaumont British Studios, Shepherds Bush, passed the time of day with stars like Conrad Veidt, Madeline Carroll, Edmund Gwenn and Jessie Matthews. I was earning the miniscule sum of £3.50 per week but had already been associated with films like *Sunshine Susie, Rome Express, I Was a Spy* and *The Good Companions,* some of which are still high today in the charts of old classics, and I was content. No sign yet of creative experience, but acquiring knowledge fast.

The Ghoul was to be Britain's first effort to cash in on Hollywood's large new horror cycle which started with *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*. It was directed by T. Hayes Hunter, an American working in England with whom I had worked at Beaconsfield Studios on a number of Edgar Wallace thrillers. A distinguished English cast was assembled to play with Karloff, including Cedric Hardwicke (later to become Sir Cedric), Ernest Thesiger (who would appear with Karloff in Hollywood two years later in *The Bride of Frankenstein*), Dorothy Hyson, Kathleen Harrison, my old friend and master of melodrama D.A. Clarke-Smith (or "Clarkie" as he was known to all), Ralph Richardson (also to be knighted in later life) and two actors who later won considerable fame as directors—Harold Huth and Anthony Bushell.

The screenplay of *The Ghoul* was written by Rupert Downing, Roland Pertwee and John Hastings Turner and based on a novel by Frank King. It was the time of Hitler's ascendancy to power and Michael Balcon had taken into the studio a number of refugees, amongst them one of Germany's top cameramen, Gunther Krampf, and a very fine makeup artist, Heinrich Heitfeldt, who both became a part of the film's production team.

. . . *Corridors of Blood*. . .

Krampf had photographed the silent film versions of two great horror classics, *The Student of Prague* and *Hands of Orlac* as well as Pabst's *Pandora's Box* and had already done *Rome Express* for Michael Balcon in England. One of my duties was to liaise with the Home Office in London to ensure that all labour permits for aliens were filed properly and renewed on time. Through this chore, I became firm friends with Heitfeldt and would spend as much time as possible in the makeup room.

The story of *The Ghoul* revolved around Professor Morlant (Boris Karloff), who buys a valuable jewel stolen from an Egyptian tomb because he believes that it will give him immortality according to ancient Egyptian legend. On his deathbed, he arranges for the jewel to be buried with him and warns his heirs that any attempt by them to recover it will cause him to rise from the dead to seek revenge. The jewel is stolen by his manservant (Ernest Thesiger) and when various relatives and assorted other persons arrive at the house, Morlant returns from the dead to seek vengeance. The servant is the first to be murdered by the ghoul and other horrific sequences follow before Morlant returns to his tomb and eternal rest.

HAUNTED STRANGLER & CORRIDORS OF BLOOD PHOTOS: COURTESY OF RICHARD GORDON

. . . and *The Haunted Strangler.*

Karloff was always called very early for makeup and was never ready for the set until mid-morning. In all the time I spent watching the applications of layers of makeup — collodion to draw the facial muscles tight and what I heard described as "fish skin"—he never spoke. Maybe he couldn't! He had only one speech in the opening sequence of the film. Thereafter, he uttered not a word, which was no surprise. His makup must have caused a form of lock-jaw.

My personal recollections include only two scenes. Karloff, returned from the dead to recover the stolen jewel, dragging his feet heavily along the terrace of a period country house, in fearsome makeup, trailing winding sheets behind. The second scene was one in which Harold Huth performed. T. Hayes Hunter seemed to have a deeply rooted dislike for actors, almost sadistic, and whenever feasible he refused to employ stunt doubles for fights or hazardous scenes.

He had already demonstrated his ruthlessness to me at Beaconsfield Studios, so his callousness to Harold Huth was no exception when the Ghoul threw Huth's character of Ali Ben Drage into a stone dungeon. Made of plaster and reinforced at the point of impact, Harold was thrown forcibly into the corner by one of the "heavy gang". It was late in the day and Harold was tired. I thought take-one seemed good but Hunter was not satisfied and cointinued for take after take. Harold was, by now, bruised, battered and becoming very angry. Such, however, was the actor's dedication that he never uttered a word of protest until Hunter was finally satisfied. He then made some caustic observations that Hunter brushed aside. He was finished with the scene—Huth could crawl back into his kennel!

In due course, I saw the finished film and was not overly impressed. Deep down and in my limited knowledge, I thought it somewhat of a waste of time and money. At the time, James Whale's *The Old Dark House* was my favourite of the genre with Karloff as the sinister, bearded and inarticulate butler. That opinion was reinforced by a girlfriend that I took to see it. The next day, she presented me with a volume of *Modern Tales of Horror*, inscribing it "This is my reply to your Old Dark House."

I did not encounter Karloff again until 1957 when I produced *The Haunted Strangler* with Richard Gordon. Curiously, Gordon later tried to buy the remake rights of *The Ghoul* from Rank Films which was by then its owner, but they had already been sold to an independent English producer who turned it into a knockabout comedy called *No Place Like Homicide* with some of the "Carry On" gang involved in the cast.

Under my writing pseudonym of John C. Cooper, I finalised the script of *The Haunted Strangler* which was based on a story conceived by Jan Read that Karloff himself had brought to Richard Gordon's attention. The story was that of a psychopathic London doctor called Tenant, employed at Newgate Prison as a pathologist, who allowed a one-armed strangler named Edwin Styles to go to the gallows for a crime he himself had committed. During the burial of the executed man, Tenant manages to bury the knife used as a murder weapon with the body.

Karloff entered the story 20 years later as James Rankin, a successful, respected author and criminologist who is happily married and is the father of a lovely stepdaughter. Rankin goes to his friend at Scotland Yard, Inspector Burke (played by Anthony Dawson who was Hitchcock's murder victim in *Dial M for Murder),* to research the old murder case that became known as the case of the Haymarket Strangler. In the archives of the Yard, Rankin is shown the files including the autopsy report on Styles, which in turn leads him to Guy's Hospital. There the trail leads him to the discovery that Tenant was later listed as a hospital patient suffering from violent delusions and eventually amnesia. Kept under restraint, he was one day found missing from his room, apparently aided in his escape by a widowed nurse with a baby girl. Rankin is allowed to examine Tenant's belongings, amongst which he finds the surgical instument case with the dissecting scalpel missing.

Becoming fascinated with the case, he is led to the conviction that Styles was inno-

As the Ghoul, Karloff rises from the dead when the precious Egyptian jewel entombed with him is stolen by his servant.

Karloff waits uncomfortably as the crew sets up a shot in *The Ghoul.*

cent, that Tenant was the real culprit and that the knife must be buried with the so-called murderer. Unable to secure an exhumation order from the governor of Newgate Prison, he invades the unconsecrated cemetery by night desite the protests of his young assistant, with the aid of a corrupt warder. Left alone at the grave, he digs deep amongst the scattered bones and eventually finds the knife within the rib cage. Holding it head-high, a dramatic transformation is enacted. His eyes begin to glitter and his face radically changes until he is like the psychopath Tenant with the memory of his crime restored.

A major concern was how to achieve this transformation without the complicated and expensive processes that enabled Fredric March and Spencer Tracy to achieve their famous effects in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Our budget would not stretch that far. We called Karloff, Robert Day (the director), and the makeup man to Walton Studios (now, alas, a housing estate) to discuss the metamorphosis. We talked about monsters, ghouls and ghosts and were not getting very far when I noticed a twinkle in Karloff's eye. "Mind if I try my own?" he asked, "Go ahead," I replied. He turned his back and seemed to be remoulding his features. When he swung back again, we were stunned. He had removed his false left upper and lower molars and drawn his mouth awkwardly sideways, sucked in his lower lip so that the upper teeth overlapped, his cheek drawn inwards. The left eyebrow and lid were lowered, his left arm drawn up and useless, as though he had suffered a major stroke. In a thickened tone, unlike his own softly modulated voice, he asked, "Will this do?"

What was there to say? Our psychopathic monster had materialised before our very eyes and that was how Karloff played the role. It was perfect.

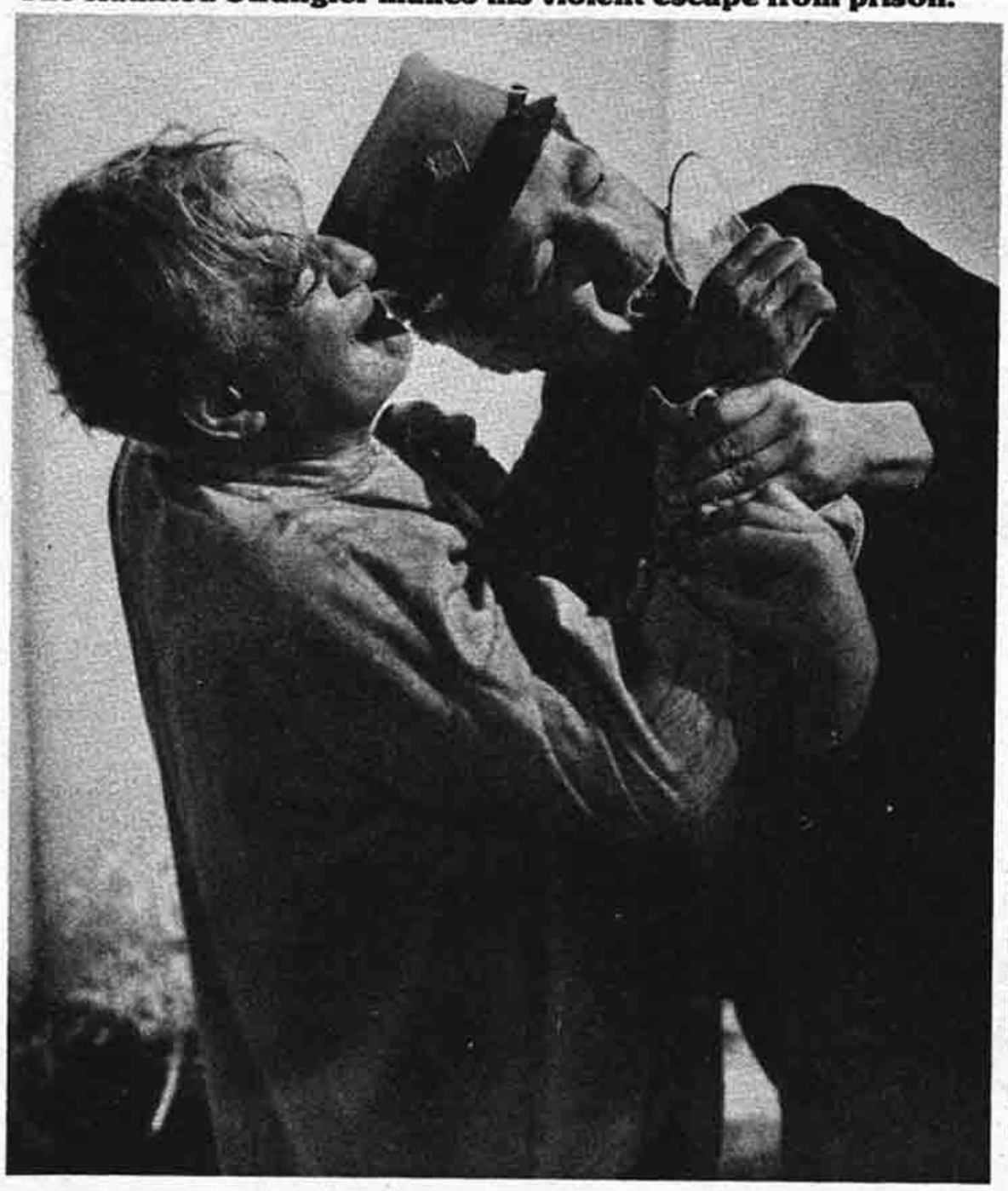
Shooting began but trouble arose during the very first scene. I was present on the set and suggested a preference for the way the scene should be played according to the script. Robert Day resented what he called "interference" and moved onto the set to relay my suggestion to the assembled unit in a loud voice. It did not cause the anticipated embarrassment. The scene was shot according to script which was all I had wanted. No matter what, I was determined to retain a position as creative producer. In 16 years of filmmaking, I had never been a "desk man." I was always on the set, acting as observer and critic in the interests of the script and its integrity as the foundation for the completed film.

My attitude brought me into a head-on collision with Karloff. In creating the character of Rankin/Tenant, I had borne in mind the emotion displayed by Frankenstein's Monster when throwing the child into the stream, the tortured remorse following the child's death which the monster could not comprehend. I do not believe that Karloff ever understood at what the script was aiming; he was too much the melodramatic actor. The clash came over a sequence between Rankin and his wife, played by Elizabeth Allen (who starred with Bela Lugosi and Lionel Barrymore in Tod Browning's *Mark of the Vampire* in the mid-30s). I refused to alter the script unless Karloff could bring something better to it. He never did and the scene was played as written, although between Day's direction and Karloff's interpretation, it took on a dangerous degree of melodrama.

Karloff continued with his role and by this time was able to alter and control his facial contortions at will. In a frigthtening sequence backstage at a Haymarket establishment known as "The Judas Hole" (the original but too obscure title for the film), Rankin strangles a delectable young lady Pearl (played by Vera Day). Here he was superb in creating the suspense, lurking behind a wooden pillar beneath a staircase, eyeing Pearl and waiting his opportunity to strike when she was alone, his proclivity to kill satisfied by Pearl's death. In this sequence, he created a monstrous mood of evil. Again, in the deliberate melodramatic precis of the conclusion, Karloff played it at his melodramatic best. Rankin returns to the grave of Styles, his goal to return the knife to its hiding place as the only way to expiate his sins and, he believes, to cure his illness. The law, however, is close behind, fully armed to deal with a madman. At the point of achievement, he is discovered and shot. He dies, clutching the headstone of Style's grave. I had no quarrel with the scene. As the madness took hold, so did the power of his performance. It was frightening in its intensity, never allowing the personality to waver.

I could never understand Karloff's aversion to the film, or the manner in which he later denigrated his own performance. Despite our differences, he had brought the character of Tenant/Rankin to life and we were well satisfied. But of such vagary are actors made. The film cannot be all that bad. It occasionally appears in the programme of the National Film Theatre of the British Film Institute, always accompanied by the comment "This very under-rated film . . ."

The Haunted Strangler makes his violent escape from prison.



Croydon feels that Karloff may have been at his best during his powerhouse death scene in *The Haunted Strangler*.

In Britain, *Corridors of Blood* earned an X certificate because of its grueling surgery scenes.

A year passed before I next encountered Karloff. *Strangler* had been a financial success and Richard Gordon wanted another Karloff film for MGM, which had released *Strangler* for him. An attempt was made to secure remake rights for *Dracula* but Universal owned the property and was getting ready to give it to Hammer Films who would make it the following year with Christopher Lee. So another subject was chosen, the study of anaesthesia in mid-19th century London. The title was *Corridors of Blood* and the screenwriter was Jean Scott Rogers. It was a subject that needed thorough research.

Sir Humphrey Davey (1778 to 1821) a distinguished chemist, researcher and inventor of the Davey Miners' Lamp, discovered the mild anaesthetic qualities of nitrous oxide under heat but, unfortunately, he did not continue. It was not until mid-century that advances were made by an American, Horace Wells. Apart from its scientific uses, the gas became a music hall act and party piece called "laughing gas." The effect of inhalation on audience volunteers or when privately administered was "laughter, singing, talking and dancing," and hardly of scientific significance. Wells, a practising dentist, had witnessed and used its anaesthetising properties upon himself. He invited friends to his surgery, to apply the gas and extract a perfectly healthy tooth. He felt no pain, and concluded that all operations could be so concluded. It would take time, however, before any surgeon would risk his reputation on such a revolutionary advance. The first experiment took place in 1846, an operation on a young man for the removal of a tumor from his neck. It was entirely successful. "This is no humbug," the surgeon anounced. "Pain and the knife, against all logic, have at last been separated."

Corridors of Blood was far more highly budgeted than *The Haunted Strangler* and the task of mounting it far greater. Moreover, MGM was now a substantial investor and their studios at Elstree were the home of the production. Sets were more lavish, ranging from the house of Dr. Bolton (Karloff) through the hospital operating theatre—large and lined with ascending benches for the observers—to the vice dens of Seven Dials, a seedy quarter of 19th-century London where part of the story took place.

Boris Karloff played Dr. Bolton, a noted surgeon who also administers to the wants of charity patients at a dispensary in Seven Dials. In his surgery, Bolton is experimenting with the "laughing gas" which at this stage sends him into a paroxysm of frenzy during which he almost wrecks his laboratory. Later, he is successful and seeks permission from the hospital governors to carry out his first painless operation. He spurns the aid of the porters whose task it is to hold down the usually screaming and squirming patients. On this occasion, it is a man with a boil on his upper arm. The gas is administered, the patient seems to be unconscious. The theatre is full to capacity with doctors, surgeons, students and porters. Friends of Bolton like Dr. Mathieson, played by Finlay Currie, wish him well. Others, such as Dr. Blount (a magnificent performance by Frank Pentingell) sceptical of this menace to his own record of an amputation in 28 seconds. As Bolton lances the boil, the patient leaps to his feet with a terrifying bellow, smashing his fist into the apparatus and rushing up amongst the assembled spectators with flailing arms until Blount

(Continued on page 62)

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A Baker of Terror

British director Roy Ward Baker on his horror film career, from The Vampire Lovers *and* Scars of Dracula *to* Asylum *and* Vault of Horror.

By Philip Nutman

PHOTO: © 1972 AMICUS

In *Asylum*, Roy Ward Baker's excellent anthology picture made for Milton Subotsky, outpatient Charlotte Rampling discovers her brother mysteriously murdered.

An English director of the old school, Roy Ward Baker has worked in the industry for 50 years, making many fine feature films as well as working extensively in television, chalking up an impressive array of credits ranging from his feature debut, *The October Man* (1947) and *A Night to Remember* (1958), to episodes of *The Saint, The Avengers,* and most recently the highly acclaimed series *The Flame Trees of Thika*. Of his genre work, the nightmare-inducing *Quatermass and the Pit* (U.S. title *Five Million Years to Earth*) and the stylish Amicus anthology, *Asylum,* are sufficient to warrant him the subject of a FANGORIA interview. Yet Baker has been recorded as saying he does not consider himself a horror director, an interesting comment from the man who made such horror films as *Scars of Dracula, The Vampire Lovers* and *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde*.

Born in 1916, and educated at the City of London School and Rouen in France, the advent of sound aroused his interest in cinema and a desire to work therein, though by his own admission he had "... no idea of what I was really saying, or what working on films entailed. Still, it sounded good, and looked a lot of fun." Baker's aim remained true and he entered the industry in 1934, as a production department errand boy for Gainsborough films at their Islington studios. A wise decision, because he was able to move around with relative ease, acquiring a thorough knowledge of every aspect of filmmaking. By the age of 19 he had become a stills man and location manager. "It was a superb experience," Baker says. "I worked on over 40 pictures in six years." No mean feat when one considers that most of today's generation of filmmakers are unlikely to work on more than 30 features during their entire careers. Within a short space of time Baker progressed to the position of third assistant director, being promoted almost immediately to second assistant, which presented him with the opportunity to work with Hitchcock on *The Lady Vanishes* in 1938.

"I often meet and work with young people who have studied at film school," Baker says, "and who seem to know quite a lot. But it does depend very much on from whom you learn. Film school can knock the rough edges off a novice, but it doesn't guarantee good

directors, editors, whatever. I was very fortunate to work with Hitchcock, and I also worked with Sir Carol Reed on four or five pictures, and that was very important in terms of my development."

Baker was still at Gainsborough when he received his army call-up papers. But even the Third Reich failed to delay his cinematic aspirations because, after two years in the infantry, he was drafted into the Army Kinematograph Service, working as a production manager in the unit responsible for making technical training films at 20th Century-Fox's Wembley studios. Within six weeks he moved on to directing assignments, his first job being a near feature-length film that dealt with the role of the Home Guard when faced with an invasion situation. During this period Baker became firm friends with thriller writer Eric Ambler, who was also a part of the unit, acting as producer. When the war came to a close, Ambler was commissioned to write a script for the Two Cities Production Company and was told he could produce it himself once he was discharged. He offered the film to Baker, who accepted. *The October Man* was the result of this collaboration. However, his career as a director went from bad to worse after the small box-office success of this suspense-filled mystery.

It was not until 1950, and the submarine warfare feature *Morning Departure,* that things began to look up. The film was released to unanimous reviews hailing the 32-year-old Baker as the boy wonder of the British film industry. It was also a great financial success. Inevitably, Hollywood beckoned, where he spent the next three years under contract to 20th Century-Fox, an experience he regards with great affection because it was the end of the old Hollywood studio system. It also provided him with an opportunity to work with Marilyn Monroe before she became elevated to the position of cultural icon. The film in question was *Don't Bother To Knock,* a moderate success.

Returning to England, Baker found it was virtually a case of starting again, and it was not until he made *The One That Got Away* with Hardy Kruger in 1957 that he found himself in the public eye once more. A prison escape/chase movie, set during the Second World War, the film attracted a great deal of controversy as it presented a German point-of-view of the British war experience. Baker was attracted to the story because he had grown "sick and tired of the constant parade of cliche Germans wandering through British war pictures." A huge money-spinner, the film has stood the test of time nicely, making *The Mackenzie Break* (1972), a similar film, look quite insignificant.

Despite Baker's passion for fantasy it was not until 1967 that he made his foray into the genre. The following interview took place in January at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts situated in Piccadilly. Baker had just returned from Ireland where he had been filming a new television series, *The Irish R.M.,* and was happy to discuss his contributions to the fantasy field.

PHOTO: © 1967 HAMMER FILMS

Andrew Keir and James Donald uncover an extraterrestrial specimen in *Five Million Years to Earth*, Baker's first film for Hammer, and the second in the Quatermass series.

My thanks to Roy Ward Baker for giving up an evening during a demanding post-production period, and special thanks to Alan Frank and his publishers, B.T. Batsford Ltd., for permission to quote from his *Horror Film Handbook*.

FANGORIA: You are quoted, in John Brosnan's book *The Horror People,* as saying you are not happy about being termed a "horror" director. Why?

Roy Ward Baker: Well, I suppose, in simple terms, not because of what's happened to me, but to fantasy films in general. Horror has taken on a new definition in recent years, and I don't regard the films I made as "horror" pictures. Horror now appears synonymous with mad axemen and exploding heads. My films certainly don't fit into that category. Also, I hold the personal belief that my talents are better employed in other areas.

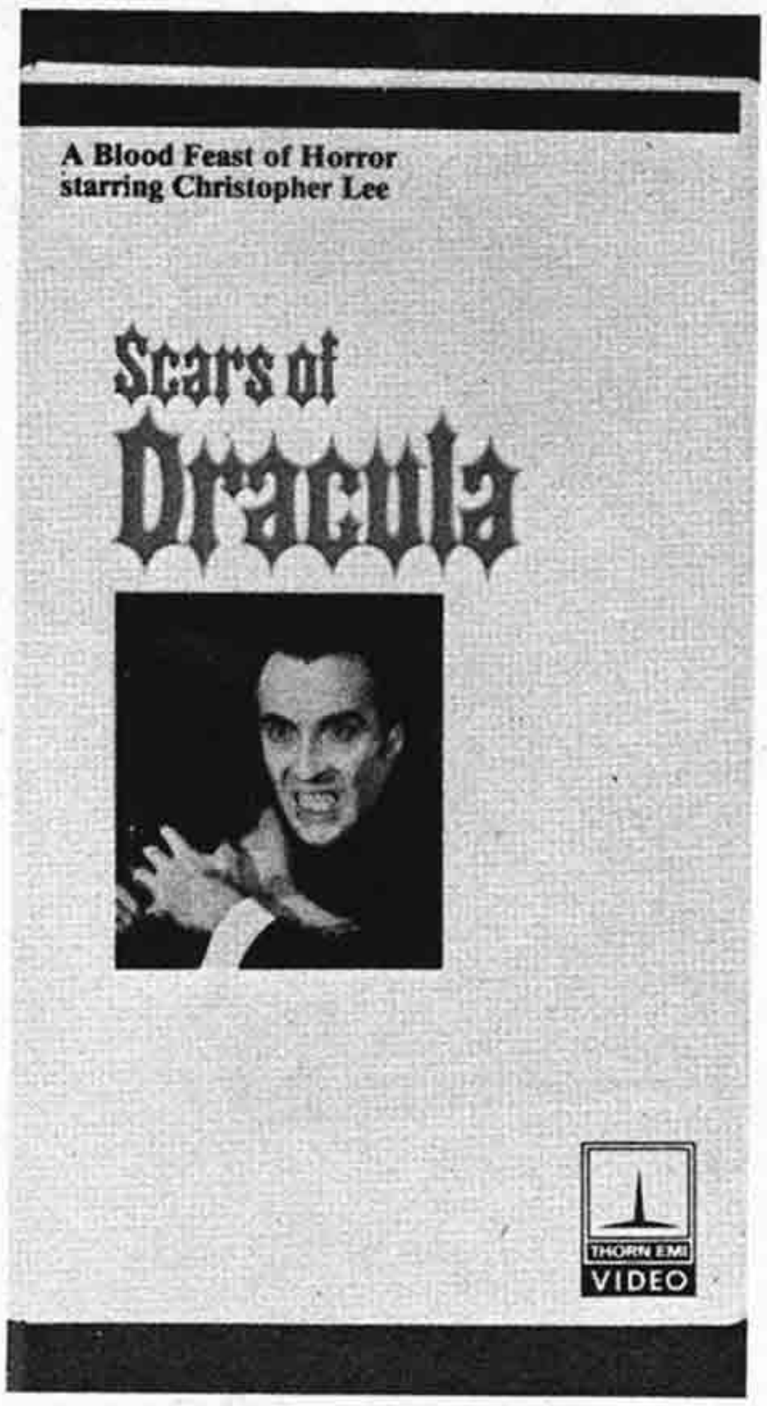
You see, I became involved with fantasy purely by accident; it wasn't a premeditated move on my part. The first genre picture I made wasn't even a horror film, in the Hammer sense, though it was made for them. It was science-fiction. It was the third Quatermass film, *Quartermass and the Pit*—a marvelous picture that had a superb script by Nigel Kneale, who is undoubtedly one of the best writers to have worked in this particular field. Everything was right about the picture; the script was concise, the cast was excellent, and the rest clicked into place. There was never a cross word spoken, never any anxiety, it just sailed through without a hitch. Unbelievable. In fact I saw it again last year in Brussels and it stood up very well. Most of the audience had seen it before, but they still applauded. Anyway, as a result of its success Hammer asked me to direct a number of other films for them, and I did a few for Amicus as well.

Fang: How would you describe your approach to the genre?

Baker: I have always been a fan of the supernatural, space fantasy, and gothic horror, but the classic stories of the genre all depend on the power of suggestion. Once you attempt to film the written word, especially in the case of the supernatural, you have to formulate a very clear approach to the material on hand. When you come to film anything it immediately becomes real—it's there, it's real. Cinema takes on its own reality. So the art of creating an atmosphere of terror, of the supernatural is a very delicate thing. What I have always tried to do is make the characters believable, and once the audience can relate to them, then you can suspend their disbelief in the fantastic elements. Nowadays it's become too real, I think. In the intervening years since I began to make films of this type the effects chaps and the makeup men have developed into real geniuses and can make things totally believable. All this decapitation and extreme bloodshed. [Shrugs]. Obviously, there is a public for it, and I won't argue with that fact. But it's not my cup of tea. I would really like to make a good ghost story and frighten the wits out of the audience through the power of suggestion, not with rivers of blood. Gore isn't frightening, it's just unpleasant. I think it's become a joke—a sick joke, mind, not a funny one—and audiences don't take them seriously. That is the basic fault of today's films. You want to make people believe what you are showing them. If

PHOTO: © 1970 HAMMER FILMS

Ingrid Pitt as Carmilla the enticing vampiress with a penchant for young women in Baker's *The Vampire Lovers*.



people did believe the gore shown in films they'd either throw up and run from the cinema, or end up in a rubber room. They are real horror films in that sense, and I think its just gratuitous. That's why I deplore being called a horror director, to return to your original question.

Fang: Alan Frank, in his *Horror Film Handbook*, describes your work as "... efficient, without a great deal of gothic atmosphere ..." How do you feel about that?

Baker: Really? I wonder what exactly he means by that. It all depends on what films he's seen, and what he is referring to. It's true my films are very efficient technically, perhaps too efficient. However, I do feel I did contribute a number of elements to the gothic cinema. For example, on *Scars of Dracula* I realized when I re-read *Dracula* that there was that gripping description of Dracula climbing *down* the tower wall, crawling down face-first, and that no one had attempted to film it before. That to me is the magic of Dracula, part of his "fatal fascination." So I filmed that. In the same picture Dracula picks up a girl and carries her from one room to another. Christopher Lee, who is an extremely sensible man, like myself, said, "Well, how do I open the door?" and I replied, "You don't open the door, doors open for you." So that's how we filmed it: he picks up the girl, the door opens and he sails on through. That is what I feel creates the magic of these pictures.

On *The Vampire Lovers*, which I made with Ingrid Pitt, there were a number of things that I did that contributed enormously to the atmosphere. Hammer's idea was, well, we've done nearly everything we can with vampires, so let's have two women, and by God, we'll have them as lesbians—marvelous. I didn't think it was particularly marvelous. It was based on a good short story, "Carmilla", by Sheridan Le Fanu, which I had read when I was a boy, and it had always been one of my favorites, so I agreed to do the film. However I had no intention of treating lesbians as joke figures, which can be done very easily, like camping up a couple of homosexual characters. It's none of my business if people are homosexual or heterosexual, but I don't see the point of turning them into caricatures. Not that I'm too serious about life, you understand, but it is the director's job to present characters in a three dimensional light—there's no point if you treat them like cardboard cut-outs.

Anyway, Ingrid was great. She understood right from the start how her character should be presented. One of the supernatural touches I used in the film was when someone threw a dagger at Ingrid. I showed it going right through her, and we did that effect on the floor, not as an optical. There were some beautifully photographed scenes of Ingrid moving through a cemetery as a ghost, and one scene where I dissolved through a tapestry to show another room. So I do feel I contributed certain elements to the gothic cinema.

Fang: I think Frank is talking in terms of a comparison between your work and that of Terence Fisher.

Baker: Well, now you're talking. In that case, yes. Compared to Terry Fisher I would say my films do lack a gothic atmosphere. No one has ever rivaled his superb work. He was a genious in his own way. Aided undoubtedly by Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing's fine performances, Bernard Robinson's beautiful sets, and Arthur Grant's photography. But, you know, for some reason after he died one or two critics tried to place me in his shoes. But I won't have it. I can't compare with him. I've made some very successful pictures, both in artistic and financial terms, but I've had my failures too. The last film I made, *The Monster Club*, was abysmal. It was a bloody farce, a total failure from my point of view, despite the fact it featured Vincent Price and Donald Pleasence and several other fine actors.

Fang: It was a very uneven film. Did you feel constrained by Subotsky's desire to make the first horror film for children?

Baker: No, not really. I think in retrospect it was the stories. They weren't very good. And you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Even Hitchcock had his problems when a script wasn't up to scratch. *Scars of Dracula* didn't have a very good script either.

Fang: *Scars* was accused of being unnecessarily violent by some critics. What are your feelings about violence?

Baker: Violence is, I think, a question of taste, and a question of style, of what you present and how. When I made *Scars* in 1970 films were becoming increasingly violent and explicit in their presentation of certain aspects, so it was expected by the audience, and Hammer was trying to keep up to date. The violence was there in the script, so that was what I filmed. I don't have any real objections to violence in films, but I've explained my feelings about the prevalent trend which tends towards excess, and I think there is going to be a steady move away from that sort of explicitness.

Fang: The criticisms I recall were leveled at the potentially sadistic element of the violence, such as Lee whipping and branding Patrick Troughton.

Baker: Well, Dracula is an evil character, and there is a sado-masochistic undercurrent running through Stoker's novel. There was a scene which demanded we hang one of the characters on a meat hook, so the effects chaps hung up actor Christopher Mathews and we filmed it.

Fang: What are your feelings about sex in horror films?

Baker: The question of sex in films is the same as violence. If you make a picture that deals with one person's sexual infatuation with another then it is to be expected. You can't make a film like that and avoid the showing of the act. However, I do feel Hammer was scraping the barrel when I came to film *The Vampire Lovers*. They had almost exhausted the formula so I wouldn't defend the sexual aspects of that film. Lesbianism was present in Le Fanu's story, but again it was presented through the power of suggestion, not the description of actual details. That is far more effective than showing someone sinking their fangs into a woman's breast. But you couldn't just suggest that the character was a lesbian in the film; it had to be shown, so the nudity and the sex scenes were justified in terms of the story.

Fang: *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* was an interesting variation on the theme. Did you cast Ralph Bates and Martine Beswick?

Baker: No. Sir James Carreras was responsible for the casting, which was uncannily good. Nobody realized how much Ralph and Martine looked alike until they arrived

The Fantastic Films of Roy Ward Baker

FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH (Hammer, 1967) U.K. Title: *Quatermass and the Pit.* Produced by Anthony Nelson-Keys. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Nigel Kneale. Special Effects: Les Bowie. 98 min.
Cast: Andrew Keir, James Donald, Barbara Shelley, Julian Glover.

MOON ZERO TWO (Hammer, 1969) Produced by Michael Carreras. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Michael Carreras, from a story by Gavin Lyall, Frank Hardman and Martin Davidson. Special Effects: Les Bowie. 100 min.
Cast: James Olson, Catherine Schell, Warren Mitchell, Adrienne Corri.

SCARS OF DRACULA (Hammer, 1970) Produced by Aida Young. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by John Elder (Anthony Hinds). Special Effects: Roger Dicken. 91 min.
Cast: Christopher Lee, Jerry Henley, Dennis Waterman, Patrick Troughton, Christopher Matthews, Michael Ripper.

THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (Hammer/AIP, 1970) Produced by Harry Fine, Michael Style. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Tudor Gates. Adapted by Gates, Fine and Style, from the novella "Carmilla" by Sheridan Le Fanu. 91 min.
Cast: Peter Cushing, Ingrid Pitt, Madeleine Smith, George Cole, Jon Finch.

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE (Hammer, 1971) Produced by Albert Fennell and Brian Clemens. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Clemens, from the original story by Robert Louis Stevenson. 97 min.
Cast: Ralph Bates, Martine Beswick, Geral Sim, Lewis Fiander.

ASYLUM (Amicus, 1972) Produced by Milton Subotsky and Max Rosenberg. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Robert Bloch. Special Effects: Eddie Sullivan. Makeup: Roy Ashton. 88 min.
Cast: Peter Cushing, Robert Powell, Patrick Magee, Barbara Parkins, Britt Ekland.

THE VAULT OF HORROR (Amicus/Metromedia, 1973) Produced by Milton Subotsky and Max Rosenberg. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Milton Subotsky, from stories by Al Feldstein and William Gaines. Makeup: Roy Ashton. 86 min.
Cast: Daniel Massey, Anna Massey, Tom Baker, Terry-Thomas, Curt Jurgens, Denholm Elliot.

AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS (Amicus, 1973) Produced by Milton Subotsky and Max J. Rosenberg. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Roger Marshall, based upon the novel *Fengriffin* by David Case. 91 min.
Cast: Peter Cushing, Herbert Lom, Stephanie Beacham, Ian Ogilvy.

THE SEVEN BROTHERS MEET DRACULA (Hammer/Shaw Bros., 1974) U.K. Title: *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires.* Executive Producers: Michael Carreras and Run Run Shaw. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Don Houghton. Special Effects: Les Bowie.
Cast: Peter Cushing, David Chiang, Julie Ege, Shih Szu.

THE MONSTER CLUB (Sword and Sorcery Productions, 1980) Produced by Milton Subotsky. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by Edward and Valerie Abrahams, from the novel by Ronald Chetwynd-Hayes. Makeup: Roy Ashton.
Cast: Vincent Price, John Carradine, Donald Pleasence, Stuart Whitman, Richard Johnson, Britt Ekland.

on the set. It certainly helped to externalize Jekyll's narcissism. I felt that the story needed a confrontation scene between the two of them at the end of the film, but Brian Clemens insisted on retaining the logic of his script and said no, and indeed he was right. It was a responsible film on the whole.

Fang: *Asylum* was one of the best Amicus anthology films.

Baker: You think so? I'm glad you do, because I think it's a very good film. It had an excellent script by Robert Bloch, very good stories in fact. The filming was very enjoyable and went smoothly. The only snag came during the editing when Max Rosenberg, the other producer, saw it for the first time. He spent most of his time in America arranging the financing for Amicus, but would come over every so often to have a look at what was going on. He didn't think the order of the stories was right and had the editor change them around because he believed that unless the distributors saw some action within the first 10 or 15 minutes they wouldn't be interested. Robert Bloch was not at all happy about the changes as he had carefully constructed the film to build up slowly, to have a cumulative effect. I think Milton Subotsky agreed with him, and so did I, but the changes were made.

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Vault of Horror was another anthology film that didn't turn out the way it was intended, but for a different reason, and to a more serious degree. Like *The Monster Club* the film was let down by the stories. They were very poor in my estimation. There was very little point to them. I'm not passing the buck, you understand, because I was very much to blame for the film's failure. The idea was to make a comic strip film. The film was based upon a comic book, one similar to *Tales from the Crypt,* which Freddie Francis had directed a year or two previously. Anyway, it wasn't my cup of tea; I don't think I can adequately deal with a light-hearted approach to fantasy. The only story that came close to working was the one with Daniel Massey. Oh, now what was it? It's so long ago I can't remember.

Fang: The vampire story at the start of the film?

Baker: That's right. That's the one. Still, I think it was a waste of a good cast: Curt Jurgens, Tom Baker, Glynis Johns, Denholm Elliot—all wasted I'm afraid to say.

Fang: *And Now the Screaming Starts* is another film you were not happy with.

Baker: Yes, that is correct. Another film that suffered because of a bad script. Sad in a way, because the film had a lot of potential. In essence it was a good story, a ghost story, the sort of material that has always appealed to me. It was very gothic in that it dealt with the bride of a man called Fengriffin who is confronted with a series of unaccountable happenings. The film had a very interesting psychological base because the events could have been of her own imagining, but that wasn't brought out in the script. The motivation was not made clear from the start. It wasn't until half-way through the filming that I became aware of the fact that the husband, played by Ian Ogilvy, should have been established as impotent. That could have been a very important aspect of the story as it would have explained his bride's troubled state of mind after the wedding night but it was not in the script at all. Then the story would have been about something. As it turned out it wasn't, it was nothing more than an anecdote.

However, I don't feel it was a total disaster. Tony Curtis designed some super sets. The layout of the house was condensed onto one sound stage at Shepperton studios. All the rooms interlocked which made the filming easier than if we had been spread out over two or three areas. And Denys Coop's photography was beautiful. Stephanie Beacham gave a very good performance, and it was nice to work with Peter Cushing and Herbert Lom. And the severed hand was most effective.

Fang: *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* was an interesting combination of kung fu and vampirism. Do you feel it was a successful blend?

Baker: That was a real disaster. It won't happen to me again, that's certain. I nearly went mad trying to make that film.

Fang: Why? Were the filming conditions difficult?

Baker: The filming conditions were not properly explored and there was a great deal of misunderstanding between the parties concerned. There were too many parties concerned for a start. But what they do in Hong Kong, or what they did in 1974, was to shoot by the Italian principle. They shoot in a silent studio, not a sound studio, and dubbed the sound in after the film has been shot. They usually release their own pictures in six or seven different languages. The studios were just iron sheds. If a dog barked outside the place we were filming, then that's what we got—people fighting with a dog in the background. Absolutely insane. I expected to film on a sound stage and they didn't understand this. We thought they were mad, and they thought we were mad. No good was going to come of that. And the other main problem was the script. It wasn't even finished by the time we arrived in Hong Kong, which is always the kiss of death as far as I'm concerned. That film was not a happy experience by any means.

Fang: Despite the fact that some of your experiences have been far from satisfactory, would you like to return to the genre?

Baker: Absolutely. Though I would be far more cautious about saying yes. I certainly wouldn't rush into anything. My past experiences have taught me that I can work better with certain types of story than with others. I now know what material I should avoid. What I would very much like to do, as I mentioned before, is make a modern ghost story. Something really frightening with no bloodshed whatsoever.

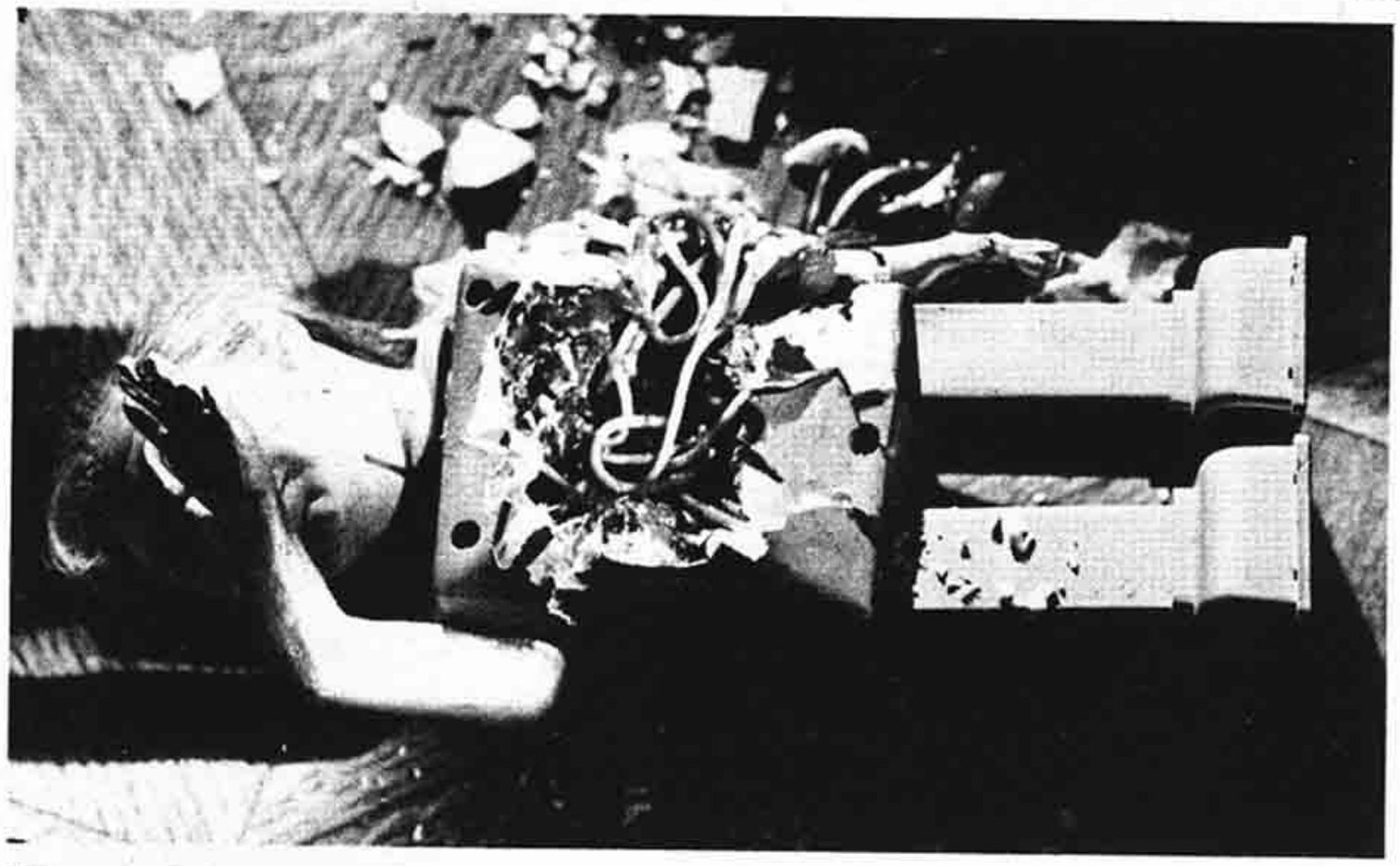

PHOTO: © 1972 AMICUS

When the killer-doll in *Asylum* is crushed, human-like entrails burst out, in one of the anthology's eerie highlights.

Welcome to the restaurant of the undead in Baker's *Vault of Horror.*

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8 - The Carpenter Interview; *Horror of Dracula* FX; *Fade To Black*; Jim Danforth & Dave Allen; Italian shocker *Zombie*; Still more!

11 - Bottin and *The Howling; My Bloody Valentine;* Hooper's *Funhouse;* Boorman on *Excalibur;* Terence Fisher; A Great Deal More!

12 - The Tobe Hooper Interview; *Friday the 13th Part 2; The Hand;* Romero's *Knightriders;* William Csatle; Mother of Mercy, More!

13 - Landis on *American Werewolf;* The Romero Interview; sexy P.J. Soles; On Set: *The Beast Within*; Fullerton's *F13-2* FX; *Wolfen*; Oy! More!

14 - Rick Baker and *An American Werewolf;* Carpenter on *Halloween II;* FX Special with Savini, Burman, Winston, Walas and Harryhausen—surprise!—More!

15 - The Jamie Lee Curtis Interview; Debra Hill and *Halloween II;* Burman continued; O'Brien on *Shock Treatment; Swamp Thing;* Buckets! More!

16 - Henenlotter's *Basket Case;* Dick Smith pt. 1; Chris Tucker's *Elephant Man* makeup; Peter Straub and *Ghost Story;* Basker's EFX Sutios; Gaaah! More!

17 - The Wes Craven Interview; Dick Smith and *Ghost Story;* Beautiful Fiona Lewis; Gorey H.G. Lewis; Sam Fuller's *White Dog;* screenwriter Alan Ormsby; Nyong-nyong-nyong—more!

18 - Burman on *Cat People* and *The Beast Within;* On Set: Carpeter's *The Thing,* Romero's *Creepshow;* Allison Hayes; Gollygoshwow, More!

19 - Byron Kennedy on *The Road Warrior;* Cronenberg, Carpenter, Landis panel discussion; The Dick Miller Interview; *Poltergeist;* Holy Moly! More!

20 - The Joe Dante Interview; Carpenter on *The Thing;* Landis, Carpenter, Cronenberg 2; Horror + Wrestling = WOW!; Milligan's (Staten) Island; Crom! More!

21 - Craig Reardon and *Poltergeist;* Bottin and *The Thing;* Miner on *Friday the 13th Pt 2; Sword and the Sorceror;* Zacherle!; Yipes—More!

22 - Romero on *Creepshow; Halloween III;* Ingrid Pitt; Doug White on *F13-3* FX; Legendary Tor Johnson; Corscarelli's *Besatmsater*; (Gasp!) More!

23 - Hooper on *Poltergeist* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre;* Sa, Raimi's *Evil dead; Halloween III* FX; Curtis *(Queen of Blood)* Harrington; and (I can't take it!) More!

24 - ILM's *Poltergeist* FX; Larry Cohen's *Q*; Ackermonster's FM Sayonara; *The Sender; XTRO;* Bloodfarming with Ed Kelleher; and (you'll take it and like it) More!

25 - Cronenberg on *Videodrome;* Savini after *Creepshow;* McGavin on *Kolchak; Alone in the Dark;* Streiber on *The Hunger;* Caramba! More!

26 - Smith's *Hunger* FX; Gorgeous Tanya Roberts; FX of Caglione, Munns, Beswick; Michael *(Mark of the Devil)* Armstrong; Ted *(Corpse Grinders)* Mikels; And (by Popular Demand!) More!

27 - "Gore and Me" by Savini!; Tony Perkins interviewed; Forry on Chaney; *Evil dead* FX; Pete *(Flesh and Blood Show)* Walker; Ray Bradbury; And a plethora of More!

28 - *Psycho II* director Franklin; FX of Smith, Fullerton and Buechler; Uncle Bob flips out on the *Dead Zone* set; The Incredibly Strange Ray Dennis Steckler; And (what a concept) More!

29 - George *(Road Warrior)* Miller and Dick Miller on *Twilight Zone;* Cronenberg on *Dead Zone;* Joe Alves on *Jaws 3-D;* H.G. Lewis book exerpt; Bloody Ghastly Horror of Sam Sherman; Lucio Fulci interviewed; More (a real glut)!

30 Debra Hill and *Dead Zone;* Laurel's TV Halloween Treat; Chainsaw mayhem in *Pieces;* Matheson on *TZ* and *Jaws 3-D;* Don *(Psychomania)* Sharp; Richard E. Cunha; The Fango Index; Bountifully More!

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The Ghosts In *Ghostbusters*

Associate producer Michael Gross on supervising the design and special effects of the new supernatural comedy.

By David Everitt

PHOTOS: © 1984 COLUMBIA PICTURES

A member of the effects crew of *Ghostbusters* sculpts one of the Terror Dogs that menaces Aykroyd, Murray and Ramis.

While Dan Aykroyd, Bill Murray and Harold Ramis supply the comic antics as the title parapsychologists in *Ghostbusters,* associate producer Michael Gross has had to take charge of the fantastic illusions and the unearthly creatures of this comic confrontation with the supernatural. His job involved supervising the design and execution of matte paintings, miniature effects, creature costumes, stop-motion animation, makeup effects, cable-operated monsters, and optically-created ghosts—"every kind of effect you could put into a film with the exception of spaceships," says Gross.

Gross' participation in Columbia's *Ghostbusters* is the result of many years in the fields of art direction and humor that brought him into contact with *Ghostbusters* producer/director Ivan Reitman and other *National Lampoon* alumni who have contributed to this summer's ghost-comedy. In addition to several other publications, Gross was an art director and editor for *National Lampoon* and its sister magazine *Heavy Metal.* While at *National Lampoon,* Gross met Reitman and subsequently designed the poster for Reitman's *National Lampoon Show* on Off Broadway. While at *Heavy Metal,* he hooked up with Reitman again as production designer and associate producer on the *Heavy Metal* animated feature. Along with assisting with the 3D production of Reitman's *Spacehunter,* Gross also did some designing for Harold Ramis' *National Lampoon's Vacation* and the comedy series *SCTV.*

At this writing, Gross was still in the thick of producing the extensive *Ghostbusters* effects and was kind enough to take the time to speak to FANGORIA.

FANGORIA: I suppose that *Ghostbusters* will be perceived by many people as a spoof of *Poltergeist,* but the title of the picture reminds me of the haunted-house comedies of the 40's, such as Bob Hope's *Ghost Breakers.*

Michael Gross: Dan Aykroyd brought the script to us and I never really knew how much he was influenced by those movies. But I think he must have been. There is a scene in the film, which has since been cut out because the film was too long, in which Danny is sitting on the Joe Franklin Show. Franklin says, "Your company name, Ghostbusters, it reminds me of an old Bob Hope movie." And Dan says, "Actually, Joe, that was *Ghost Breakers.*" And he goes on to say that Olson and Johnson did *Ghost Catchers,* and he says, "Of course, the Bowery

Boys, they must have *really* been into psychokinetics because they did *Ghosts on the Loose* and *Spooks Run Wild*. And then Abbott and Costello did *Hold that Ghost*. . . " He runs through the whole long list of titles—there must have been 11 of them. So, obviously, the reference is there, we do understand that. I think it's much closer to that than a parody of *Poltergeist*. It's not a spoof of *Poltergeist* at all. It can be thought of as a kind of contemporary version of those old ghost comedies. Funny guys that have to confront scary stuff—that's what works in this film.

Fang: What exactly were your responsibilities as associate producer of *Ghostbusters*?

Gross: My responsibilities were almost exclusively anything that related to the visual. In the early stages of the film, for example, I was involved in the hiring of the director of photography and, more so, with the hiring of the art director. At that point I got involved with a lot of the design work: the ghosts, the goblins, the creatures, the hardware, a lot of the storyboarding—all the things that are specialized design work, what I would call contemporary science fiction and horror design. Once that was off and rolling, it was my job to deliver the special effects.

Fang: Were you involved in the actual design or were you more of a supervisor?

Gross: I get involved as any art director would. I get up to my elbows in it. I don't pick up a pencil very often, but what I've done in some cases is that I'd hire three or four illustrators and I'd tell them, "Okay, here's our concepts. I want you to do this, this and that." They would bring back sketches, I'd modify them, I'd get them the way I like them, and then I'd show them to Ivan. He'd hate them or love them or whatever, and then we'd go back and respond to his reaction and needs. So, I'd manage this group of artists, and I'm proud enough to say that there are a number of designs in the film that I feel responsible for although I never put pencil to paper.

Fang: What personnel did you round up for your effects shop?

Gross: At first we were thinking of going to Apogee, but at the time they were committed to *Dune;* they're not now, of course, but they were tied up then. And ILM couldn't take us on either; their schedule was booked for the next year-and-a-half. We wondered, "Where are we going to take a film of this size and complexity?" As it turns out, Richard Edlund [Oscar winner for the special effects of *Star Wars, Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*] was leaving ILM at the time, and we got together with him. He said, "What I'd really like to do is set up my own shop. I think I'm going to be setting up shop with MGM to do *2010* and that'll be on a slightly different schedule because it doesn't deliver till next Christmas, and I could probably take care of your film around the same time." So we made an arrangement in which Columbia and MGM joined in with him and, under Richard's direction, hired a lot of people to do these two films. What we did was take over Doug Trumbull's physical facilities at EEG; Doug's out of that facility now. We went in and outfitted the place. That was a great problem. You can imagine, going against these kinds of deadlines and starting a new company from scratch. We built a high-speed 65 mm camera, and we had to build a lot of equipment that didn't exist, and modify a lot of equipment, and bring in the specialized talent to do this film. Richard did an extraordinary job. He hired everybody; it was all under Richard's direction.

Fang: Did he hire other former ILM people?

Gross: Some people left ILM and came down to join him such as John Bruno, who also was one of the directors of *Heavy Metal*. And we also had some people left over from Doug Trumbell's operations, like Matt Yuricich, the great matte painter. And a lot of people just came from all over this area.

Fang: What with Edlund and other ILM veterans of *Poltergeist* in your shop, did you find that they could expand upon techniques used in the *Poltergeist* effects?

Gross: To a degree. In *Poltergeist,* since it was the first contemporary ghost film that really took the effort to visualize ghosts in a sophisticated form, one of the things that had to happen was an awful lot of research and development. One of the advantages when coming in with us was that there was no need for research and development anymore. They knew how to do it. In fact, by the end of the *Poltergeist* production, they had discovered that there were simpler ways to do things but they hadn't been able to implement them at that time. In this film they *could*

A Terror Dog is "rehearsed" on the set. In the background, Bill Murray looks on.

Optically-created ghosts also figure largely into this comedy production.

implement them.

In some ways, we're not looking at the most original way of putting a ghost on the screen. Since this is a comedy, the effects are not the stars of the film; the comedians are the stars. Our ghost-moments are fairly brief. We're not technically very different, but we are more different conceptually. We have a ghost that is very original and very funny, a type that no one's ever seen before. But technically, the way he's actually applied to the film, he has a lot of standard ghost-like qualities. You have to do that. If you break too far away, the creature just doesn't have the familiarity as a ghost.

Actually, this ghost is the only funny creature in the movie. The rest of the creatures are either very scary or just somewhat unusual and a bit weird. The guys who are continually funny are Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis.

Another *Ghostbusters* goblin in the making.

Fang: Did you find there were special problems involved in creating special effects to be used in comic situations rather than straight fantasy/horror situations?

Gross: The problem we had is very similar to the problem I used to have at *Lampoon*. When I was at *Lampoon*, people would often compare us to *Mad* Magazine because they were the only two humor magazines around. One of the things I did as art director was to make all the parody very, very straightforward. We've seen a lot of this on *Saturday Night Live* since. For example, if *Mad* Magazine were to do an article about wacky postage stamps, they would have Jack Davis cartoon drawings on the stamps. If we were going to do an article on the same thing the postage stamps at first glance would look exactly like all the postage stamps you've seen from around the world; you'd have to look twice to find the joke. The visual presentation would be very straightforward and that's what makes parody really work. I was at a party once with some *Mad* Magazine editors after Michael O'Donoghue had written "Tarzan of the Cows". We drew it very straightforward, just as a Tarzan comic would be. I remember one of the *Mad* editors at the party said to me, "You know, that 'Tarzan of the Cows' was hysterically funny. But why didn't you *draw* it funny?" I said, "That's the point. You don't draw it funny. You draw it like a Tarzan comic, and the power of the joke is doubled."

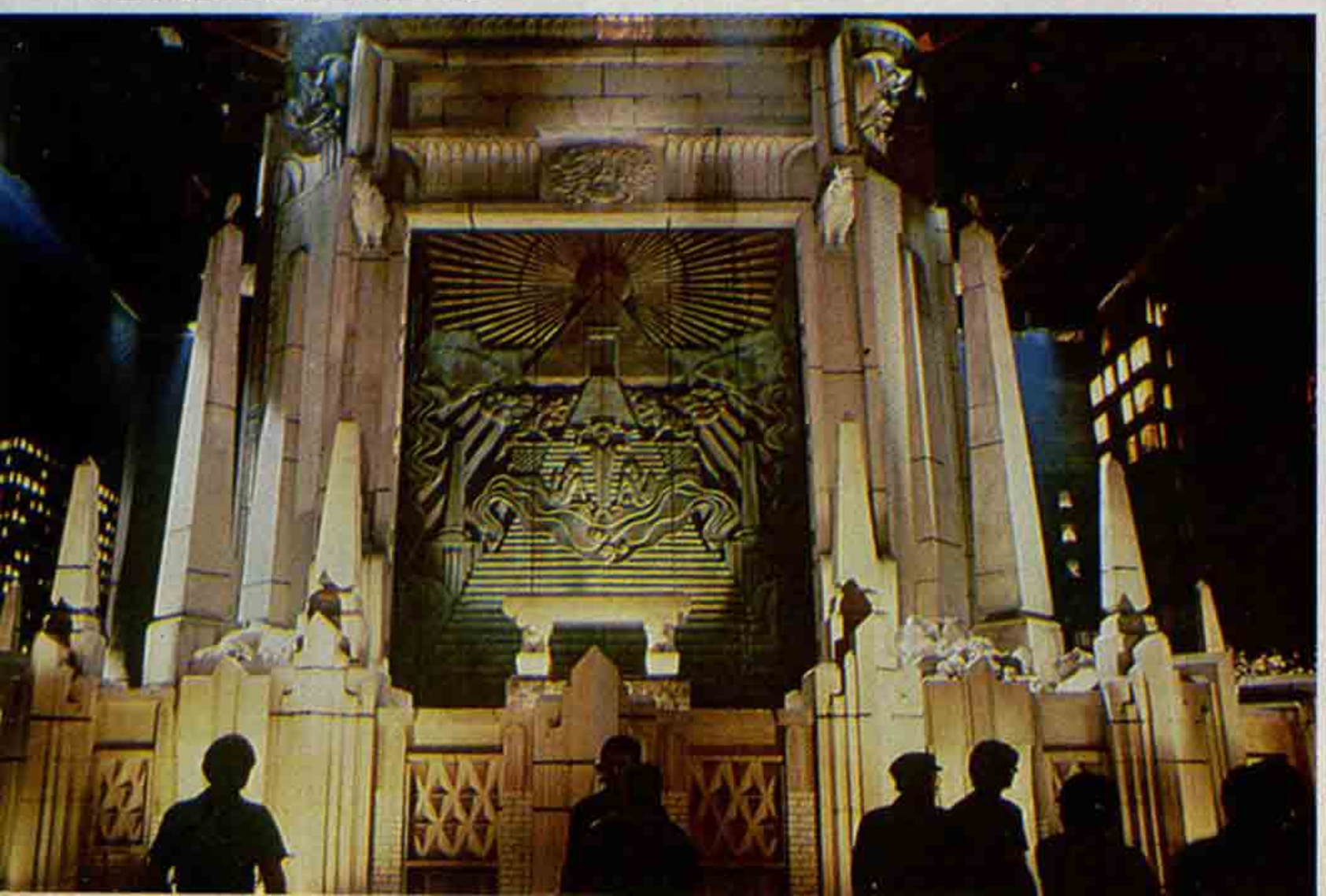
That problem tended to creep up in *Ghostbusters* as well. We would find that we would bring in an artist to visualize a ghost or creature, and they were very good at this kind of thing, very imaginative. But this was the first time they ever worked on a comedy. So when we asked them to design a ghost, they would bring in their first funny ghost, a silly ghost. They'd say, "Well, it's a funny scene, isn't it?" "I know it's funny, but the creatures are not funny. The scene is funny. The creature has to be very straightforward."

Fang: It sounds like you had to strike a tricky balance in your work.

Gross: We were always walking a conceptual line that was difficult. How funny should we be? We would sometimes visualize something and Ivan would say, "That's too scary. Remember, this is a comedy." And then we'd have something silly, and he'd say, "No, the comedy isn't in the creature; it's over there." The line we decided to hold to was not, say, what was done in *The Thing* or *Friday the 13th*. We didn't have any gore, knife slashings, creatures turning inside out —horrendous events that are hard to look at. Most of our ghosts are fun even when they're being scary. We have scary moments because it's suspenseful, and the creatures are scary to look at, but they never cross over into that nightmare land.

As for the comedy, it's what I call contemporary humor, the kind of humor found in *Saturday Night Live* and *Lampoon*. When someone does something funny, it's not funny because the off-camera orchestra goes *"Mwah-Mwaaah."* It's a very different interpretation of humor. In this kind of film, yes, it's the first time in a long time someone's put together the scary and the funny, but it's being put together in a different way.

A model of a skyscraper that will look like it is in New York City thanks to the technique of matte painting.



The Makeup Oscar 1983

Why there isn't one. . .

By R.H. Martin

Consider, for a moment, the contributions of makeup to American cinema. Where you begin depends on your familiarity with pioneers of the art; perhaps you'll name Chaney Senior, or Edison's early version of *Frankenstein,* or the man-faced moon of George Melies. Between then and now there are many more striking images that come easily to mind, achieved with paint, wax, gelatin or latex applied to the human face and form. The readers of this magazine are well qualified to recall the many achievements in this very special field.

With these images still in mind, contemplate the record of recognition bestowed upon makeup arts by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The very first makeup award was a special honor bestowed upon William Tuttle for *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao* in 1964. Another special award was presented to John Chambers in 1968 for *Planet of the Apes.* In 1981, a regular category was established for makeup, the first honoree being Rick Baker for *An American Werewolf in London.* In 1982, Sarah Monzani and Michele Burke received the Oscar for *Quest for Fire* in recognition of prosthetic makeups which had been designed by Chris Tucker and John Caglione. This year, at the fete in honor of 1983's achievements, no award was presented in the makeup category.

This presents something of a puzzle to our readers, for whom 1983 was not exactly a lean year in the field of makeup. Though many in the makeup field find this instance of neglect a cause for anger, it is not our purpose to hand out indictments in this essay. Rather, we will simply examine some of the reasons that 1983 did not produce an Oscar winner in the makeup category.

In the first step of the Academy's selection process, nominating ballots are distributed to some 40 members of the Academy, all members of the union representing makeup artists and hair sytlists. The ballots are returned to the accounting firm of Price-Waterhouse, where they are tabulated, and seven "pre-nominees" are selected by popular vote. This year, the seven so selected were *Flashdance, The Hunger, The Moon in the Gutter, Return of the Jedi, Something Wicked This Way Comes, Terms of Endearment,* and *Twilight Zone: The Movie.*

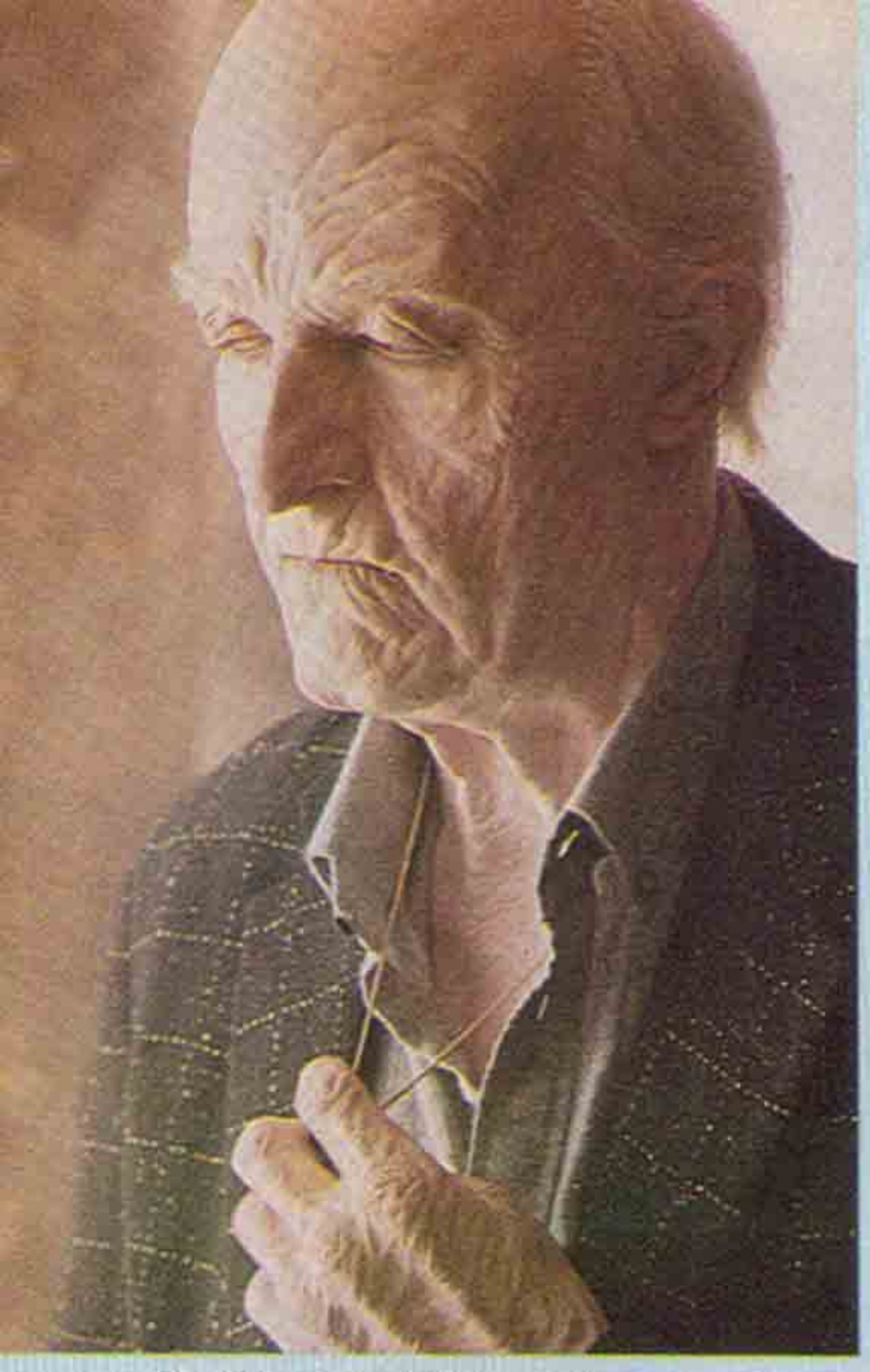
From this list alone, it is apparent that there is considerable difference of opinion as to what constitutes an "outstanding achievement" in the makeup field. The *Twilight Zone* nomination is especially revealing, because the work of Craig Reardon was, at this stage, considered "in the running," but Rob Bottin's was not. Bottin's kinetic sculptures for Joe Dante's segment are not even considered makeup by the union's rulings, by which the Academy abides (see sidebar).

PHOTOS: © 1983 MGM/UA

Dick Smith's work for *The Hunger* passed every hurdle on the way to Academy honors, except the last.

The seven films selected are then screened for a second committee, of approximately 70 Academy members, a more diverse group which includes cinematographers, actors and producers as well as members of the makeup union. Members of this committee vote in the first round of eliminations, grading the merits of each film's makeup work on a scale of 1 to 10. All films achieving an average score below 8 points are eliminated from the running. The films, if any, that overcome this hurdle are then considered by a "blue ribbon" panel, the Academy's nominating board for the category.

This year, three films made it to the nominating board for consideration:



Smith's remarkable appliances work their magic.

Something Wicked This Way Comes, Return of the Jedi, and *The Hunger.* At this stage, the films are graded once again, on a scale from 1 to 10, by the nominating board. If two of more of these films had achieved an average score of 8.5, these would automatically have become nominees, and one would have received an award based on a final round of voting. But, this year, only one film garnered sufficiently high marks to survive the round—*The Hunger,* with special makeup by Dick Smith.

When the nominating board produces just a single nominee, the category is not placed on the ballot. Instead, the film is eligible for a "special award" in the catgegory. Whether the given film will receive this honor is determined by the Academy's board of governors. In the case of 1983's nominee, the Academy's governing board decided not to make the award.

Which presents those knowledgeable of makeup with another puzzle. It is often suggested by Academy watchers that a game of "catch-up" is sometimes played with the silver statuette; that Rod Steiger's acting award for *In The Heat of the Night,* for instance, was at least in part an award for his earlier role in *The Pawnbroker.* Though the governing board's decision was made behind closed doors, hearsay has it that the board's reasoning had to do with the "familiarity" of the work done by Smith in one of the film's central sequences, depicting the ageing of David Bowie. If so, the board apparently did not have in mind the fact that this familiarity has largely been engendered by such makeups as were applied to Marlon Brando in *The Godfather,* Max Von Sydow in *The Exorcist,* and Dustin Hoffman in *Little Big Man*—each of these the work of Dick Smith.

Again, our purpose is not to indict the system of Academy selection; the many stumbling blocks to Academy honors help to maintain the award's value. Still, we can only view the board's decision as a missed opportunity to suitably honor one of the most respected gentlemen in the makeup field.

PHOTO: © 1982 UNIVERSAL

Rob Bottin's work for *The Thing*; not makeup, says the union.

Special Makeup & The Union

One reason that *The Hunger* was the sole nominee for this year's makeup Oscar may be related to the disagreement within the ranks of makeup technicians as to what constitutes an "outstanding achievement" in that field. Recent arbitrations by the makeup union have had a significant effect on what kind of work is eligible for the makeup award, and what is not. We discussed these rulings with Howard Smit, business representative of IATSE local #706, the West Coast makeup and hair stylist's union, and a member of the Academy's nominating board for the makeup category.

Virtually all of the practitioners of the sub-category of makeup arts referred to as "special makeup" have had occasion to use kinetic sculpture, or puppetry, as a part of their repertoire. While these techniques have been defended by their practitioners as a natural extension of dimensional makeups such as those used in *Planet of the Apes,* the union has determined that these are not makeups at all. "Our contract says one thing: makeup," says Smit. "Special effects have nothing to do with us; we have certain definite, spelled-out descriptions of what makeup is. It's a job description that producers have had for years, that is now held to by the Academy. The job of the makeup person is to enhance or alter the appearance of a live performer."

Where the union is concerned, Smit tells us, "there is no such animal as 'makeup special effects'. I won an arbitration that eliminated the use of such credits, and another that eliminated the use of 'makeup consultant.'"

The effect of the union's rulings on those who practice special makeup is twofold. If a credit is found to be improper, fines may be levied against the union member. Further, work that is not directly applied to a performer, such as that done by Rob Bottin for *The Thing* and possibly Rick Baker's work for *Greystoke,* will not be viewed as eligible for the Academy's makeup honors. "There is no desire on my part to hurt people who do this sort of work," says Smit. "Many of them do *beautiful* work. I would just like to see *all* of our people have an equal chance at recognition."

In Smit's opinion, allowing unconventional work to compete for the Oscar would set a precedent that would not be favorable to most union members. "I have to consider the membership of this union as a whole," Smit points out. "There are 590 members of the union; of these perhaps a dozen do this special type of work. I have been a prime mover in the establishment of this award, campaigning for it for 40 years. At this point, I would not like to see a precedent set that would make it the property of a very small percentage of our membership."

Commenting on the absence of makeup honors this year, Smit says, "We went though every possible process, under the rules of the Academy; we've done everything we possibly could do, and it simply did not come to be."

The Pit & the Pen

of

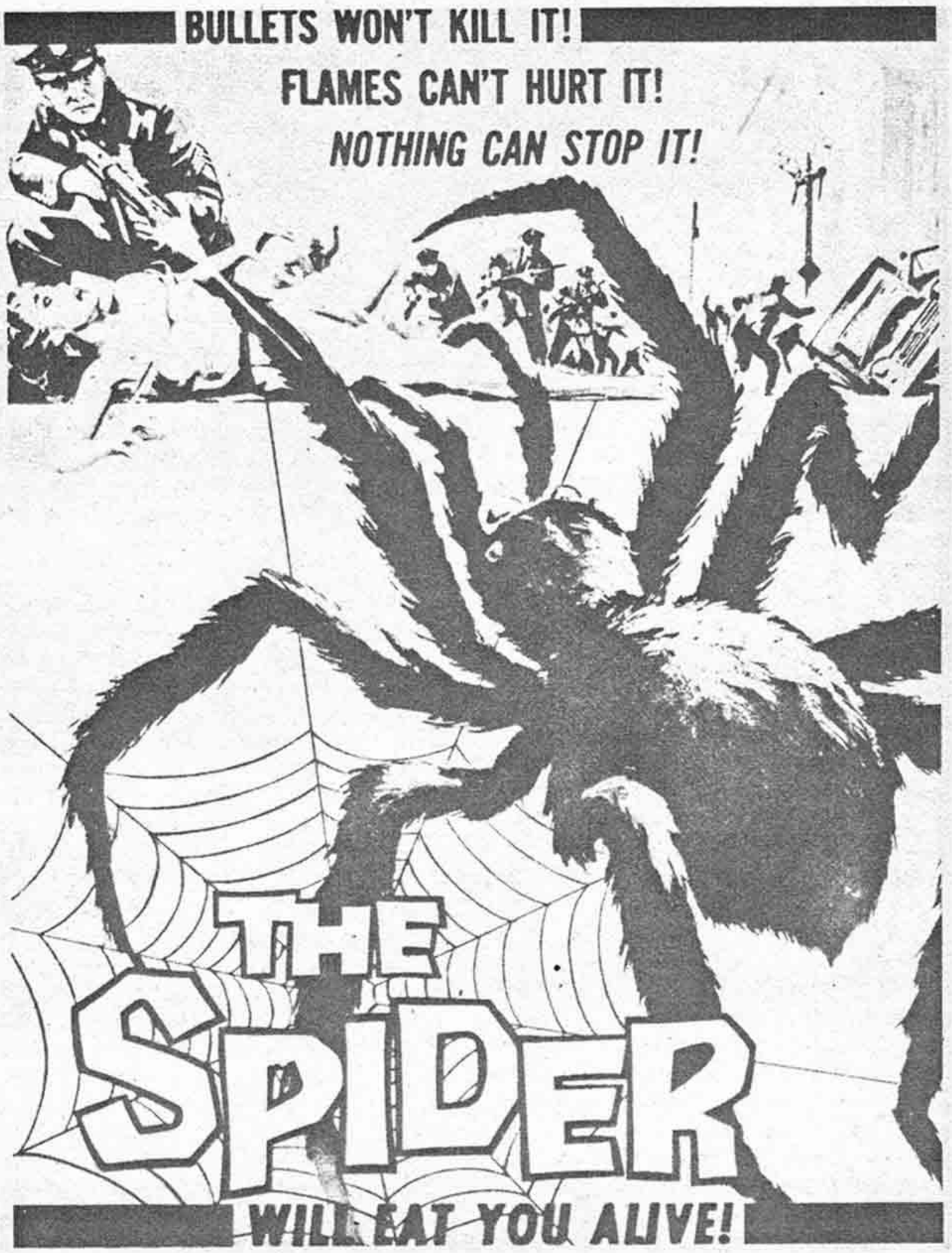
Alex Gordon

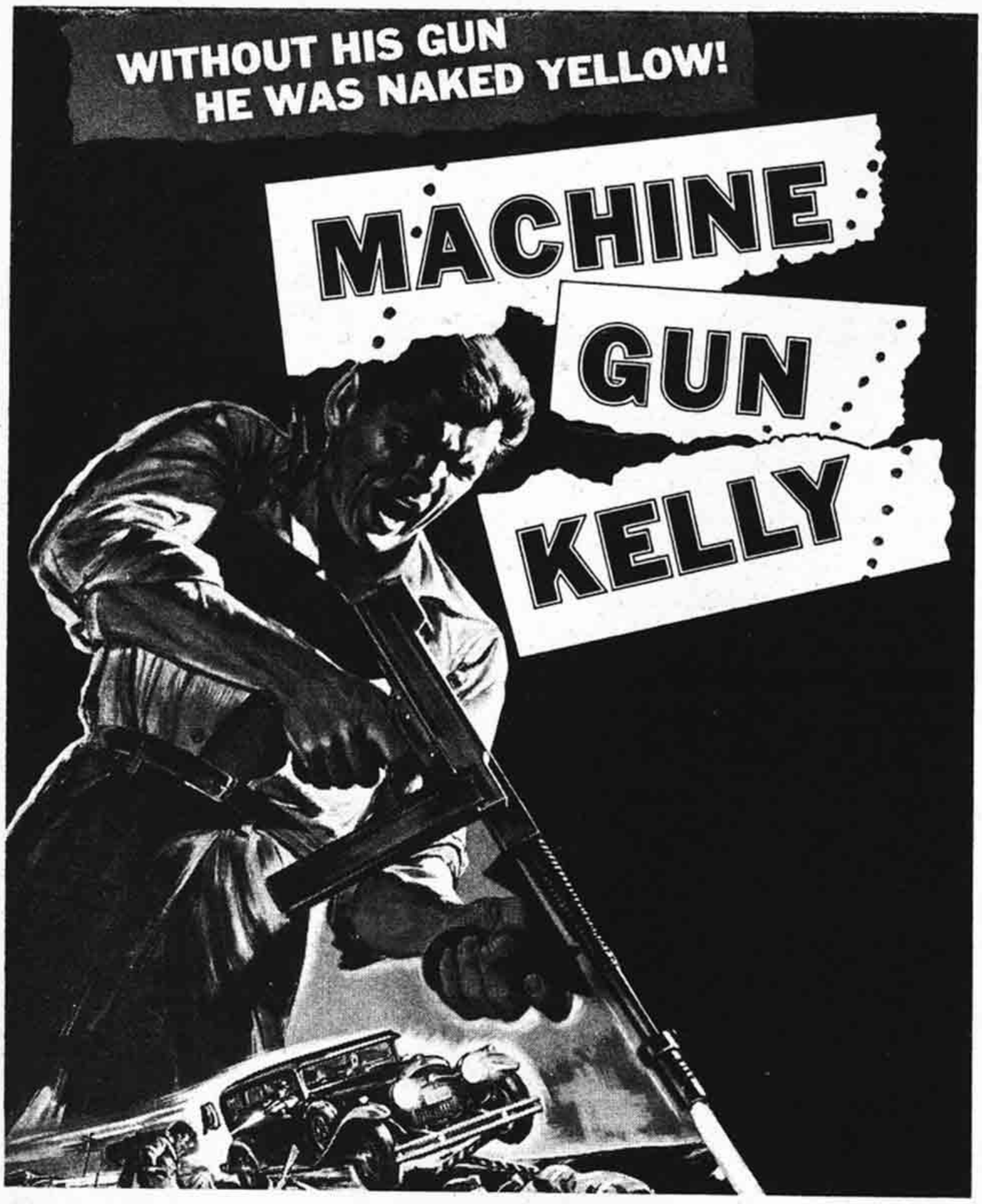
Giant Spider & Reform School Girls

Bert I. Gordon was preparing *The Spider* for AIP with Henry Schrage, my co-producer on *The Atomic Submarine,* as his assistant producer. Bert also wrote the story and Laszlo Gorog and George Worthing Yates did the screenplay. Jack Marta, veteran of many fine Republic Westerns and other pictures, was the cameraman and my editor Ronald Sinclair performed those chores. Bert arranged his own casting on this picture and chose Ed Kemmer for the male lead. Ed also appeared in *Giant from the Unknown, Mara of the Wilderness,* TV's *Twilight Zone,* and as Commander Buzz Corey in TV's *Space Patrol* from 1950 to 1955. Leading lady June Kenney was also in Roger Corman's *Saga of the Viking Women and Their Voyage to the Waters of the Great Sea Serpent* (you see, I finally thought up that title I had forgotten in my last column)—in *Attack of the Puppet People,* another Bert Gordon film, and *Bloodlust.* Gene Roth, veteran of Sam Katzman serials and Westerns, played Sheriff Cagle and Sally Fraser, also seen in Roger Corman's *It Conquered the World,* in *Giant from the Unknown, War of the Colossal Beast* and on TV in *Men into Space* and *One Step Beyond,* played Helen Kingman.

This picture bore no relation to *The Spider* produced by Fox in 1932 starring Edmund Lowe as a magician who solves a murder that takes place in a theatre during his act. Nor was it similar to Fox's 1945 picture *The Spider* which starred Richard Conte, Faye Marlowe, Kurt Kreuger and Martin Kosleck and was a murder mystery taking place in New Orleans' French Quarter. William Cameron Menzies directed the Edmund Lowe *Spider* movie and Lois Moran was the leading lady.

Bert Gordon's *The Spider* had Jack Flynn, returning to the small isolated community of River Falls after dark, trapped in an enormous spider web stretching across the road. His teenage daughter Carol sets out with a high school friend, Mike Simpson, to find her missing father. In a series of caves some miles out of town, the two youngsters discover and barely escape the mandibles of an enormous spider. As a result of their find, the spider is cornered and knocked out with DDT, then returned to the high school auditorium to await a scientific inquiry by men from the state university. But the monstrous creature revives unexpectedly during a rehearsal of the school rock 'n' roll band and escapes from the building. During this, Carol and Mike have gone back to the caves to look for a bracelet valued by Carol because it was a last present from her dead father, and lost there during their previous experience. The revived spider terrorizes the citizens of River





Falls and is finally driven off by the efforts of Kingman, the high school teacher responsible for bringing it out of the caves. Returning to its old lair, the spider traps Carol and Mike inside. Kingman and Sheriff Cagle, with a posse, dynamite the mouth of the cave to destroy the monster. Only after they have done this do they learn that Carol and Mike have been entombed in the depths of the mountain with the creature.

It becomes a race against time, the sheriff's forces trying at Kingman's direction to tunnel into the cave from outside while Carol and Mike, inside, flee the voracious spider. After a series of narrow escapes, the two youngsters are saved by Kingman, who throws an electric arc through the body of the beast that seems otherwise invulnerable and thus destroys it just as it descends on its victims from the roof of the cave above.

A young friend of mine, Jenny Lesch, visited the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico a few years ago and told me what a great locations the site would make for a movie. I told her that was exactly where Bert Gordon filmed *The Spider*. Bert and Flora M. Gordon also handled the special effects.

Edward Bernds, director of *The Bowery Boys Meet the Monsters, World Without End, Space Master X-7, Queen of Outer Space, Return of the Fly, Valley of the Dragons* and several Three Stooges films, was busy at AIP directing *Reform School Girl* starring Gloria Castillo, Ross Ford and Edward Byrnes. Eddie Bernds was a very nice person even if his memory was faulty when recounting some of the events of his days as a film editor at Columbia. You read about Gloria Castillo in my last installment. Ross Ford, apart from acting in such films as *Project Moonbase,* was famous for managing to keep two wives and families going simultaneously and entirely separately.

I was the casting directing on *Reform School Girl* and, when interviewing actors for the role of the psychotic Vince, found Robert Blake (Little Beaver in the Red Ryder Westerns and later in *In Cold Blood,* the TV series *Baretta,* etc.) coming in to read. He did such a violent improvisational scene, kicking a chair around and cursing, that I was afraid we might not be able to control him so I settled on Edward Byrnes, to win TV fame as "Kookie" (with his comb) in the very successful *77 Sunset Strip* series. *Reform School Girl* was also Sally Kellerman's first movie role though she denied it for years and it was only when she wanted some publicity for her appearance in *Women Behind Bars,* the successful prison film spoof currently on the stage in Los Angeles, that she decided to promote that AIP appearance.

As for myself as producer, I was busy with *Motorcycle Gang,* a teenage copy of pictures like Marlon Brando's *The Wild One,* with Anne Neyland as the leading lady. My wife and I had seen Neyland in a Danish film with John Payne shot in English and thought she was pretty good in it and when we heard she was in an MGM musical with Elvis Presley we decided to "borrow" her from that studio for our lead. Little did we knew that she had only a bit in the Presley picture and that she would be greatly preoccupied with John Ashley during production of our 10-day epic. Steve Terrell was the hero and Carl Switzer, from the "Our Gang" (Little Rascals) comedies, had a prominent role. He died tragically soon after. Great old-timer Raymond Hatton had a top featured role, pretty Jean Moorhead was in it, and Daily Variety columnist Eddie Kafafian, who married comedian Eddie Cantor's grand-daughter shortly thereafter, was one of the bad guys. Edward L. Cahn (*The She Creature*) directed. John Ashley now produces *The A Team* with Mr. T.

Roger Corman wanted to get away from science-fiction and horror for a while and decided to make a gangster film, *Machine Gun Kelly*. He was later to make *I, Mobster* and *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre* for Fox release. For the leading role in *Kelly,* Corman picked Charles Bronson, not yet a major star and known mostly for his supporting roles as Indians or gangsters in a variety of major company pictures. Attractive Susan Cabot, who was the only one among the three dozen guests at a little party at our apartment who refused to drink coffee and wanted tea, was the leading lady. She had been at Universal and was also to appear for Roger Corman in *Wasp Woman* and *Sorority Girl*. Morey Amsterdam, the comedian, had a prominent role, as did RKO gangster Jack Lambert and Corman regulars Barboura Morris and Richard Devon. Dan Haller was the art director. He did this job for numerous AIP pictures including *Teenage Caveman, Bucket of Blood, House of Usher* and other Poe films, *Tales of Terror* and *The Raven,* and eventually became a successful television director on such shows as *Buck Rogers, Night Gallery* and *Battlestar Galactica*. His first directorial job on a feature was *Die, Monster, Die* with Boris Karloff and Suzan Farmer, a pretty English actress who also appeared in the *Danger Man* and *Secret Agent* TV series with Patrick McGoohan. The Karloff film was shot in England for AIP.

Charles Bronson is a quiet loner when he is working. When I was on the set of *Breakheart Pass* at Fox Studios much later, I found him sitting by himself in a corner while preparing for a shot or when other activity was going on. I have also seen him walking with his wife Jill Ireland and their children on Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive during the Christmas season. It was not long after *Machine Gun Kelly* that he became a world favorite in action pictures, first in Europe and then in Japan and all over the world.

AIP TERROR TO BE CONTINUED

The Official Fango Library

Part V: A Horror Grab Bag—Series, Classics and Video Guides

By Stanley Wiater

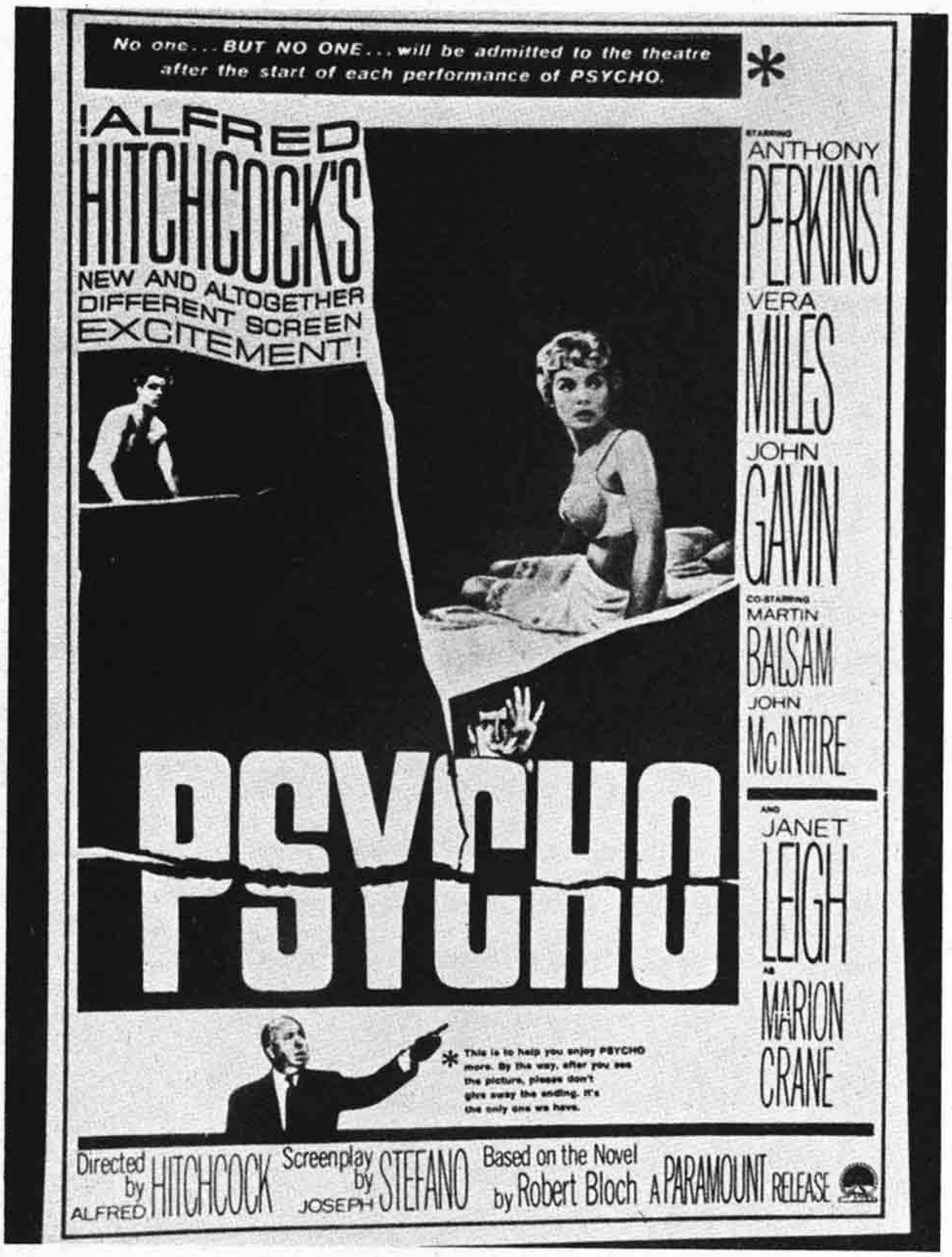
In this installment of the Fango Library, we'll be examining books which aren't easily categorized, but are certainly of interest to both the first time fan and certified cineteratologist. (An * before the title indicates the volume is still in print.)

If any monster series has proved unkillable with the movie-going public over the years, it would be the films based, however loosely, on Mary Shelley's classic novel of a being constructed from the sewn-together parts of corpses: *Frankenstein*. There have been several books written on both the novel and some of the movie adaptations; those which have been devoted more specifically to the needs of Fangorians are:

John Stoker's ***THE ILLUSTRATED FRANKENSTEIN** (Sterling Publishing, 128 pages, 1980, $6.95) "represents an attempt to explore the Frankenstein myth from Mary Shelley to the present day. It is a story that begins on a stormy night in 1816 and appears to have no ending, for the tale of *Frankenstein* is as indestructible as the Monster itself." Considering the book's short length, what is most pleasing is the amount of information Stoker is able to somehow cram between all the stills. (Although they are only in black and white, every other page is a full-page still, with at least one other smaller still placed on the page containing text. *The Illustrated Frankenstein* is aptly titled.) Despite the fact that each chapter is only around 10 pages long, Stoker does make a vigorous attempt to cover every aspect of the Frankenstein story, with chapters covering the years before Boris Karloff immortalized the Monster ("The Silent Monster and His Friends") as well as other European and foreign versions ("Down Mexico Way and Further"). Trying to do it all with so little space, Stoker nevertheless even includes chapters on television adaptations, plus short stories and novels inspired by Mary Shelley's original. The filmography and bibliography are skimpy, though it's stated that Stoker never intended to make his book a heavy, scholarly study. What *Illustrated Frankenstein* does is inform and entertain, and can be readily recommended as a general introduction to the series. This isn't to say the book was written for children, but that Stoker wishes to reach an audience which is going to be as interested in the *Illustrated* as they are in *Frankenstein*.

The Frankenstein story is explored in A.S. Barnes' *It's Alive: The Classic Cinema Saga of Frankenstein.*

Clearly a labor of love is Gregory William Mank's ***IT'S ALIVE: THE CLASSIC CINEMA SAGA OF FRANKENSTEIN** (A.S. Barnes, 196 pages, 1981, $14.95/$12.95), which is focused entirely on those films produced by Universal Studios. Talk about specialization: an encyclopedic, definitive volume discussing only *eight* films, from the 1931 *Frankenstein* to its farcical end in the 1948 spoof, *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*. This is a marvelous book, distinguished by the rarity of its stills, and Mank's expertise as a film historian. Not only did Mank interview everyone he could who was involved with those productions, he also reprints relevant quotes from those in the cast and crew who are no longer with us. (And that is a very long list: Lionel Atwill, Lon Chaney, Jr., Colin Clive, Bela Lugosi, Jack P. Pierce, Basil Rathbone, Glenn Strange, James Whale, and of course Boris Karloff. Mank even includes a chapter called "Denouement" which goes into the numerous tragedies, personal and professional, which befell many veterans of


No one... BUT NO ONE... will be admitted to the theatre after the start of each performance of PSYCHO.
*
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
NEW AND ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT SCREEN EXCITEMENT!
STARRING ANTHONY PERKINS
VERA MILES
JOHN GAVIN
CO-STARRING MARTIN BALSAM
JOHN McINTIRE
AND JANET LEIGH AS MARION CRANE
PSYCHO
* This is to help you enjoy PSYCHO more. By the way, after you see the picture, please don't give away the ending. It's the only one we have.
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Screenplay by JOSEPH STEFANO
Based on the Novel by Robert Bloch
A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

***Psycho* is one of the classic horror films reproduced on the printed page by Richard Anobile.**

the series.)

Like most authors of a horror film book, Mank is no different in that he begins *It's Alive* by confessing how he became "hooked." At age six, his parents allowed him to stay up and watch "Shock Theatre." That evening's presentation was *Frankenstein*, and so was awakened a lifelong interest in the Monster. Mank, who has co-authored several other film books, "attempts to tell the complete story of Universal's Monster saga. There are detailed credits (with as many uncredited actors and crew as my research could uncover); with a full synopsis for each of the eight films (including the now-famous dialogue lines, and notes on the plots' often glaring inconsistencies); and a production history, chronicling each film's production adventures and misadventures, its popular and critical impact, and its place in historical film perspective." As if *this* weren't enough, Mank provides a chapter entitled "Further Frankensteins," on cinematic attempts made on the Monster after the Universal series ended. There's also an incredibly detailed Biographical Appendix, in which Mank makes mention of the lives and careers of virtually everyone who had *anything* to do with the series, right down to the cameraman and bit players. Even if *It's Alive* is extremely limited in its subject matter, just the fact that Mank was able to uncover so much priceless material which eventually would have otherwise been lost forever makes this volume unique. For the dedicated *Frankenstein* fan it is, needless to say, a must-have.

It may be only a dim memory for most of us, but *The Exorcist* was one of the most controversial films ever made at its release on December 26, 1973. It also happens to be the most successful horror film ever made, and is still one of the Top Ten grossing films in the history of the motion picture industry. Its box office success was unprecedented and stories about the film were on the cover of every major newspaper and magazine in the country. More books have been written on this film than probably any other, and as we all know, cinematic rip-offs of *The Exorcist* still continue to be made.

Three of the most legitimate books which appeared at the time were **THE STORY BEHIND THE EXORCIST** (NAL, 254 pages, 1974, $19.5) by Peter Travers and Stephanie Rieff; **THE EXORCIST: THE STRANGE STORY BEHIND THE FILM** (Pinnacle, 169 pages, 1974, $1.50) by Howard Newman; **THE EXORCIST: FROM NOVEL TO FILM** (Bantam, 375 pages, 1974, $1.95) by William Peter Blatty. The first two books deal with every aspect of the film, including the supposed "devilish interferences" which occurred during the production, and the controversies which followed in the wake of its enormous box office success. Newman, who as a unit publicist was on hand throughout the making of the film (Travers and Rieff are journalists who had to obtain their information "after the fact"), claim no less than 13 of these diabolic interventions may have occurred in a supernatural attempt to try and prevent the film ever seeing completion. Seriously. The third book is basically a publishing of Blatty's Academy Award winning screenplay, with a long introduction as to how he and director William Friedkin got the project underway (Blatty was also producer). Blatty also includes a section detailing the subsequent changes made from his original screenplay into the final shooting script.

Unless the reader is really interested in reliving a minor social phenomenon of the mid 1970's, the first two books are not destined to become as well remembered as their subject matter. The Travers and Reiff book, however, is clearly the more substantial and was originally published in hardcover. For collectors of published screenplays, Blatty's book is obviously of value. Does anyone remember the sequel? For those who want to recall how a horror (in more ways than one) movie is made, search out **THE MAKING OF THE EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC** (Warner, 208 pages, 1977, $1.95) by Barbara Pallenberg. This little number was purposely intended to tie-in with the upcoming hit (!) sequel to what was then the most popular film ever made. Written while *The Heretic* was in production and published before the film's release, the next to the last line in the book is perhaps the most revealing: "It will cost, finally, $14,000,000 to bring *The Heretic* to light, and whether the process reverses itself and generates more money as it is supposed to will be known before another Christmas passes." As is popular knowledge now, director John Boorman's sequel to *The Exorcist* was not only an immense bomb at the box office, but it's generally considered the worst movie sequel ever made! The book is written sincerely by Pallenberg, yet her descriptions of how everyone involved with this fiasco took it so seriously is what makes for the most titilating reading in retrospect. In general, these volumes—while written for the general public—do offer some insight on how a major motion picture is made, starting from day one in production to the film's release. On that level—and because it's now doubtful if we'll ever see a "serious" study of the film—they can be recommended.

Screenplays of various horror and fantasy films have been published over the years—*The Exorcist* to cite just one—but it took author-editor Richard J. Anobile to come up with the idea of the "illustrated screnplay." Or, as the book cover described it: "The Film Classics Library presents the most accurate and complete reconstruction of a film in book form: over 1,300 frame blow-up photos shown sequentially and coupled with the complete dialogue from the original soundtrack, allow you to recapture this film classic in its entirety—at your leisure." While publishing other classics such as *The Maltese Falcon*, Anobile had the fine taste and good sense to edit three universally acclaimed fright films: James Whale's **FRANKENSTEIN** (Avon, 256 pages, 1974, $4.95), Alfred Hitchcock's **PSYCHO** (Avon, 256 pages, 1974, $4.95), and Rouben Mamoulian's **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (Avon, 256 pages, 1975, $5.95). The system of "reading" the movie is surprisingly effective, and Anobile also includes fascinating introductions regarding the production of each film. For reasons unknown to us, the series abruptly ended, even though critics acknowledged it as a worthwhile means of studying a film when the Real McCoy was not available. Of course, nearly every horror and fantasy film of any fame (or infamy) is available on videodisc or cassette nowadays. But for cineteratologists, the idea of having the complete screenplay—coupled with every shot the script corresponds with—is an invaluable aid for those who still don't have ready access to a videocassette recorder. For various publishers, Anobile still puts out these "photonovels," his last known volume being Ridley Scott's *Alien*. (Which is always good for an argument among purists as to whether it's science fiction or horror or splatter.) We would still like to see more, regardless of the genre.

"By the editors of *Consumer Guide*" is on the cover of ***THE BEST, WORST, AND MOST UNUSUAL: HORROR FILMS** (Beekman House, 160 pages, 1983, $9.98), though it's actually the work of only one author, Darrell Moore. The book is also—as Moore quickly states in his forward—"primarily intended for those with access to a video tape or disc player." And as the title indicates, the primary goal is also to be a critical guide: "we may hate the films you love or love the films you hate. But, then, that's what movie-watching is all about." The book is stunningly designed by Jeff Hapner, with a full page (or two page spread) color still (black and white only where the original film was) on literally every page from beginning to end. Even though it's a little disconcerting at first to try to read the text that is printed over a photograph—and usually an unsettling one at that—it's well worth the effort. Moore is an intelligent critic, and makes his recommendations by dividing his chapters into the selection of a particular kind of cinematic chill. For example, in the "To the Devil" chapter, he details the best films with devils or demons as a theme. Such as *Rosemary's Baby*, *Curse of the Demon* and—you guessed it—*The Exorcist*. In "Psycho with a Knife (Sometimes with a Chainsaw)," Moore rates the psychological classics, going back to Peter Lorre in *M*, through *Peeping Tom* up to *Dressed To Kill*. Needless to say, *Psycho*, the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Halloween* are included. (He calls *Psycho* "the greatest horror film that has yet been made," *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* a "landmark," and *Halloween* a "genuine tour de force." We told you this man knows what he is talking about.)

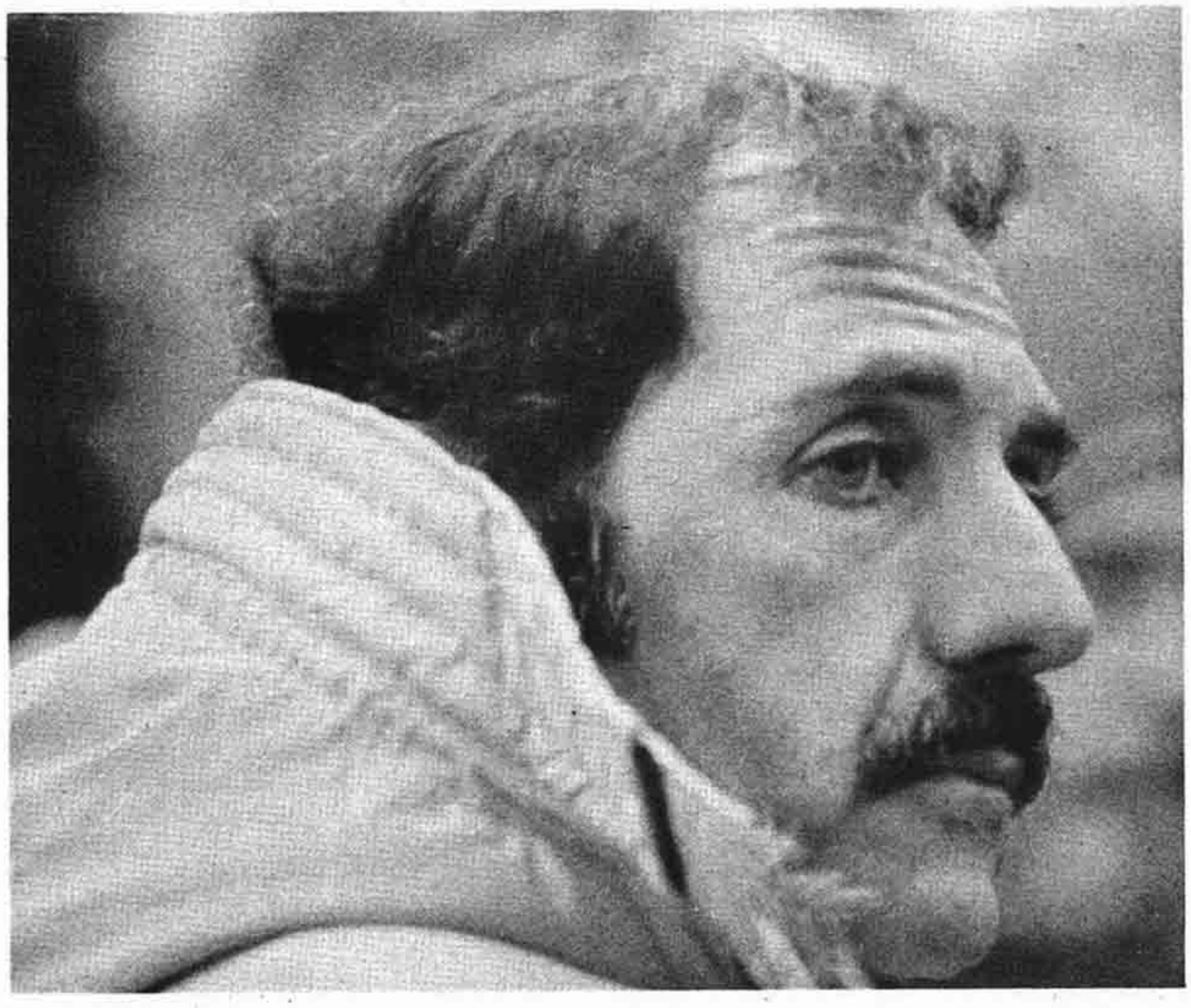
And those are just in the "best" listings, which makes up about 75 percent of *The Best, Worst, and Most Unusual: Horror Films*. The chapter dealing with the "worst" and "most unusual" are where the reader will no doubt find some areas of disagreement. Among Moore's most unusual horror films are *The Collector*, *Straw Dogs*, *Midnight Express*, and *The Elephant Man*. The titles alone should give some indication that not everyone is going to feel that even *one* of those films truly qualifies as even a borderline horror film. However, for his all-time worst selections, Moore has only a very brief list of nine films. Beside the mandatory inclusion of *Plan Nine From Outer Space*, there are also two Wes Craven films, a Larry Cohen film, and a Herschell Gordon Lewis opus. In deference to the fans of these particular *auteurs*, no titles will be revealed at this time. But whether or not you have access to a videocassette recorder, the book is highly recommended as a past and current guide (it goes up to *Videodrome* and *Creepshow*). Now you'll know what is worth avoiding, and what's worth seeing—even if you have to wait until one in the morning for the late, late show to avoid missing that grisly gem completely.

Author John McCarty has already garnered a fine reputation as a true cineteratologist with such tomes as *Splatter Movies* (Fango Library Part 2) and, with Daniel Krogh, *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis* (Fango Library Part 4). Obviously not content to rest on his bloodstained laurels, McCarty is also the compiler of ***VIDEO SCREAMS** (Fanta-Co, 253 pages, 1983, $7.95), "the official source book for horror, science fiction, fantasy and related films on videocassette and disc."

This is one of those books which was just waiting to be written, and McCarty is certainly up to it. As more and more of us are becoming financially able to obtain (or at least rent) VCRs and discplayers, it's only natural that we would want to know if our favorite horror, splatter, or fantasy film is available in this format. In the first edition of what is apparently going to be an annual guide, McCarty has no less than 650 films, from the classics to the all-time clunkers. Appropriately enough, the rating system is based on the symbol of a Screaming Head (!) going from one screaming head for poor, four screaming heads for great. (There's even half a head for those split decisions.) This is a complete survey—complete in the sense that the only films reviewed are those currently available in videocassette or disc. Unfortunately some of McCarty's inclusions are inaccurate, such as his listing of Nostalgia Merchant cassettes of Richard Cunha's movies, which are not available from that company.

As always, McCarty takes his work seriously, and gladly points out which films are classics, sleepers, or at least worth a look as a curio. Beside the listing of the usual technical credits, every film, from *Abbott and*

(Continued on page 62)



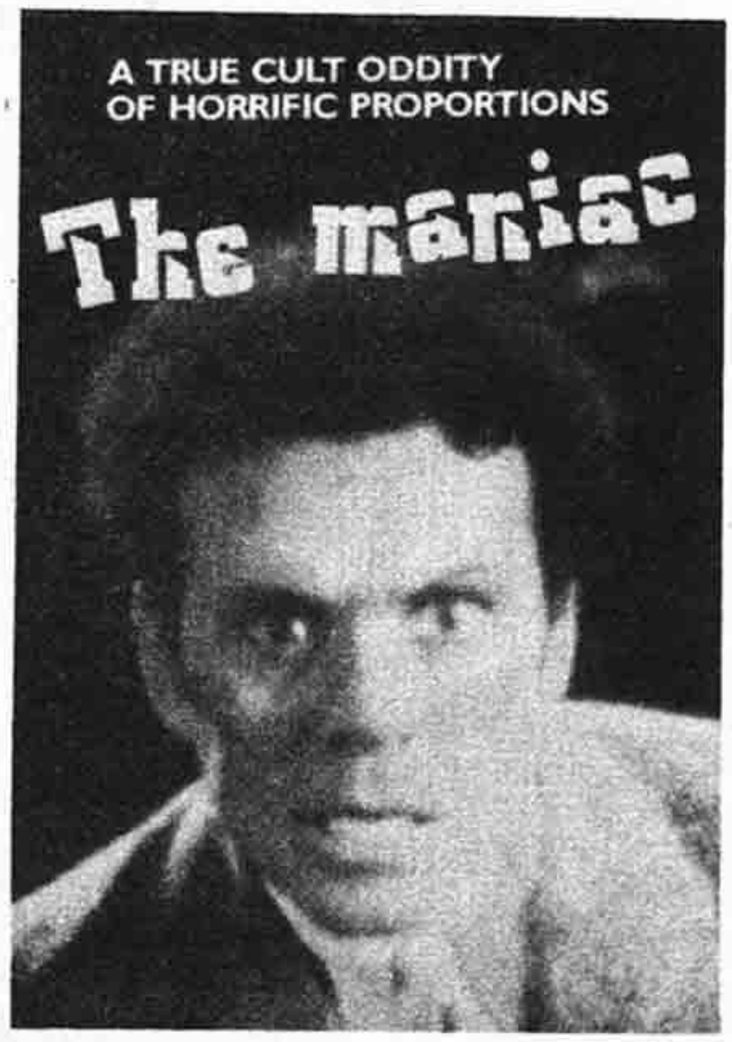
William Peter Blatty tells his own story of a classic horror production in *The Exorcist: From Novel to Film*.

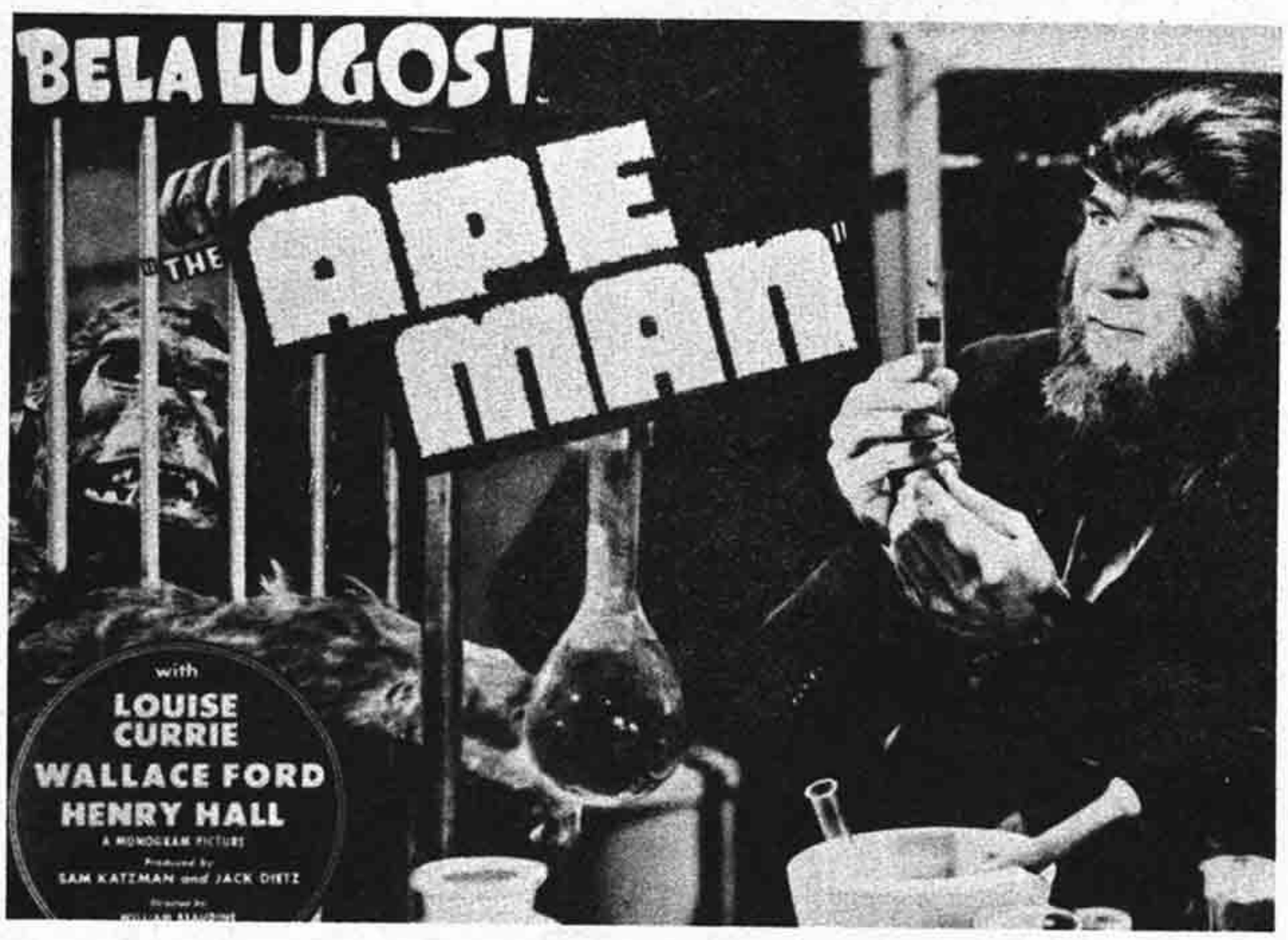
THE VIDEO EYE OF DR. CYCLOPS

Except where otherwise indicated, all video cassettes are available by mail order from MARSHALL DISCOUNT VIDEO SERVICE, Trenton, MI.

THE BROOD (EMBASSY HOME ENTERTAINMENT): I find that the films written as well as directed by David Cronenberg are often artsy and coyly meaningful, but *The Brood* proves that he is capable of making tight, offbeat and harrowing horror movies. He takes his highly unusual premise of rage-inseminated creatures to its logically bizarre conclusion (rather than overshooting his mark into the realm of metaphysical mumbo-jumbo as he did in *Videodrome*) and the result is both intriguing and disturbing. The story concerns the highly unorthodox methods of a maverick psychologist (Oliver Reed), a disturbed woman in his care (Samantha Eggar), and the woman's uneasy husband (Art Hindle) who is suspicious of what Reed's therapy might be bringing out of his wife's psyche. The movie really starts to take hold of you when Cronenberg introduces his terror-tykes, just about the most unsettling creatures ever seen.

lurid 30's exploitation movie that's dressed up as an educational film on mental disorder. Insanity, this movie's introduction warns us, is not a good thing. More to the point, fear is a real bummer and can really do a number on your head. So if you'd just get rid of your fears, chances are you'd do all right. Following this sage advice, the movie launches into a barely coherent story about a failed actor who moonlights as a mad doctor's assistant. In short order, our hero starts to perform all sorts of socially unacceptable acts, such as murder, corpse stealing and dressing up in somebody else's clothes. At the conclusion of each such act, the name of the disorder at work appears on screen, followed by a clinical explanation of the term. In short, this deliriously campy movie has got to be seen to be believed. A word of warning: not for cat lovers.



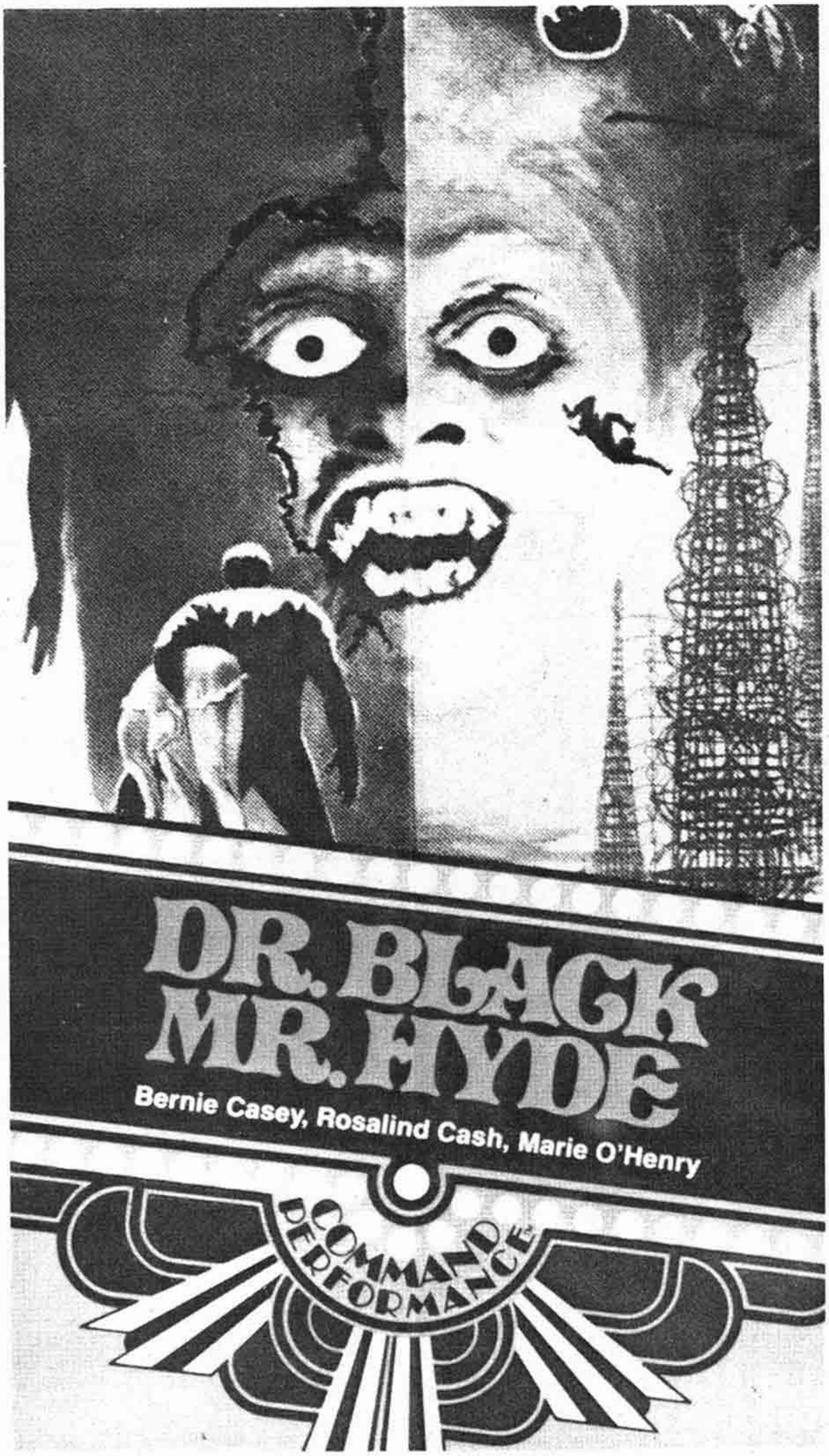


THE APE MAN (CABLE FILMS): Some people like watching those cheesy Monogram thrillers that Bela Lugosi made in the 40's. I happen to be one of them. In *The Ape Man,* Monogram awarded Lugosi with one of his most ludicrous roles. As a mad scientist who has turned himself into a half-ape, half-man, he is compelled to mope around in a slouched monkey-walk, and wear a makeup of long hair and a beard which is supposed to give you the idea that he is part simian. Somehow, Lugosi manages to get by with a certain amount of style. The story is about as creaky as you'd expect it to be, and about as nostalgically appealing as I hoped it would be. If you happened to watch this movie on Chiller Theater as a kid, perhaps you'll feel the same way.

Available directly from Cable Films, Kansas City, MO.

THE MANIAC (ADMIT ONE): No, this is not the Tom Savini splatter special, and, no, this isn't even the 1962 Hammer *Psycho* rehash. This is something else. Is it ever! This movie is to psychopathic behavior what *Reefer Madness* was to pot smoking: a ridiculously

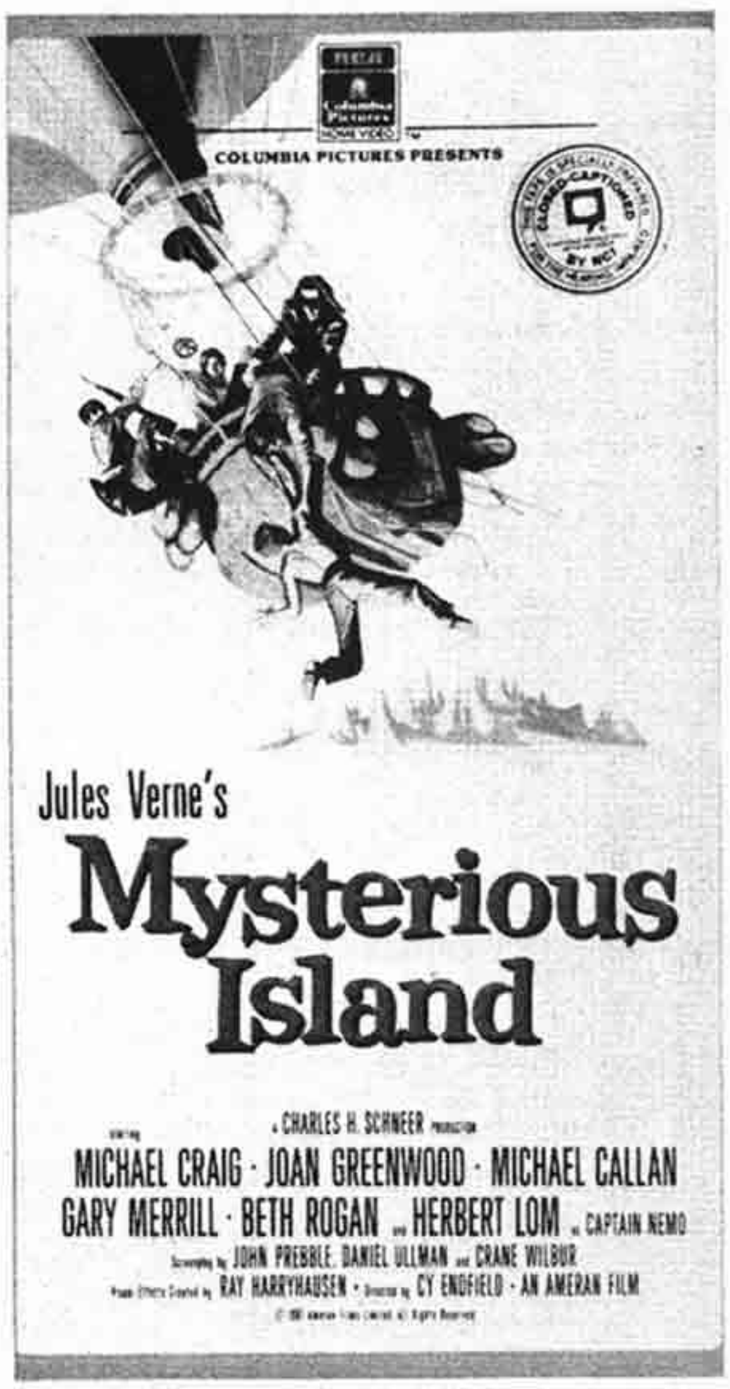
ASYLUM (NOSTALGIA MERCHANT): For my money, this is the best horror anthology film from Milton Subotsky's Amicus Productions. Much of the success of the film is obviously due to its solid foundation: a solid script by Robert (*Psycho*) Bloch. A good cast (including Peter Cushing, Patrick Magee, Charlotte Rampling and Richard Todd) and stylish direction by Roy Ward Baker then carry the ball the rest of the way. The anthology device in this picture is the testing of a psychiatrist who is applying for a position in the title asylum. He is told by the doctor in charge (Patrick Magee) that the previous psychiatrist cracked under pressure and is now locked up with the three other inmates on the top floor. The applicant must interview each inmate and figure out which one is the fallen doctor. The inmates' stories make up the movie's four episodes. Even though some of the climaxes are predictable, the handling of the stories both in front of and behind the camera makes *Asylum* entertaining.



DR. BLACK, MR. HYDE (VCI): Ever since I first saw the trailer for this movie ("Super-strong! Super-natural! Super-*bad*!"), I have been waiting anxiously for my chance to see *Dr. Black, Mr. Hyde*. An award-winning black research doctor practicing in Watts develops a serum to combat liver disease. When injected into black laboratory mice, the serum turns the animals white and transforms them into blood-thirsty little fiends. The doctor takes this as his cue to experiment on himself. He injects the serum into his veins and, sure enough, he turns into a homicidal white man. Well, almost. The script tells us he has become white; actually he looks like an ashen-faced zombie with negroid features. Made by the same director who gave you the trend-setting *Blacula*, this combination of an absurd reverse-racist twist on Robert Louis Stevenson's novel and Bernie Casey's first-rate performance as the title schizo makes *Dr. Black, Mr. Hyde* a unique exploitation pleasure. Casey, who has since gone on to such legitimate movies as *Sharky's Machine* and *Never Say Never Again*, manages to be genuinely sympathetic as the earnest if somewhat foolhardy doctor, and, in Stan Winston's low-budget "white-zombie" makeup, makes a mighty zesty monster. Make sure to put this one on your shelf right next to *Blackenstein* and *Scream, Blacula, Scream*.

MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH (ELECTRIC VIDEO): This 1976 exploitation picture has become a cult item with a critical following. I'm not sure why. The movie starts out as a straightforward teen-action picture. A new kid in town finds his new high school terrorized by a close-knit gang. When our hero is crippled by the gang, he sets out to take his brutal vengeance against the hoods. This part I thought was solid exploitation fare. What follows is a peculiar attempt at scathing irony. With the bullies gone, members of the liberated student body now try to form their own ruling cliques, potentially just as despicable as the previous regime. I suppose this is the section that really wows them at the underground weeklies, because it is clearly so offbeat, especially within the context of an exploitation movie. It also happens to be depressingly simple-minded and heavy-handed. So go figure.

Recommended only as a curiousity item.


COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS
CLOSED-CAPTIONED
Jules Verne's
Mysterious Island
A CHARLES H. SCHNEER PRODUCTION
MICHAEL CRAIG · JOAN GREENWOOD · MICHAEL CALLAN
GARY MERRILL · BETH ROGAN · HERBERT LOM as CAPTAIN NEMO
SCREENPLAY BY JOHN PREBBLE, DANIEL ULLMAN AND CRANE WILBUR
BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY RAY HARRYHAUSEN · DIRECTED BY CY ENDFIELD · AN AMERAN FILM

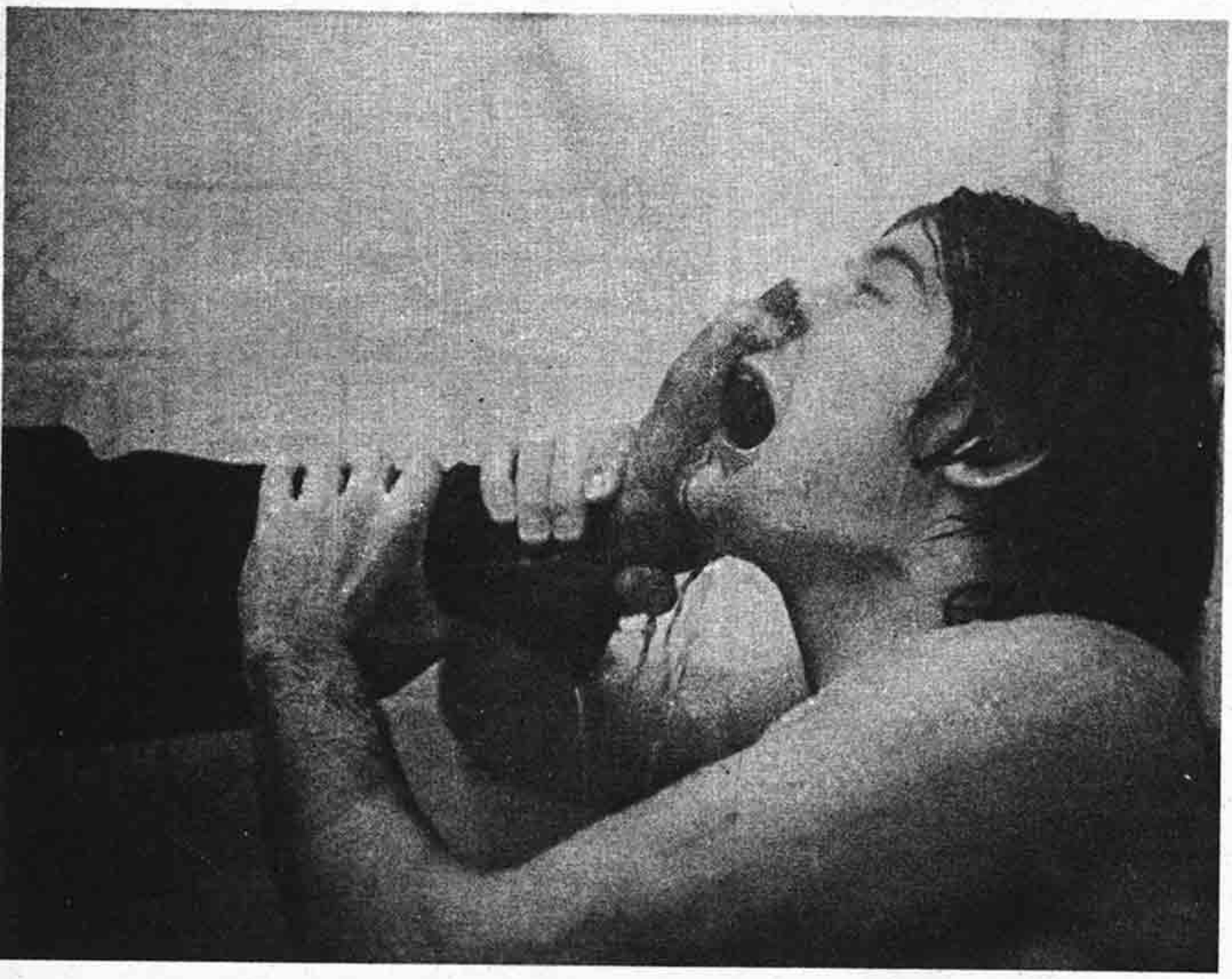
MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (COLUMBIA PICTURES HOME VIDEO): Union soldiers held prisoner at a Confederate camp during the Civil War, escape to freedom aboard a balloon. For days they are caught in a savage storm and end up crash-landing off a Pacific island. That's the premise for this Ray Harryhausen picture adapted from a Jules Verne's story, made during the stop-motion animator's heyday in the early 60's. The island of course is inhabited by giant creatures and nearby is Dr. Nemo and his Nautilus. The acting is mostly substandard, but the Harryhausen creatures (a giant crab, chicken, bee and squid) are terrific, the matte paintings and miniatures (executed, I believe, by Les Bowie) are picturesque, and the movie maintains a nice sense of fantastic adventure.

The Doctor is authorized to say whatever he wants. His opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine, its staff, or its publishers.

SAVINI and FRIDAY THE 13TH -The Final Chapter

The Master of the Crimson Effect is Back! Jason Dead?!??!

By R.H. Martin



PHOTOS: © 1984 PARAMOUNT PICTURES

It's all over now. *Friday the 13th,* we are told, is now a part of cinema history, a quartet of films that will no doubt forever represent the pinnacle of summer camp slaughter. For perennial Fango favorite Tom Savini, it means a chance to rest, and get his zombie chops together as he prepares for another final chapter—the concluding film of George Romero's zombie trilogy, *Day of the Dead.*

"Yes, it's really happening," Savini confirms for us. "[Producer] Richard Rubinstein just recently called to be sure I'd be available for it. Right now, they're looking at locations, looking at missile sites . . . it's supposed to start shooting in September . . . . We'll see you on the set, won't we?" he asks.

After expressing our sincere intent to do whatever we can to find our way onto the set of that much-anticipated zombie epic, we returned to the subject at hand—Savini's latest triumph, *Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter.* Never shy of the tough questions, we pointed out that Savini, in his most recent interviews, expressed a desire to stay away from splatter for a while. "That's true," he said, "and if it had been just another splatter film, I probably *would* have passed it by. But it's *Friday the 13th,* the last one. I did the first one, and I'd rather be known as a guy who

finishes what he starts.

"They establish in the film that this is the same Jason that I designed for the first film, grown up; the design is unrelated to the design they used in the other two films. So I guess I felt a certain responsibility for Jason. Plus, they paid me a fortune."

Savini was first approached about *The Final Chapter* when he was down in North Carolina, helping to turn the Fort Bragg Playhouse into a haunted house for Halloween. "Joe Zito, the director I'd worked with on *The Prowler,* called me down there," Savini recalls, "and said that he had the last *Friday the 13th* movie, and he'd like me to work with him on it. I said, sure. It wasn't until I got out there that I learned that Greg Cannom had the job first."

Cannom, in fact, had been one of the first *F13: TFC* crewmembers hired. Cannom, whom we interviewed last issue on his work with Ozzy Osbourne, told us about his departure from the film. "The main thing was that, when I was hired, I was told that I would create a new Jason," says Cannom, "one that would be similar to Savini's Jason, but not the same. Then, when Joe Zito was hired as director, he said that he wanted the *same* Jason, the one that Savini had designed."

Understandably, Cannom was reluctant to simply copy Savini's work. Then, when Cannom took several days off in order to finish up work on the Ozzy Osbourne "Bark at the Moon" video, an argument arose over whether Cannom had informed the proper authorities of his brief departure. Cannom, who says that he had cleared things with the production office beforehand, found that no one in the production office was willing to back him up in the argument. This incident, along with the design restrictions placed on Jason, persuaded Cannom that things were not going to work out, so he quit.

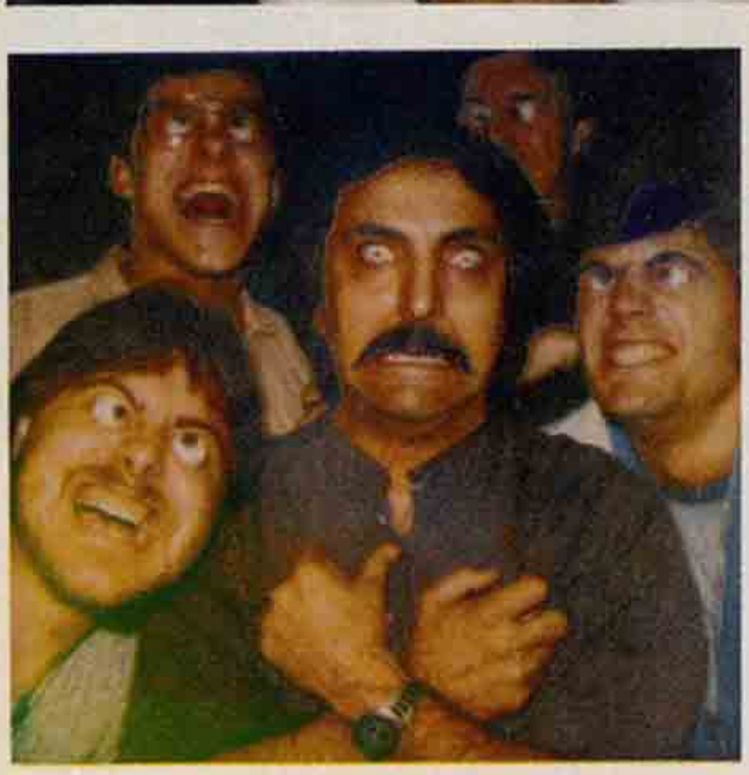
Zito then contacted Savini. "I couldn't get out there right away," Savini recalls. "I didn't get there until two weeks after he called, and then they were already into their first week of shooting! The crew, which should have started working on the effects three weeks before, had only done some work on props, and had cast the head of Ted White, who played Jason; they told me they hadn't been allowed to start work before I got there, which must have been a very frustrating experience for them—knowing that it would catch up with us later on. I think we worked miracles, considering the limited time that we had."

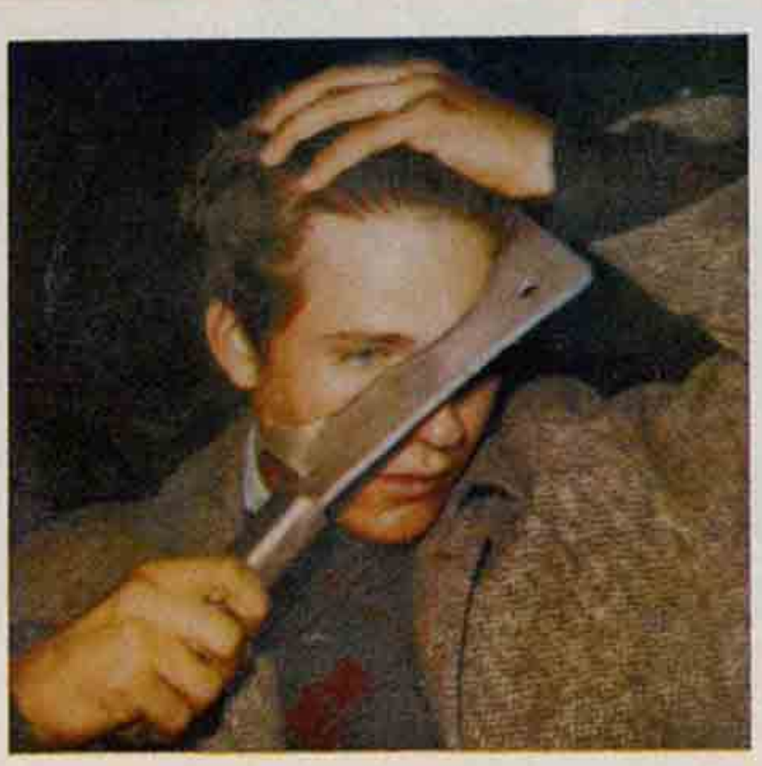
James Kagel, a sculptor well-known in effects circles for his work with the studios of Stan Winston and Tom Burman, had already begun work on the design of Jason prior to Savini's arrival. "I had told them I'd start sculpting the new Jason when I got there," says Savini. "But James had blocked the head already when I arrived, and it looked fabulous. So he continued working on it, according to some pictures I had brought out; he was very good about allowing me to make certain changes, doing hands-on stuff with work that he'd begun. Then Jim did all the mold work, to make the various appliances."

Though much of *The Final Chapter* is true to *F13* tradition, it does offer a different sort of hero. Tommy is a youngster who is obviously enchanted with makeup and special effects. "I love that he's called Tommy," Savini says, "'cause his room, with all the masks and the magic tricks and all—that's *my* room, when I was his age."

As usual on films of this sort, Savini did a good deal of brainstorming to come up with new and unique methods of slaughter, to supplement those already in the script. Special attention was, of course, given to Jason's final bow. "We had one idea for a science-fictiony ending. Alec Gillis, a guy on my crew who had worked on *Jaws 3D,* came up with it. In the early scene, where Tommy shows Rob the trick with the toy guillotine, we wanted to replace that with a scene where Tommy shows Rob a device he'd rebuilt from a microwave oven, a microwave generator backed by a photo-reflector to concentrate the waves. Tommy would put a plastic soldier in front of it and control the

Clockwise from top left: Actor Bruce Mahler (Axel) rehearses with a blood-tube rigged surgical saw; Axel's stand-in ready for a head twist; Young Tommy shaves his head to psych out Jason; Savini poses with a test-head for an upcoming zombie epic; Ted rehearses with another nifty prop; and Savini with members of his "greatest crew ever."





PHOTOS: COURTESY TOM SAVINI

thing's output with a rheostat—put on '1', and show the solider melting away, with time lapse or something, to show the tremendous heat it could generate. Then, at the end, instead of just machetes, Tommy could grab this device and stick it in Jason's face and hit the button for '5'—Jason's face would start steaming, the skin peeling off, starting to cook. Tommy could turn it up to '7'—Jason's skin continues to peel away, his eyeballs burst from the heat. Then he turns it way up there, and Jason's head is pressure-cooked from within and ***BHHRRRCCHHH!***—his head explodes!

"But the money people felt it wasn't in keeping with the *Friday the 13th* formula, which is knives, household implements, blood, naked teenagers . . . in the script, it had Tommy splitting his head open with a machete; I didn't particularly want to do that, so I was trying to think of something."

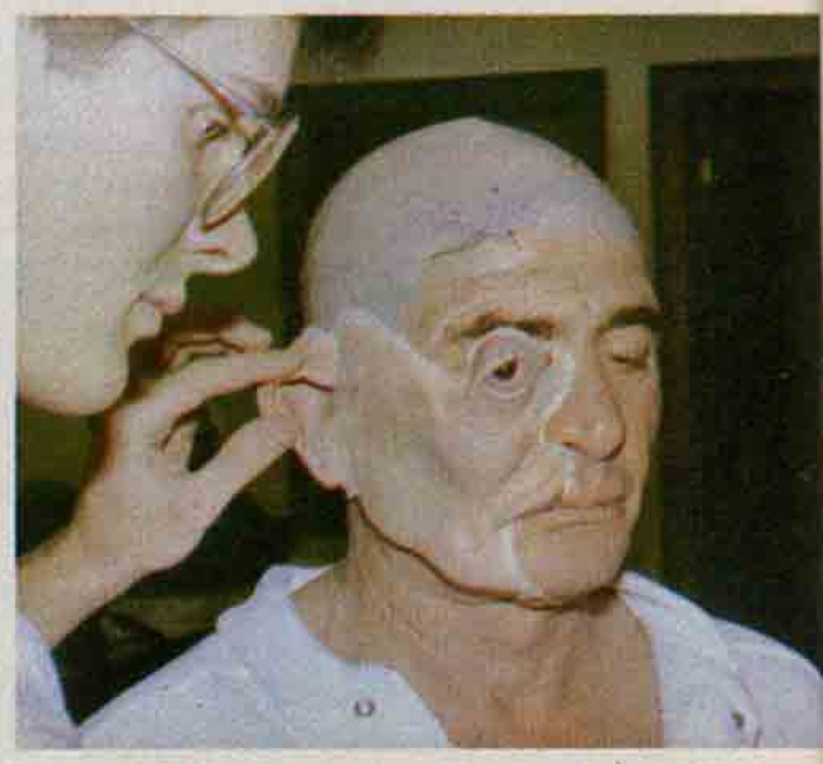
Savini happened to have with him a prop machete from *Dawn of the Dead,* one that snaps neatly over the head, creating the impression that it is buried in one's skull. "One day John Vulich, one of the guys on my crew, put that on over his eyes, and I said, 'Great! That's what we'll do!' I figured we'd have Tommy swing the machete into him like it was a baseball bat, then have Jason fall face down into the blade, and build a mechanical Jason that would twitch and slide down the blade.

"It took seven or eight people to work the cables on that head, while watching the results on a video monitor."

Of course, after all of his vicious murders, it wouldn't be right to let Jason off too easy. Savini didn't. "I made a list of everything that happens to Jason on his way to his death . . . it's quite a list. Trish slices him across the left forearm when his hand goes crashing through the steps and he grabs her ankle in the basement. Then there's a fight where Jason gets a machete in the chest and a hammer stuck into his neck. In one of the chase scenes, she splits his hand all the way down to the wrist—we did a mechanical arm so that the hand could be seen still moving after she pulls it out. Then he gets the machete swung like a baseball bat into his head, and he falls forward, onto the machete, practically lopping the top of his head off, as he continues to slide down the blade—that was where we used the mechanical head."

The Final Chapter is Savini's first major effort to be filmed in L.A.; we wondered how different he found it to be. "Most of the time, it felt pretty much the same as working on any independent film," he told us. "I guess working with Joe Zito again, after *The Prowler,* contributed to that. We didn't work on a soundstage at all, but our effects workshop was in the 'war room' at Zoetrope Studios that Francis Ford Coppola used when he was shooting *One From The Heart*—they called it the war room because it was his headquarters, where he watched a zillion TV monitors while he directed the film. Zoetrope was exactly what you imagine Hollywood to be; you enter through the studio gate, and you see all these people wandering around in period costumes, fantastic wigs and makeup. . . Mr. T was shooting a commercial there, Loni Anderson was doing a TV special, *The Errol Flynn Story* was being shot there, Kenny Rogers and Van Halen were shooting videos—it was like a dream come true. I'd be whistling 'Hooray for Hollywood' while I worked."

Most of Savini's crew was 'inherited' from Greg Cannom, who had recruited some very talented young L.A.-based artists. "This is the best crew I have ever worked with," Savini testifies. "James Kagel is a marvelous sculptor, who should be better known than he is; he and Kevin Yagher also made the molds for all the Jason appliances, and did most of the application; Kevin also ran foam, and did test coloring for Jason; Alec Gillis and



PHOTOS: COURTESY TOM SAVINI

Top left, the understructure of the mechanical Jason, followed by several shots of the finished head in gut-chilling action. Above, actor Ted White gets Jasonized.

Trish (Kimberly Beck), Tommy (Corey Feldman) and Rob (E. Erich Anderson) make their bid for survival.

John Vulitch are also excellent scuptors—at one point, Tommy shows up wearing a mask that the script describes as 'the most frightening alien ever seen'—Alec had to turn that out overnight. Jill Rockow was on the set most of the time—she was an excellent set person, and even pumped blood from underwater for Paul's death—she also made and applies Jason's nails, and she kept inventory, to keep us supplied. Mike Mattey was also on the crew; he had built an articulated puppet that we repainted, and built some teeth and mechanisms for it and we used that in one scene. Larry Carr assisted me with mechanics, and worked with Alec on the mechanical Jason; Alec and Larry also provided the group with their sense of humor."

As we write, it's impossible to predict how much of the work by Savini and staff will be visible on screen, since the rating board has not yet screened it. Savini tells us that much care was taken to offer maximum splat, while keeping an eye on the established standards of the board. "They were constantly thinking of that," he says. "Often, somebody'd make a suggestion, and it would be ruled out because it was obvious that the ratings board wouldn't let it through. Another way they dealt with it, all the way back to the original *Friday the 13th*, they always shot more than was needed, and left a lot of it in the rough cut, so when the ratings board wanted cuts, they'd simply cut out stuff that they'd intended to take out in the first place."

Savini, like most effects men, works best in a collaborative atmosphere. Since Zito was reportedly anxious to work with Savini again, we gathered that he appreciates Savini's assertiveness on the set. "And that's a reason I especially like working with Joe," Savini agrees, "because he allows that. I don't just take over, but I do suggest angles, and Joe listens, and he trusts what I say—though we might at times disagree, if he has a different vision of the effect. And even then, he might shoot it both ways, so he could see which works best for him."

Of course, everyone wonders—can we be sure that Jason is *really* dead? Will the 13th never fall on a Friday again? "I think it's done," says Savini. "We did so much damage to Jason that I don't see how they can bring him back, and I really don't think they intend to. There was a moment, on the last day of shooting; we shot the scene where the police arrive, and Jason's body is lying there. We finished the shot, and Joe Zito said, 'Jason's *gone*. He's *dead*. . . ' There was a long pause, and Frank Mancuso, who produced all four of the films, said, 'Yeah . . . it feels kinda *odd* to know he's really gone . . . ' So I guess it's true—Jason really is dead, and Mrs. Voorhees is dead, and we've seen the last *Friday the 13th*."

But if the Voorhees reign of terror is ended, we asked, how come we've never heard anything about Jason's father—Mr. Voorhees?

"Hmmmm," he hmmmmed. "I hadn't thought of that."

Ol' hockey-mask is back! Here he admires some of his handiwork.

FRIDAY THE 13TH: THE FINAL CHAPTER

The Body Count

At our press time, *F13:TFC* is still at the editor's bench. What follows is not an official tally; however, we have made this list as accurate as possible.

1. **Axel, morgue atendant:** hacksaw to the throat, and full-circle head twist.
2. **Nurse Morgan:** scalpel in the chest, and pulled down (gutted).
3. **Samantha the Flirt:** bowie knife through the back, from beneath a raft.
4. **Paul the Partier:** speared from below.
5. **Terri Twin:** speared while riding bike.
6. **Jimmy the Jerk:** corkscrew in the hand, cleaver in face, nailed to a doorway.
7. **Tina Twin:** defenestrated, lands on station wagon.
8. **Ted the Computer:** knife in head.
9. **Doug the Nice Guy:** nose jammed back into skull, also gets tacked up.
10. **Sara the Sweet:** axe in chest.
11. **Rob the Jason-Hunter:** garden harrow in the neck.
12. **Mom:** drowned in bathtub.
13. **Jason:** extensive multiple machete wounds, no doubt exacerbated by wounds from previous films.

MONSTER INVASION

Up-to-the-minute warnings of what's coming your way!

PHOTO: © 1984 CANNON

So you want to see ugly? Here's a victim created by makeup man Ed French for *Exterminator 2*.

ED FRENCH marches on! The producers of *The Exterminator II* knew where to go when they were in need of a properly-toasted helicopter pilot; working in his New York studio, Fango discovery French whipped this fellow up in short order. French is now in sunnier climes, preparing special makeup for another tasteful epic.

BLOOD FEAST and ***2000 MANIACS*** have been issued on video once again, this time by Continental Video of Los Angeles. The current owners of the films, Epics International, are still in litigation with Charles Band's Cult Video, the company that originally released the pair (see issue #33). According to Continental, their versions are the first color-corrected editions of the H.G. Lewis classics.

In a thinly related development, Fango advertiser Rhino Records is entering the booming video field; their first release is *My Breakfast with Blassie*, a film by Fango contributor Johnny Legend starring five-time World Heavyweight Champion Freddie Blassie and comedian/wrestling casualty Andy Kaufman. Rhino's second release, now in the works, is likely to be the Mexican horror-wrestling epic *Las Vampiras*, with an all-new English soundtrack!

DUTCH HORROR: British correspondent Philip informs us: Currently on release in Britain is *The Lift*, an interesting Dutch horror movie directed by newcomer Dick Maas. Despite its silly premise (a malevolent elevator with a mind of its own and a nice line in decapitation, strangulation, and general cadaver-crunching) the film does manage to supply entertaining shocks, though splatter fans may find it tame. Starring Al Pacino look-alike Willeke Van Ammelrooy (great name, eh?) as the conscientious engineer who discovers what exactly is going on in the aptly-named Cronenstede tower block, the film won the Grand Prix at the 11th Avoriaz Fantasy Film Festival held in France earlier this year. . . .Talking of Avoriaz, David Cronenberg's film of King's *The Dead Zone* won the Critic's Prize, the Antenna 2 Award *and* the newly-created Hitchcock Trophy for outstanding suspense. John Carpenter's *Christine* was also present, literally, with Warner Bros. airlifting a gleaming replica of the Plymouth 5,000 feet up the mountain side to place it in a snow-drift outside the cinema complex. *Christine* has just opened in France where it is clearing the board at the box office. Other films screened at Avoriaz during the nine-day event included Bill Fruet's *Spasms*, Willy Dear's *Timerider*, Franco Prosperi's *Wild Beasts*, a lurid tale of killer rats running rampant in the Berlin Zoo, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, and Peter Yates' *Krull*.

WES CRAVEN has finished work on *Hills Have Eyes Part II*, and (by the time you read this) has started principal photography on *Nightmare on Elm Street*. Figuring that the man might be a bit too busy for a Fango interview, we decided to check with him anyway—and he returned our call from the soundstages of a *third* film we hadn't even known about!

Tentatively titled *The Club*, it's a made-for-television supernatural thriller starring Robert Urich and Joanna Cassidy as an affluent young couple who are invited to join the local country club, managed by Susan Lucci (famed as bitch-queen Erica Cain in *All My Children*). Before long, Urich begins to suspect that, beneath the club's glossy exterior, there lies the stench of degradation and corruption. When he learns that his family has joined the club, is it already too late?

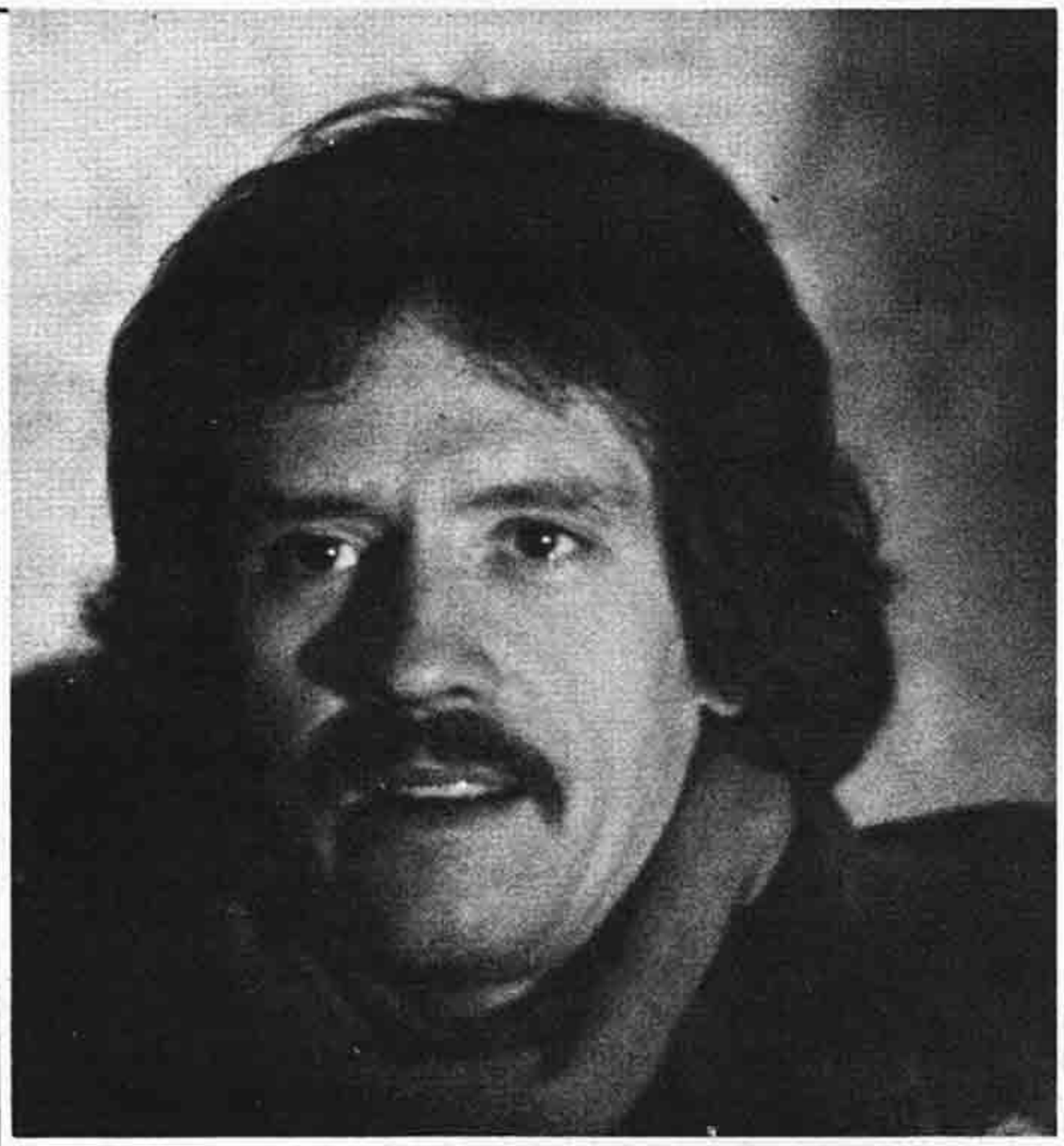
At the risk of diminishing some suspense (skip this paragraph if you'd rather not know), Craven tells us that the character played by Lucci turns out to be the devil incarnate, and the members of the group are her minions. "It leads eventually to Urich's descent into Hell itself," says Craven. "It's a very ambitious piece for television, with a good number of stunts and effects; we'll be using Introvision [an in-the-camera technique that allows the combination of live actors and outrageous backgrounds] for parts of the climactic sequence."

Craven fans will note a few familiar faces here and there—Michael Berryman makes a cameo appearance, and Nicholas Worth (of *Don't Answer The Phone* and Craven's *Swamp Thing*) plays Lucci's enforcing thug; Virginia Vincent, the mother in *Hills Have Eyes*, appears as well.

We were pleased to hear that Craven will have a chance to rest up for a week or three between the telefilm and *Nightmare*—and we'll soon have the opportunity to speak with him about *all* of his 1984 films in more detail.

GHOULIES: As we go to press, we are unable to report anything new on the much-awaited Spielberg/Dante collaboration, *Gremlins*, but a new Charles Band picture has come to our attention that seems to have certain parallels to the Spielberg/Dante film, namely the appearance of little weird goblins that have one foot in cute and another in scary. The son of a student of the occult moves into his deceased father's house and comes upon bizarre little creatures known as Ghoulies. The young man tries to turn these supernatural critters into servants but the Ghoulies have a few tricks up their sleeves that make life difficult. The director is Luca Bercovici,and the special makeup for the Ghoulies is designed by John Buechler (*Deathstalker, Mausoleum*—see Fango #28). The movie has been picked up for distribution by Hemdale.

STARMAN: John Carpenter is currently directing *Starman*, from an original script by Dean Reisner and produced by Michael (*China Syndrome*) Douglas. The SF epic stars Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen, and concerns a dude from outer space who falls in love with an earthling housewife.



John Carpenter filming *Starman*.

Little Susie gets the scorpion treatment in the new Italian import, *Eye of the Evil Dead*.

The SF romantic elements of the story indicate that it's not exactly Fangoria material. However, we were delighted to learn that Dick Smith is heading the makeup effects team! Naturally, we ran to the phone. "Actually," Smith informed us, "Stan Winston, Rick Baker and I are collaborating on it; each of us will do a separate element contained in one scene."

How did such an unprecedented meeting of makeup minds come about? "Initially, they approached me to do this single scene," Smith says. "I helped re-choreograph it for them, and it broke down into three major illusions to be achieved. Each of these is a totally independent creation, and the last of them, which is the most novel and the most unusual in terms of technique, is the one I'm doing—and that will take me about five months! So I suggested that, since the others were totally separate, we should try to get Rick and Stan to do them.

"So Rick is doing the first one, and Stan the second. Each one represents a different problem, and each will have a totally different look; I think it's going to be quite unique. It's going to go by fast—our total screen time will be less than a minute, and my own part will be seen for about five seconds. But it is certainly a unique sequence; and the prospect of the three of us working on the same film definitely adds to the excitement."

HEMDALE HORROR: The Hemdale Leisure Group seems to be carving a niche for itself in the field of major horror follow-ups. This spring they are scheduled to start production on both *Return of the Dead* and *The Howling 2. Return of the Dead*, in no way connected to George Romero, was recently the center of controversy when Romero's Laurel Entertainment Group took issue with the production's use of the "Dead" title. As of this writing, *Return of the Dead* now seems like it is moving ahead. Originally announced as a Tobe Hooper project, the picture is now being written and directed by *Alien* creator Dan O'Bannon. *The Howling 2* has curiously been described by its producers as not being a sequel. The publicist for the film states that the movie will not feature any of the characters from Joe Dante's original *The Howling*, but will instead just employ the first film's werewolf theme. Fritz Kiersch, who recently completed *Children of the Corn*, is the director.

EYE OF THE EVIL DEAD: 21st Century Distribution has announced the upcoming release of the latest horror picture from the Lucio Fulci film factory. The director of *Gates of Hell* and *7 Doors of Death* has now tackled the exorcist theme in *Eye of the Evil Dead*. The film opens in Egypt where a group of curious Americans inspects ancient artifacts. One of the relics they uncover is a mysterious amulet which they feel compelled to bring back with them to New York City. Strange things begin to happen. Tape recorders start to emit odd, unearthly sounds, and the good Professor Hacker gets his face ripped open by attacking sea gulls. What's more, cute little Susie gets possessed. All manner of mayhem follows in this latest in the Italian horror rush.

YOUR SHOT AT THE BIG-TIME just might be O'Quinn Productions' latest project, a compilation of outstanding short science fiction, horror and fantasy films by independent filmmakers, planned for major theatrical release. Producer Kerry O'Quinn (best known as the beloved publisher of STARLOG, FANGORIA and AMERICAN ASTROLOGY) is searching high and low for the best and the brightest of the young independents—and, of course, he

***The Howling*: about to be "nonsequelized."**

The non-Romero sequel to *Night of the Living Dead* is scheduled to be in production as you read this.

PHOTO: © 1984 LAUREL

expects to find several future Carpenters and Romeros among the ranks of Fango's readers! Let's not let him down, gang!

If you have a short film (up to 30 minutes), made in 16mm or 35mm formats, and it is within one of the above-named genres, this very well could be your ticket to fame, fortune, and a better social life. For the intial judging, films should be submitted in VHS or U-Matic videocassette, or in 16mm format. Whatever format you submit, however, you must be sure that a 16 or 35mm print is available, in the event that your work is selected. Each submission *must* be accompanied by a check or money order for $5, made out to O'Quinn Productions, to cover the expense of returning your submission. Mark each reel, can and box with the name and address of the entrant as well as the title of the film. Films not chosen will be promptly returned.

Deadline for entries is June 30, 1984. Send them to O'Quinn Productions, 475 Park Ave. So., New York, NY 10016. For further information contact Damon or Linda at (212) 689-2830.

THE TERMINATOR is a half-man/half-machine warrior from the future with the kind of musculature that only Arnold Schwarzenegger can portray on screen. The Terminator lives and fights in a time when the established order is threatened by a rebel leader (Michael Biehn). In order to undo the havoc created by this rebel, the Terminator is sent back into time to find and kill the rebel's mother before she gives birth to her disruptive son. The rebel also time-travels into the past in an attempt to stop the powerful fighting machine before he can eliminate the rebel's existence. This sci-fi adventure promises a lot of action as Schwarzenegger and Biehn go at it, and will supposedly feature a bizarre twist in its climax. The director is former Roger Corman effects man James Cameron, who also directed last year's *Piranha 2: The Spawning*. Also appearing in the cast is the incomparable Dick Miller, who tells us that he's looking forward to working with Schwarzenegger. We trust Schwarzenegger has the good sense, in turn, to be looking forward to partaking of the Miller experience.

PHOTO: © 1978 NEW WORLD

Dick Miller set to appear in *The Terminator* with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Fango Library

(Continued from page 53)

Costello Meet Frankenstein to *Zombie* is critically reviewed, with the junk dismissed with one or two lines and the four Screaming Head movies getting a full paragraph. Some Fangorians, though, may not approve of McCarty's lack of appreciation of recent exploitation fare.

Richard Meyer's ***FOR ONE WEEK ONLY: THE WORLD OF EXPLOITATION FILMS** (New Century, 270 pages, 1983, $12.95) is another book that somebody finally had the guts to write. Many of the films we cherish have always been dismissed by the general public as being "junk" or "trash" or worse. However, the films covered in *For One Week Only* are primarily those that even a hardened Fangorian would be embarrassed to say he had gone out of his way to see! To name a few selected at random: *Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS, The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood, Caged Virgins, Satan's Cheerleaders, I Dismember Mama, The Psycho Lover,* and so on, *ad nauseum*. As Meyers warns in his preface, "Caution: You are about to walk the line of cinematic sanity." And "the purpose of this book is to illuminate and inform about films almost no one knows about—not those everyone has heard of. If there was a choice between *The Pit and the Pendulum* and *Night of a Thousand Cats,* you can guess which one was picked."

Meyers, a former editor for STARLOG and *Future Life* (and also the author of *The World of Fantasy Films,* a fine cross-genre study) tackles his subject matter the only way possible: with an open mind and a strong stomach. Hundreds of totally obscure films are examined, if not always accurately, and well over two-thirds fall somewhere within the horror genre. Although it's not billed as such, the book is a guide to those low-budget films which do turn up occasionally at your local grindhouse or drive-in. (Also sometimes as late night filler on the various cable systems across the country. Which is not to forget that many of these same films often are available on videocassettes or discs. If someone is strange enough to make a *Vampire Hookers*, certainly there's someone who wants to see it just as badly.) The author also includes chapters on various auteurs, ranging from Russ Meyer to Wes Craven to Larry Cohen to John Carpenter to David Cronenberg, which alone are worth the price of the book. *For One Week Only* has to be read to be truly appreciated, however. Meyer's tone is simultaneously deadly serious and wildly outrageous, unconsciously and undeniably proving a life-long diet of those low low low budget flicks ("films" is too good a word for them) can actually rot one's mind. For sheer *fun* in reading, *For One Week Only* is to be commended. Profusely illustrated with rare posters and stills—for those of us who *have* to know about *Blood of Ghastly Horror* and *Kung Fu Exorcist*—Richard Meyer's book is highly recommended.

Karloff

(Continued from page 37)

trips him with a walking stick, commenting to the dismayed Bolton, "Your patient is now quite unconscious, Dr. Bolton."

Among waves of ribald laughter and derisive comment from the benches, Bolton leaves the theatre, labeled a humbug and charlatan. Although shocked, he is not discouraged, and continues experimenting, convinced his formula is correct. As time goes on, he begins to mix opium with his formula and so induces addiction.

The film earned its British X certificate not by virtue of a Karloff monster but by its horrific hospital scenes. Research again paid dividends. The scenes in the operating theatre were gruesome in the extreme. Patients strapped to the table; limbs left free; held down by porters selected for their physical strength and summoned to the hospital by the tolling of the bell; brandy poured down reluctant throats to dull sensation. Then the dreadful ear-splitting screams as knife bit into flesh, or saw grated through bone. No antiseptics. Surgeons protected from spurting blood and evil matter by leather aprons tied over formal frock coats or merely changing into a well-used tailcoat, stiff with accumulated matter from previous operations, coat and shirt cuffs rolled back, hands bloody. Often a needle ready, threaded with fine string coated with tar, stuck in the lapel ready to sew the wounds together. Sawdust liberally spread over the floor like a butcher's shop, buckets placed ready to receive escaping blood. More patients died from shock, gangrene and speticemia than did on the table.

Once again, I had endeavoured to turn Karloff's role into a sympathetic character, eager only to alleviate human suffering. I was well pleased with the way he played his early scenes. He seemed at last to appreciate my aim. Then it was necessary for me to be away for two weeks, supervising special effects for another film. On my return, I was shocked to find melodrama rampant. Robert Day (the director again), Karloff and Charles Vetter—Richard Gordon's associate at the time—had joined forces against me. Despite protests, the combination was too strong. I had to give way.

It was the sequences in the Seven Dials, in the vice den of Black Ben and Resurrection Joe, the body snatcher (played by Christopher Lee), that were objectionable. They were meant to be lurid, picaresque and vigorous, played with menacing intensity. For some reason, wild dances and songs had been introduced although Black Ben's den was the last place for high jinks. Corruption and despair were more in keeping with its atmosphere. Now it seemed as though the characters had stepped straight out of Victorian melodramas like *Sweeney Todd* or *Maria Marten and the Murder at the Red Barn*.

Meanwhile, the story of Dr. Bolton was unfolding. He is rebuffed in his attempts to set up another experimental operation. The addiction to his formula begins to slow his reactions to the extent that he is unable to complete an amputation and must ask his doctor-son to complete it for him. Suspended by the governors of the hospital, he takes it as an opportunity to "further my experiments" but on applying to the dispensary for supplies of the needed chemicals, he is informed that his right to draw such supplies has been withdrawn. Now he becomes involved with the villainy of Black Ben and Resurrection Joe who offer their help in return for false death certificates that they need. With the help of Joe, Bolton goes back to the dispensary to rob the chemicals he needs and when they are disturbed by the night porter, Joe callously kills the man.

Bolton is forced to seek refuge with Ben but the police are now suspicious and on his trail, having come into possession of one of the false certificates.

In shooting these sequences, Karloff was superb, portraying perfectly the character's disintegration, securing my admiration despite the anomalous position in which I found myself on the set.

The climax comes in a police raid on Ben's establishment. Ben is killed when he falls from a window and is gruesomely impaled on the spikes of an iron railing. Resurrection Joe attempts to smother Bolton to save himself, but Bolton resists so forcibly that Joes stabs him fatally, however not before Bolton has hurled a bottle of vitriol in Joe's face in defending himself. This was a throwback to the true story of the American, Horace Wells. In his case, and while mentally awry through his addiction, he threw vitriol into the faces of two New York prostitutes, resulting in his arrest and arraignment, which led to his suicide in the Tombs.

Boltons' dying act is to pass his notebook to his son in the hope that he will succeed where his father failed. The film finishes with young Bolton successfully administering an anaesthetic while the camera pans to a glass case containing the notebook and apparatus designed by his dead father.

If it had not been for the falsity of the Seven Dials and Black Ben sequences, it would have been a better film. Nevertheless, it is worthwhile and one of Karloff's best performances. He holds audience attention by his portrayal of a disintegating man. Melodramatic it may be—but reading the life of Horace Wells, real life is even more so. His suicide was horrific and sensational.

Despite our differences, a more articulate and erudite man than Karloff it would be hard to find. Had I been given the opportunity, I would have gladly worked with him again. He lived another 10 years, continuing and concluding a career spanning more than half a century as the master of the horror genre.

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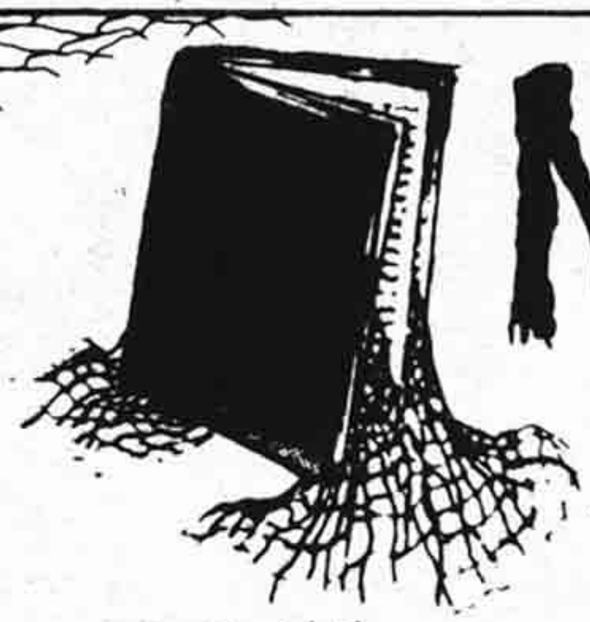

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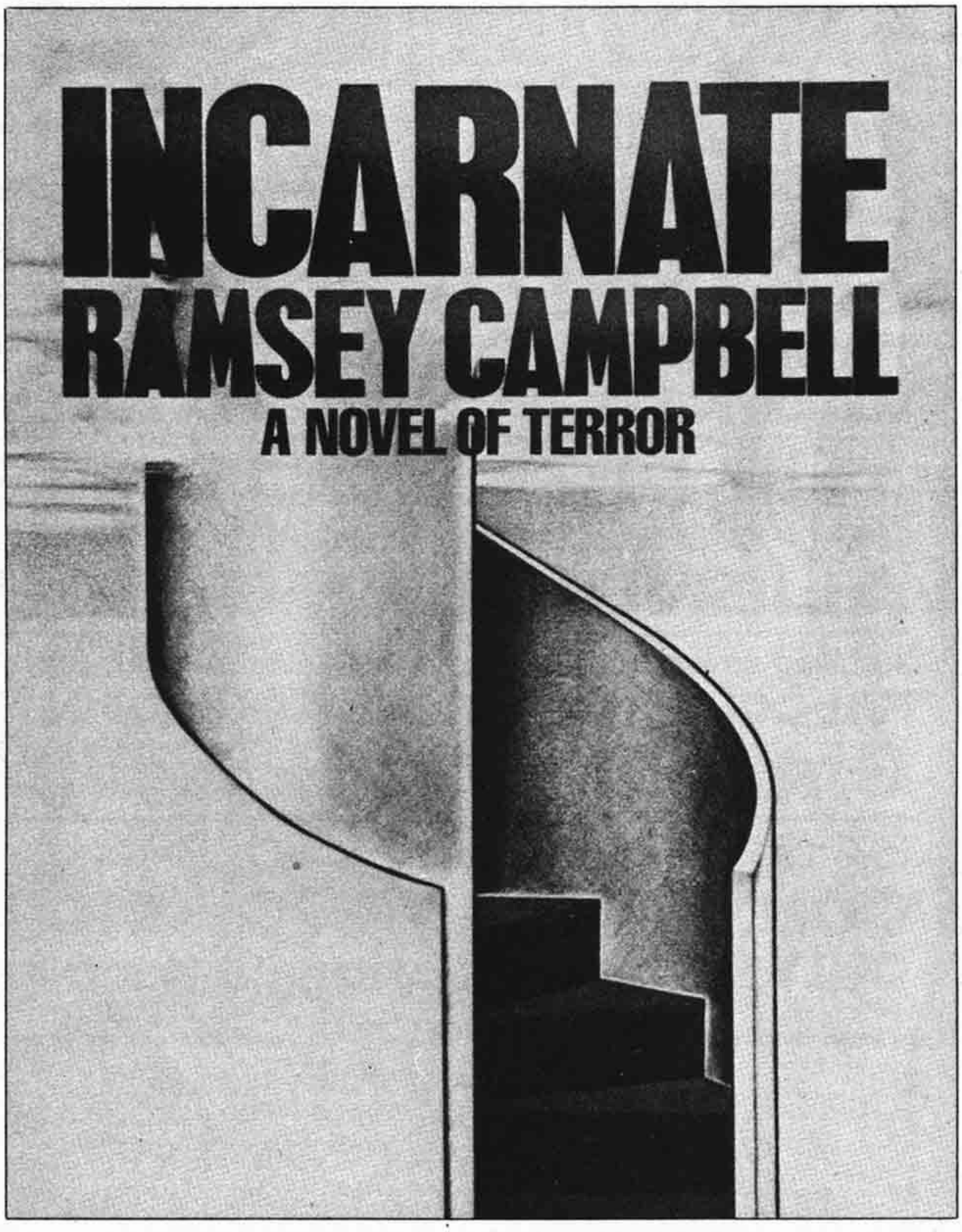

Incarnate
By Ramsey Campbell
MacMillan Publishing Company
368 pp., $14.95

One of mankind's oldest and most enduring fascinations has been the study of dreams. But, despite our persistent curiosity, our present "scientific" understanding of this nebulous and involuntary function is hardly more substantial than the wide range of theories and superstitions which have evolved over the centuries. It has become a cliche — but one backed by a sizeable chunk of truth — to admit that we have a far clearer picture of the surface of the moon or the ocean's floor than we do of the organic workings of the human brain. Dreamland is one of the mind's vast uncharted areas, where even the boldest explorers still worry about sailing over the edge.

Psychologists and psychiatrists have a field day dispensing abstruse intepretations of even the most fleeting and innocuous vignettes. Freudian dream analysis is regarded as a cryptographic coup on a par with the exploits of Britain's legendary MI-5 code-busters. Sorry to say, though, that there isn't much tangible evidence that Freud's esoteric postulates are any more credible than those little numerology "dream books" displayed on the counter of your neighborhood bodega, between the cans of Coco Lopez and the rack of Salem 100s. Ghetto dream books at least have a practical application: you can use them to play the numbers.

It is with all this in mind that we are ready to turn to a dream book of another sort. The name of the book is *Incarnate* and it is a disturbing and unusual new novel by Ramsey Campbell.

Incarnate, set in contemporary England, concerns a small group of people who have participated in a "dream research" project conducted by two somewhat shady psychologist-types. Though 11 years have passed since its conclusion, the participants find themselves increasingly plagued by the experiment's after-effects. Like reformed acid-trippers experiencing "flashes", the one-time human guinea pigs are subject to unwanted and unpleasant visions. The dreams are prophetic and terrifyingly vivid, the very qualities which the researchers had hoped to dissect. The subjects, however, want no part of their "gift" of second-sight; most in fact, have made strenuous efforts over the years to resist dreaming at all.

The reluctant dreamers are an odd assortment of misfits. There is Molly, production assistant to (and lover of) a radical filmmaker; Joyce, the fanatically dedicated director of a senior citizen's center; Freda, a timid, middle-aged matron; Helen, the paranoid and dictatorial mother of a sensitive young daughter; and Danny, a demented simpleton who seethes with psycho-sexual hostility like a ticking time bomb.

Individually (and, with time, collectively), the traumatized group struggles to fight off the dream's increasing assault on their conscious minds. It is not an easy task. After all, the dreamers are faced with battling their own illusions, tricks of their own imaginations. In the immortal words of Walt Kelly's cartoon character, Pogo: "We have met the enemy, and he is us." Or is he? Ramsey Campbell has other ideas.

Incarnate is not a story easily summarized,

because it is not a story easily understood. Campbell has imbued the book with a—you guessed it—dreamlike quality that is sometimes fascinating, sometimes maddening. Mental points of reference and perceptions of reality fade in and out of focus like a tuner needle being swept across a range of radio bands. The characters often cannot distinguish between their hallucinatory dream experiences and the actual here and now. While they sometimes "snap out of it," (and a clear distinction is made as where the dream leaves off and real life begins), at other times, Campbell blurs the dividing line. The reader is placed in the same leaky boat with the characters. The author generally refrains from intruding, and leaves it to you to sort out what's real and what isn't. You are afforded no firmer a grip than the dreamers themselves. If you take into account the fact that some of them are half-cracked to begin with, it becomes *really* difficult to figure out where the beef is.

At times, reading *Incarnate* reminded me of how, if you close your eyes and spin around in a circle as fast as you can, then stop abruptly and open them, you'll notice that *you* may have stopped twirling, but the world hasn't. Your inner ear is still doing the fandango, and you may very well topple over or blow lunch on your P.F. Flyers. This is the mental whirlpool into which *Incarnate*'s inhabitants have been tossed. They must fight like hell to make their way out, and there is no guarantee that escape is possible.

As you may have noticed, all but one of the book's major characters are female, as are most of the auxiliary figures. Danny—who is essentially and emotionally a disturbed child inhabiting an adult's body—can hardly be considered a sterling example of modern manhood. In fact, just about every male character in *Incarnate* is a bad actor to one extent or another; either sadistic primitives, scheming weasels, or raving loonies. There isn't enough redeeming social value among them to fill an eyedropper. Is Campbell making some kind of militant feminist statement? If so, it's hard to tell what or why. Then again, most of *Incarnate*'s females aren't exactly a day at the beach, either. And authority figures of *any* stripe get a damn good whacking. Campbell writes about the police with a loathing and venom that I thought had disappeared along with the demise of the Black Panthers and the Chicago 7 (no, not rock groups). Maybe it's best to ascribe all of this to Ramsey Cambell being a complex and decidedly strange man with a morose outlook on life and just about everyone in it.

It would be kind of funny if, after all of this deep psychological and literary analysis, Campbell turned out to be a light-hearted, happy-go-lucky nudnik who spends his free time hanging out in the park, helping little kids fly model airplanes, and treating old folks to vanilla cones. Don't put any money on it, though.

As a literary technician, Ramsey Campbell is one of the best. His prose style and rendering of dialogue are excellent. As a writer, the man knows what he's doing.

Campbell has achieved a sort of cult figure status among horror fiction fanciers, but has not achieved the mass-market appeal of a King or a Straub. He probably never will, but that should not be interpreted as a failing on his part. Ramsey Campbell does not deal with accessible subject matter or comic-strip physical action. He is therefore going to scare away readers who are not willing to take a chance of being challenged or frustrated. A Ramsey Campbell novel is an acquired taste, like imported cheese with a funny name. If you are inclined toward sampling the out-of-the-ordinary, then *Incarnate* is worth a try.

Prince Ombra
By Roderick MacLeish
A Tor Book
379 pp., $3.50

Poor Bentley Ellicott. Here he is, a little club-footed boy, with no mother and a melancholy father, living in a one-horse town called Stonehaven, in an un-named country at some unspecified future time. Despite these formidable handicaps, eight-year-old Bentley has managed to triumph over adversity with the kind of infectious, freckle-faced optimism that hasn't been seen since the heyday of Little Orphan Annie.

Imagine Bentley's chagrin, therefore, to discover that he is the designated successor to all of the heroes of mankind's legends, and must engage in mortal combat with the incorporeal and omnipotent malefactor of all things evil throughout space and time. Good gravy! No wonder the kid's Pony League average is dipping into the .230s! These supernatural duels (on which the fate of the universe hinges) are enough to tucker out even the perkiest grade-schooler. One would certainly hope that Bentley plans on having a hot breakfast before he steps into the squared circle with the penultimate metaphysical villain, known to his friends as Prince Ombra. So scary is this Prince Ombra that author Roderick MacLeish has named his new novel after him. A shrewd choice, no doubt, as it's unlikely you're going to sprint to your nearest bookstore to snap up a paperback entitled *Bentley Ellicott.*

Prince Ombra is a game little horror/fantasy effort, which makes an earnest effort to combine several diverse genre elements and come up with a hybrid page-turner. To quote Robert K. Massie, author of *Peter the Great* (and since the publisher does, I don't see why I shouldn't), "...MacLeish has woven pre-Christian legend, a fairy tale by the Brothers Grimm, and a James Brond thriller into a single haunting book." That's all well and good, but it doesn't necessarily make for the most homogeneous mix in town. Just because you can put sliced beets, chunk-style peanut butter, and a smoked mackerel in the same sandwich doesn't mean you'd want to eat it that way. But don't get me wrong; *Prince Ombra* isn't indigestible. Just a bit lumpy in spots.

Friend Bentley's revelation that he has been put on this earth to give it his all on behalf of the Forces of Good and Nice gets things moving on the plot front. How and why this seemingly unspectacular little squirt has been tabbed to be our saviour isn't too clear, but you have to take legend for what it's worth. Like King Arthur and other stand-up guys of the past, Bentley quickly acquires both a venerable mentor and a faithful female companion. His spiritual third-base coach is a wizened old Teutonic shrink named Dr. Kreinstein. Just once, wouldn't you like to see a fictional psychiatrist who *isn't* German or Austrian? I'd really enjoy reading about a head doctor who turns out to be a Thai or an Ethiopian.

At any rate, for a sidekick of the opposite sex, Bentley establishes a relationship with a peculiar girl name Sally, who speaks in a non-language understood by no one. Bentley, of course, picks it up right away. Everyone else regards her as a pinhead best consigned to playing with clay. Sally's mother and Bentley's father quickly become kissy-face, which is mighty convenient when you're an eight-year-old mystical warrior and you need access to your old lady, who's also eight. Bentley may be able to do all kinds of impressive supernatural junk, but he can't drive a car. It's also open to question why a boy Bentley's age *needs* a girlfriend, but this is a decent family magazine, and we will refrain from further inquiry into the private lives of pre-teen book characters.

One the other side of the fence, we have Prince Ombra, who, we are told, is "...the lord of every mortal nightmare. He has appeared in the world a thousand times, and the rememberers have given him a thousand names — Goliath, the murderous Philistine; Mordred, enemy of Camelot." Yeah, and on Thursdays, he plays golf with Beelzebub, Attila the Hun, and the Giant Behemoth. An all-around baddie, this prince. He sits out there in his black hole in space, contemplating ways he can manifest himself here on earth every few centuries or so, and take a whack at fomenting misery, chaos, destruction, and bad TV reception. Thus far (luckily for us mortals), a hero has always arisen to throw the blocks to Ombra's dastardly plans. This time around, it's up to Bentley.

Author MacLeish is obviously a student of fairy tales, legends, and mythology, and he frequently inserts elements thereof into this otherwise contemporary fantasy/adventure. The classical tidbits are an unusual twist, and are interesting to an extent. But a little bit of digression into Celtic folklore or Zulu campfire tales goes a long way. Although MacLeish demonstrates an ability to carry the action along in a brisk and engrossing manner, he (unfortunately) also has a tendency to be overly grandiose at times. Many passages which need be nothing more than meat-and-potatoes exposition are written like they were meant to describe The Second Coming. Easy, tiger. Legends are melodrama, and melodrama must be handled with the utmost restraint, lest it degenerate into burlesque.

Personally, what I liked best about this book was its cover. It's one of those trick-of-the-light deals that changes color, depending on what angle you look at it from. Like those 3-D pictures of Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King they sell in really sleazy novelty stores. Wow. Mind-bender. I can look at those things for hours and not get bored at all. They're almost as cosmic as those see-saw gizmos full of colored oil. The ones that rock back and forth by perpetual motion, and make weird swirly patterns. *Those* suckers are too heavy for words!

Well, I think I'll go stare at the sun for a few hours and transmute myself into another plane of consciousness. I just thank God that reading all these strange books for FANFORIA hasn't had any effect on my mind. As a matter of fact, there's God now. Let me see if I can catch Him, before He gets on the bus...

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ARCANE MESSAGES

"Repent, O Ye Slack Dogs of hell, For the Demon of Slack Sends his Beast Amongst Ye. And Whence He Comes, Ye will be torn Asunder"
—Slack Pup

Gone, but not forgotten, Claudia Jennings, Queen of the B's.
—Dr. K

the MASTERS OF THE MACABRE series #1
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I am John Agar's #1 fan. Rock n' Roll, Ax murders and Drag Racing! Steve Pallow.

Real Life, U2, Berlin, Death to Headbangers—*They suck.* Tonia, Wynn, Julie, Tina, remember the fun!!!!!**NINJA RULES FOREVER!!**
—"The Assassin"

Poltergeist, Dawn of the Dead, Christine, Men at Work #1.
—Tim S.

Motorhead, Medieval, Misfits, Metallica, Venom—Who said dying wasn't fun? Die, Die, My Darling!
—BYRON

Adam & the Ants and Fangoria are Awesome! (So is Def Leppard)
—MM

Devo Devo Devo Devo Devo Devo Devo Devo Devo Oingo Boingo Oingo Boingo Oingo Boingo and the Sex Pistols are the best!!!!!
—John Longhurst

VAN HALEN IS #1

Sex, Fangoria, Pampa's Crossfire Bank & their axe-weilding maniac guitarist, Joe Cook are the **best** things in life (or death!)

to the Music of Richard Clayderman.
—Andre Ong of Singapore

Necrophiles, Vampires, Necrophagous Psychotics and Fangorians Unite! No One Is Safe . . . Misfits R.I.P. Mike (& Ward)

Fangoria, Heavy Metal and Golden Earring are AWESOME BEYOND BELIEF.
—Dennis

Frank & Sue: Congratulations! Good luck in your future together. U.P. and A.P.: Don't let it end! Long Live Rock n' Roll!
—SAV.

Ooze-Its, Prehistoric Forest, Strohs, 'Shakes, 'Cuds, 'Rays, 'Ners, Bday Party, Carp, Trout, Beach Lake, DOTD, Luv You Lori . . . Pete.

Hi, Kirk and Absel Akely—Miss you—From a Fangoria fan, Jack Grant.

I love Lisa, my Icky-Bicky Baby Girl [except when she sings!]
—Marvin

Like Rollercoasters? Join American Coaster Enthusiast (a nonprofit club), PO Box 8226, Chicago, IL 60680. Coaster Centennial June 14, 1984! By RM #429

I Love Brian K. Cooper Forever. Love, Kim Cooper.

To the residents of Warwick Trailer Park: BEWARE!
The Mad Slasher

What's the big deal about the Bermuda Triangle—All I see is water!
SN Morales, USS Charleston LKA-113

Paul Kwait, be sure not to bleed too much. Cruelly Yours, Dave S., Proc W., Lisa G.
FM died; Fango lived on!

Miss. Rickey is hungry for the hunger.

WANTED: Unused Chainsaws. Signed, Leatherneck.

Fango's the best; JLC #1 Scream Queen; The Dead will never die
Jeff Gallie, PA

Happy Birthday, Howard. Ich Leibe Dich
—Lisa

Thanks for the sub, Mom. Hitchcock, DePalma, Romero the best.
Mike Roark, CO

Beware, everybody! Just when you thought it was safe. **The Rockaway Park Horror.** You take it from there.
Kevin P., Rockaway Pk, NY

Darrin Connor and "BAD AXE" is a big joke! "Keeper of the Children" will RULE!
—Chris Connor

Thanks Fango for the great T-Shirt! Dracula, Vampires and Stephen King rule all! Anton, Jeremy, Drac and Kim will soon be here . . .
—K.C.

Spud-Man sucks—JC loves Bobby Knight—Congrats, Royce! Good Luck at Western, Ric! The Fetus still lives! I love you, Mary!
—Marc

Written Terror, old man Alan and Animal Image, Coming Soon
—Jim H.

ALL TIME HITS! *Creepshow, Squirm, Pandemonium, Blood Feast, The Omen,* ALL TIME DUDS! *Dead & Buried, ZOMBIE, Mother's Day, The Burning*
—J. Zaso

Blade Runner, CE3K, gore, Cerebus, New Order, more gore, *Star Trek* and Fangoria 4ever!
The Mad Letter Writer, Sudbury, Ont.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN YOU'RE DEAD? Original lyric by published writer, suitable for hardcore, nu wave or cntry-wstrn treatment. Intrstd composers, bands send SASE to Uncle Bob c/o Fango.

CREATURE CORRESPONDENCE

WANTED Female American pen pal interested in horror films/books etc. Please write Michael Coyne, 95, Eastwood Road, Leigh-on-Sea. Essex. SS9 3AH. England. I'm 18, almost.

Would like to correspond with aspiring makeup effects artists. Have 5 copies of Dick Smith's makeup handbook available. Dave Snyder, 715 Dixiana Dr., Owensboro, KY 42301.

WANTED: Girls 16 and up to write and exchange makeup and special FX ideas. Write Russel Shupp, 713 Garfield Ave., Sandusky, OH 44870.

WANTED: Info on mask making. D. Jones, 924 Brown Rd., Bridgewater, NY 08807.

Latex lovers/pen pals wanted. Electra Wenters, 433 Autumn Dr #10, San Marcos, CA 92069. Write Soon!

GERMAN HORROR FILMMAKER searches for a pen pal in order to exchange ideas. Write to O. Rosenthal, Bei d. Kietern, 2166 Dollern, FRG.

HELP! Someone trying to start a career in makeup FX, but doesn't know where to start. Would appreciate. Thanks! Ralph Cirella, 99 Harter Rd., Morristown, NJ 07960.

WANTED: *Louisville, KY* area females 18-25, into horror & SF films & also video/filmmakers. Bob, 1241 Fischer Ave., Louisville, KY 40204.

Chicago area horror fans, call me! (312) 477-0230, Betty. Tom Savini is the best.

WANTED: Every last Pink Floyd freak in the world, to write to A.J. Butler, 11105 SW 113th Pl., Miami, FL 33176.

Pen pals (15-16) male or female, into gore of heavy metal. Wilson and Murphy #1. 5104 Elm Ridge Dr., Baton Rouge, LA 70816.

Any person or thing interested in movies of any kind, please write to James Keng, 65 So. Bedford St., Woburn, MA 01801.

I like *Halloween, Evil Dead, Dawn of the Dead,* King, Carpenter, etc. I'm 18. Bryan Smith, 109 Austin ave., Smyrna, TN 37167.

WANTED: Pen pals who are interested in horror movies, Carpenter and King. Jarrod Curtis, 62 East Straub Rd., Mansfield, OH 44907.

WANTED: Pen pals in horror, sci fi, etc. write Bob N., 25821 Loretta, Warren, MI 48091.

WANTED: Nice looking female between 11-16 for handsome 14-year-old male, likes Carpenter, Savini, King. Enclose Photo. Richard Storrs, 37 Princess Street, Staincross Near Barnsley, South Yorkshire, England.

WANTED: Teenage pen pal who likes modern SF and horror films. Jon Nelson 2500 4th Ave., Anoka, MN 55303.

Anyone interested in gory makeup (esp Tom Savini), zombie films, and Heavy Metal write Dan Lowenstein, 372 Greens Farm Rd., Wesport, CT 06580.

WANTED: Correspondence with people who like Romero, Lewis, Dracula and Fangoria. Write to Kevin Spicer, 2912 Sydney, Ave., Forestville, MD 20747. I will respond.

12 year old B student, collector of Fangoria, looking for pen pal. Gilbert Taylor, 515 W. Roberts Rd. Cantenment, FL 32533.

WANTED: Information on John Carpenter or the Halloween movies. Send name, address, phone # to PO Box 1057, Orange, CT 06477.

Girls, and people who like BOC, horror, Monty Python and weirdness, write S. Hoyt, SW 140 Elm, Pullman, WA 99163, and *never be bored again!*

Horror fans in central Florida—wanna talk? James Kemp Jr, PO Box 828, Lady Lake, FL 32659.

WANTED: Credits, casts for all splatter, horror big-budget movies—1981 to 1983. Lowenthal, 221964 St., Bkln, NY 11204.

WANTED: Female gore fans (18-25) write me, I'm in Turkey. Tim Hill, Box 1024, APO NY 09254.

COLLECTORS

WANTED: Any material (posters, kits, photos, etc) on Japanese Giant Monsters! Paul Roche, 1611 Harness, S.A. TX 78227.

Want to trade Apple IIE game programs. Write Jeff Selik, 31053 Applewood Ln., Farmington Hills, MI 48018.

WANTED: *Photon* #19, *Gore Creatures* #22, *FM* #6 & 7, *COF* #1, 2 & 15, *Outer Limits* #1. T Roach, 734 Caberley Ctr T-1, Towsen MD 21204.

WANTED: Any size, free horror posters. Send to Tim Unsell, 1720 Clyde Dr., Naperville, IL 60565.

THINGS
To Come

We have just one word for you: *Gremlins.*

Steven Spielberg produced and Joe Dante directed this unusual combination of fantasy and horror about a cute little creature that has some mighty peculiar habits. When Fango #37 hits the stands, *Gremlins* will have been out for two weeks and we will be able to let you in on the behind-the-scenes story. Joe Dante will be on hand in these pages to fill us in on the production details, and Dante regular Dick Miller will talk about his important supporting role in the picture.

Also coming out this summer is *The Philadelphia Experiment,* a new thriller from New World Pictures, executive-produced by John Carpenter. We'll give you an exciting preview of this film—or know the reason why.

Mark Shostrum who engineered makeup effects for the Ramones' horror-rock video "Psychotherapy" will talk about his career, including the upcoming stalker film *Fall Break.*

Rick Baker continues the story of his early career, this time telling us about working on John Landis' *Schlock,* Larry Cohen's *It's Alive* and the indescribable *Piranha, Piranha.*

Joe Dante on *Gremlins.*

Looking back into our golden low-budget past, the fabulous Del Tenney will give us the exclusive story of his unfoirgettable quickies: *It East Your Skin, Curse of the Living Corpse* and, yes, *Horror of Party Beach*! Looking into the future, we will give you a preview of the new TV series from Hammer, *Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense,* which will make use of such experienced Hammer hands as Val (*Quatermass Experiment*) Guest, Peter (*Taste the Blood of Dracula*) Sasdy and John (*Twins of Evil*) Hough.

ON SALE: JUNE 21

COMING IN STARLOG

If adventure has a name, it must be **Indiana Jones.** And now, archeologist **Harrison Ford** returns with a new love in his life and an old producer at his side. Meet them both as lovely newcomer **Kate Capshaw** and **Raiders** veteran **Frank Marshall** recall the thrill-a-minute action of journeying through the Far East en route to **The Temple of Doom.**

Then, it's into the jungles of Darkest Africa—and Darker Hollywood—as producer **Paul Aratow** details his years-long battle to bring to the screen a certain blonde-tressed comic book character created by **Will Eisner** and **Jerry Iger.** She's **Sheena, Queen of the Jungle**—as personified by **Tourist Trap**'s angelic **Tanya Roberts.** Meanwhile, in England, special FX ace **Derek Meddings**—who helped add a dash of splendor to the James Bond series and a bit of magic to **Krull**—remembers his latest aerial feats, teaching beautiful **Helen Slater** how to fly as **Supergirl.**

Equal time for extra-terrestrials begins with a pullout poster of **Sigourney Weaver**'s lovable playmate, the **ALIEN.** The menu continues as TV's Visitors find most of humankind somewhat delicious when STARLOG visits the set of the mini-series sequel, **V—the Conclusion**—just in time for lunch. And there's an exclusive report on what happens with Who as **Peter Davison,** the fifth **Doctor Who,** faces the "Resurrection of the Daleks." Finally, it's time to introduce **Robin Curtis.** She had a bit role in **Ghost Story,** but she's quite new to being half-Vulcan, half-Romulan as the heroic Lt. Saavik in **Star Trek III: The Search for Spock.** It's all in STARLOG #83. **On Sale Now!**

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PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY IVAN REITMAN

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